FEB 1 9 '57

The Saturday Evening
POST
February 23, 1957 — 15¢

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Victor Borge Tells His Own Story

ROUGHING IT AT MIAMI BEACH

Men Wanted: $25,000 a Year

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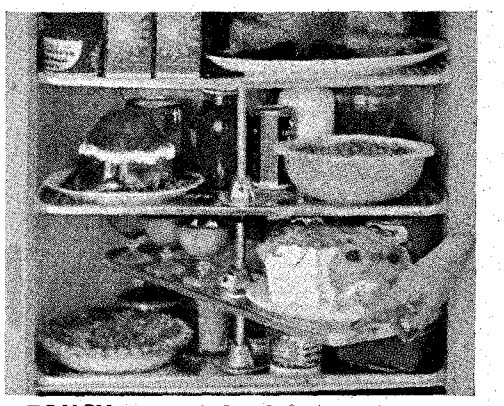
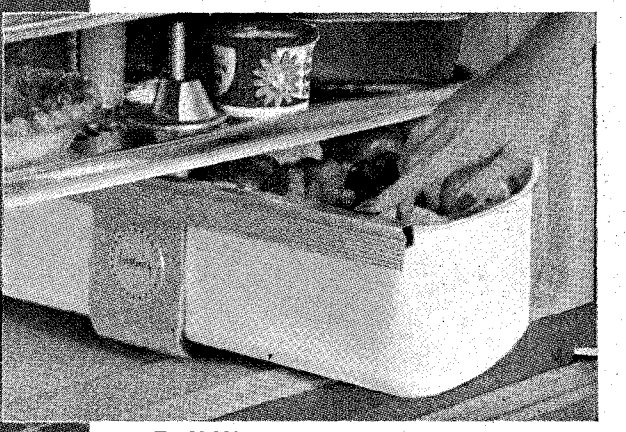
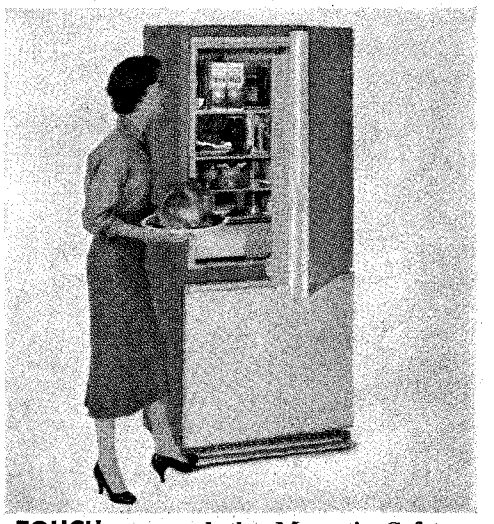
Available in General Electric Mix-or-Match colors—or white.



TOUCH . . . and the shelves revolve, put what was in *back*, right up *front*. All the food you want is within easy reach!



TOUCH . . . and the vegetable bins revolve. Vegetables and fruits ride right out in front of you!



TOUCH . . . and the Magnetic Safety Door opens to the big, automatic-defrost refrigerator section!

Distinctive new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers

NEW "STRAIGHT-LINE" DESIGN! NEW "TOUCH-ACTION" FEATURES!

This smart new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer was designed with smooth, straight lines to give you all the advantages of a "built-in"—without the installation cost.

Not a hinge or handle protrudes to mar its trim new look. Sides, top and back are all *flat and straight*—so that you can set it flush against the wall or square into a corner. You can make it a "built-in" by hanging cabinets around it.

So convenient, too! Just a touch puts all foods at your fingertips in the 10-cubic-foot refrigerator section and in the 5-cubic-foot freezer.

A touch of your toe opens the Magnetic Safety Door on the refrigerator. Since this door has no latch, it helps protect children from the danger of being locked inside.

See it at your G-E dealer's. Ask about his easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville1, Kentucky.

TOUCH . . . and the zero-degree freezer rolls out. You see and choose what you want at a glance!

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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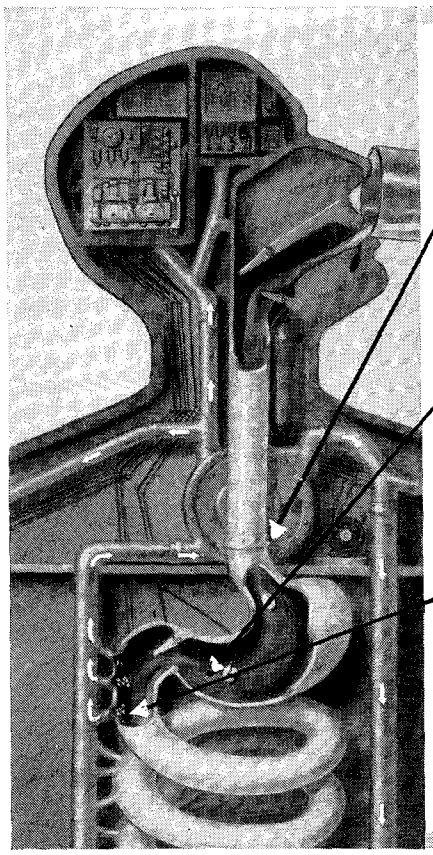
If you've been taking aspirin for colds...remember—

BUFFERIN®



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

✔ acts twice as fast as aspirin

to relieve cold miseries and headaches!

✔ won't upset your stomach

as aspirin often does!

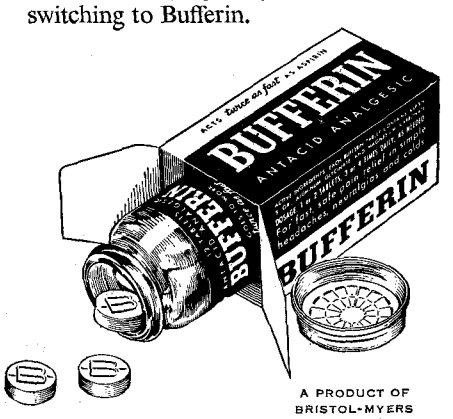
Medical research shows that most cold sufferers stop taking pain relievers before getting completely rid of a cold.

Why? Many people find that ordinary pain relievers, taken over prolonged periods of time, cause upset stomach.

That's why you need Bufferin. It acts twice as fast as aspirin, yet is so gentle and safe you can take it over prolonged periods without fear of upset stomach.

It means this—from the first sniffle of a cold, right through until the last cough, you can count on Bufferin for fast, wonderful relief.

P.S. Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve headaches and other pains, too! No wonder people by the millions are switching to Bufferin.



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Go great, go handsome with a mighty Golden Javelin

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY 'GIDDAP.'..

"Sweetest-running Johnsons ever!"

There are nine new Johnsons this year, from 3 to 35 hp. They're workhorses all. Full of muscle that laughs at time and distance. Brute strength to meet the challenge of the heaviest load. Truly, dependability is their middle name.

There's easier manual starting throughout the line—as well as 12-volt electric starting in the two top power classes. A new slip-clutch ends drive pin worries, so Mother won't need a mechanic's license. And too, as always, there's the effortless shifting, heavenly quiet and authentic economy that long ago established Johnson as America's largest-selling outboard.

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FREE! For a 1957 Sea-Horse catalog, write to Johnson Motors, 122 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois. *Div. of Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada: manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario.*

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Sea-Horse 35*	35 hp ... 585	Sea-Horse 10	10 hp ... 340
Sea-Horse 35	35 hp ... 495	Sea-Horse 7½	7½ hp ... 260
Sea-Horse 18*	18 hp ... 475	Sea-Horse 5½	5½ hp ... 230
		Sea-Horse 3	3 hp $155

**12-volt electric starting (new quick-charging generator available as accessory on first two models listed) . . . prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change . . . OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (18s and 35s at 4500)*

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THE COVER

Here is a troupe of amateur jugglers at feeding time. Probably no one will drop a plate of vittles on the rug, for learning to be deftly relaxed in the unrelaxable postures of a buffet shambles is one of the penalties of happy social life. Of course, buffeting has its good points, especially out in the back yard where a dropped ration of shrimp Creole will merely stain the crabgrass until the dog cleans it up. The sin of Mr. Laight, there, isn't that he craved a good, square meal, but that he ignored a basic rule of lap-dining—to wit: he who at the come-and-get-it signal is a leader in the food stampede wins at least a music bench to roost on. He could still win by getting a dining-room chair and eating off the chow table. Hey, who put those two cigarettes on the piano, Alajálov?

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 219

The greatest star of the screen!

It isn't often that Hollywood is fortunate enough to find a star who fits a real-life role as perfectly as John Wayne does in the new M-G-M picture "The Wings Of Eagles."

★ ★ ★ ★

This is the life-inspired story of "Spig" Wead, subsequently the Air Force's youngest Squadron Commander, and John Wayne seems to have been born to re-enact every reckless, rousing romantic moment of it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Commander Wead has written many stories of glory, combat and service shenanigans for Hollywood but none of them can top the blazing chronicle of his own thrill-crowded, fun-filled naval and civilian careers, newly sprung to reality on the screen.

Fortunate, too, that the starring roster of this picture reads: John Wayne, Dan Dailey, Maureen O'Hara—and that its direction was in the expert, showmanship hands of picture-wise, four-time Academy Award winner John Ford, a name to reckon with in the magic of films.

★ ★ ★ ★

Laughs abound in the mad career of "Spig" Wead but this film has much more.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spig's sacrifice of domestic life for public acclaim is boldly examined. And we see that his real greatness begins after he stops breaking records and rules.

★ ★ ★ ★

John Wayne's "Spig" Wead is a major portrayal. We see all sides of a fearless but hardly faultless man.

★ ★ ★ ★

We see the tight, vanity-revealing smile that flicks across his face when he flies through a hangar, "buzzes" his admiral's garden party, or otherwise chases danger like an addict or a lover.

★ ★ ★ ★

We see the look in his eye when he caresses his wife Minnie out of her need for another drink . . . the courage that enables him, when the heat is on for real, to "parlay 14 bucks and two crutches into a fortune."

★ ★ ★ ★

Miss O'Hara as Minnie is brilliantly cast. Her pathos is genuine. Her beauty is warm and rich.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dan Dailey will win many hearty laughs for his robust performance as Spig's sidekick and Minnie's friend.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ward Bond co-stars at the top of a large, fine cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Scenarists Frank Fenton and William Wister Haines have extracted a full-bodied man from the headlines about, and the writings by, a former colleague.

★ ★ ★ ★

Producer Charles Schnee, director Ford and M-G-M have fulfilled their primary obligation. They bring you wonderful entertainment in "The Wings Of Eagles" . . . in MetroColor!

—*Leo*

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"I'm tempted... to get a postage meter!"

Am I burning! The boss gives me a last-minute rush mail to get out, the office stamp box runs dry . . . and I'm stuck at the stamp window at 5:15—with a 5:30 date! Tomorrow we get a postage meter and cut down these treks to the postoffice!

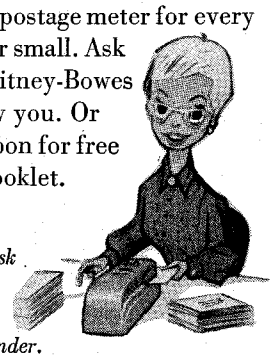
Now *any* office can have a postage meter and all the convenience of metered mail . . . with the little DM, a desk model, that gets rid of lick-and-stick mailing, saves time and postage. One user in three spends an average of less than $1 a day in postage!

And anyone can use a DM. Just insert the envelope, dial any amount of postage needed, press the lever, and the postage is printed. With a dated postmark that helps speed your mail through the postoffice, often catching earlier trains and planes.

It also prints your own small ad, if you want one, alongside the meter stamp. Provides postage for parcel post on special gummed tape. *Even has a moistener for sealing envelopes!*

The meter is set by your postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy. Your postage is safe from loss, damage, misuse—and automatically accounted for on visible registers.

There's a postage meter for every office, large or small. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office to show you. Or send the coupon for free illustrated booklet.



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Letters

Ike's Next Four Years

I have just read WHAT IKE WILL DO, by Robert J. Donovan, Jan. 19. . . .

From this piece, and others appearing in the recent past, President Eisenhower seems to have the idea he has been elected Dictator, instead of President.

J. L. MURPHEY
Missoula, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

Ike is very willing to "break bread" with Nehru, the greatest apologist for Red China, and Tito, who shot down unarmed American airmen. Yet, Joe McCarthy is an "untouchable." This is an insult to all Americans.

EDWARD CLARKE
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

"Put Congress on a griddle" my eye! Doesn't this Donovan know that if Eisenhower had been running against a real statesman—such as Senator Knowland, for instance—the President wouldn't have had a chance?

B. W. TAYLOR
Kokomo, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Many people will feel that they have been sold a bill of goods under a false label if Mr. Donovan's dire prophecies prove to be true.

MRS. GRACE LIVESEY
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Ike can help Republicans stay in power only if he gets rid of the liberal radicals who are destroying the party.

MRS. M. Y. PEEL
Paris, Tenn.

Poem for G.I.'s

Dear Sirs:

I want to express my deep gratitude to you and B. Jo Kinnick for the poem, TO A SON IN BOOT CAMP, published January 12. Your main articles, stories, etc., are always good, but often it is the "small things" that leave the deepest feelings. I have a son in the Navy and I'm sure every mother joins me in praying "That peace, not war, will claim your life."

MRS. ALICE D. EVANS
Florence, Ala.

Do Unto Others . . . ?

Dear Sirs:

In "Letters," Jan. 19, Paul R. Brown, Minister, of Coggon, Iowa, objects to Noel Barber's reference to the Russian machine gunners of Hungarian people as "swine."

He speaks of it as "personal hatred." I object too. Years ago I worked on farms and I have fed lots of swine. I never knew swine to act like the Russians.

PAUL S. WHITCOMB
Gladstone, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

The views expressed by Paul R. Brown, Minister . . . are somewhat sickening. What would he have Barber do, crawl out of his car and kiss the "grinning swine" or turn the other cheek to be shot up by the thug's submachine gun?

Get realistic, Reverend. The only appeal to the loving nature of such assassins . . . is to sweep them into oblivion with a taste of their own medicine.

A. A. SMITH
Shellbrook, Sask.

Dear Sirs:

I ask Mr. Brown these questions: Was the "swine" who attempted to take Mr. Barber's life an apostle of peace and good will? Was he his brother's keeper? No! I suggest he was of the very same mold as the rest of the tyrants who want to enslave the free world; the bearers of tidings of ill and not good will.

CHARLES WEST
Wilmington, Del.

Who's a Prima Donna?

Dear Sirs:

In line after line of his article, CONFESSIONS OF A CHOIR DIRECTOR (Jan. 12), Maurice Thompson truly and revealingly confesses why the Music Department of many a church is its War Department. . . .

He proposes tact, but evidences none. He implores pulpit co-operation, but offers none. He is properly zealous for choral harmony of the contrapuntal sort,

but harmony outside the choir loft is far more important. . . . He explains, albeit unintentionally, why a large majority of churches manage to get along quite nicely with volunteer but dedicated providers of music, instead of paying salaries to specialists who aspire to reigns without reins.

He also mentions "prima donnas." Hand him a mirror.

G. HURST PAUL
Minister, The Methodist Church
Vashon, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

CONFESSIONS OF A CHOIR DIRECTOR should be posted on all the churches' bulletin boards, of churches large and small, across the nation. As a former choir singer, I was able to bring each type of person he described to life, and was able to give almost every one of them a name.

MRS. EVELYN R. BUMPUS
Mattapoisett, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Until I read CONFESSIONS OF A CHOIR DIRECTOR I didn't realize that every choir has essentially the same problems. It is a comfort to me to know that elsewhere choirs are struggling with "their dear old souls who have been singing in the choir for forty years."

HELEN STONE
Brattleboro, Vt.

(Continued on Page 6)

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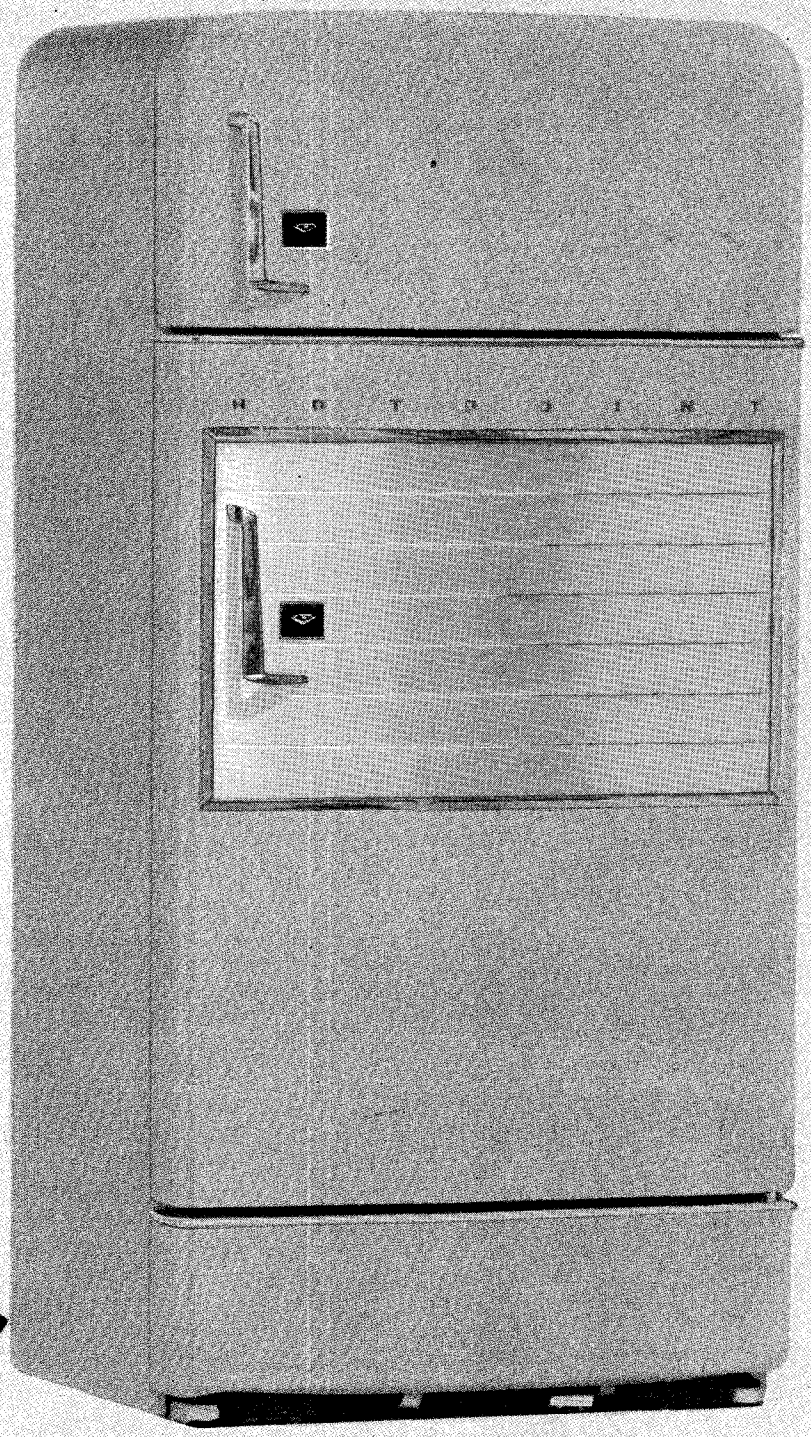

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SO BEAUTIFUL TO SEE...SO BEAUTIFUL TO LIVE WITH...SO BEAUTIFULLY CONVENIENT!

Here is distinctive new beauty that *stands alone* . . . and so much more, too! You've never seen anything to compare with this great new 1957 Hotpoint two-door ideal humidity refrigerator with its 91-lb. true freezer. The great capacity for both fresh and frozen foods. The handy, extra-deep door shelves. The lavish use of aluminum *everywhere* that aluminum counts, including the gliding shelves. Every food you keep is squarely in front of you, right at your fingertips. Automatic defrost, of course. And the entire refrigerator is on rollers . . . easy to clean behind and beneath. It's the new American beauty *you'll* want to look into . . . and soon!

Hotpoint

Refrigerators • Dishwashers • Ranges • Automatic Washers • Clothes Dryers
Customline • Disposalls® • Water Heaters • Food Freezers
Air Conditioners • Television Receivers

HOTPOINT CO. (A Division of General Electric Company), CHICAGO 44

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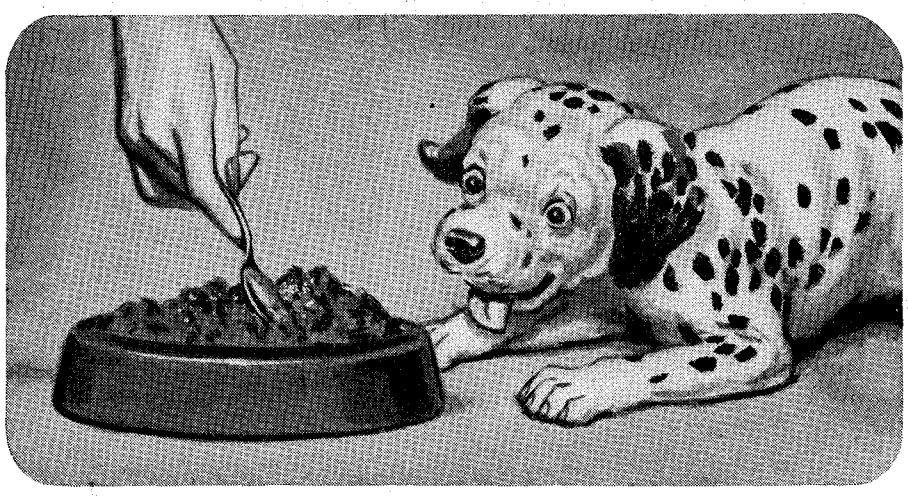
Start your puppy right!

Takes just 10 seconds! 1. Open Worm-Away capsule



2. Stir into food and he eats it up!

worm him at home this easy way with Sergeant's® WORM-AWAY

NEW

Large roundworms rob your puppy of the vital nourishment he needs to live and grow and have a healthy, happy life.

Now, with Sergeant's New Worm-Away, you can worm your pup right at home—easily, safely, without any messy after-effects. JUST MIX IT WITH HIS REGULAR FOOD!

Free from weakening roundworms, your pup is better able to fight off other puppy ailments as well.

Sergeant's New Worm-Away, like any other Sergeant's product, has been clinically tested by consulting veterinarians. It's safe! It's effective! ONLY 98¢

WORMING AFTER PUPPYHOOD

New Worm-Away gets your puppy through the difficult months of puppyhood.

After he is safely through the first 6 months, worm him with Sergeant's Sure Shot (for dogs over 10 pounds) or Sergeant's Puppy Caps (for dogs under 10 pounds). These protect him against *both* the large roundworms which steal his food and the common hookworms which suck his blood. ONLY 75¢

Get these Sergeant's products at any drug or pet counter. And ask for your *free* copy of the 36-page Sergeant's Dog Book. Or write

Sergeant's® Richmond 20, Virginia
the most esteemed name in pet care products

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

The Good Old Days

Dear Sirs:

Shame on Amos Sewell [cover, Jan. 26] for making light of a tragedy that confronts many of us homemakers, wives and mothers.

MRS. JACK JOHNSON
Royal, Neb.

Dear Sirs:

It is a wonder to me how a mere man can portray so accurately woman's innermost feelings.

MRS. L. A. BRENNER
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

In October, 1943, our Home Extension Club was asked to put on a skit about "Making the Dress Form." We wrote [in part]:

"She used it often—the years rolled by,
It's been discarded—I wonder why?
Could she have grown heavier?
No, that's the bunk.
I tell you, folks—that dress
form shrunk!"

MRS. LILLIE L. HOCKETT
Upton, Wyo.

The Two-Term Limit

Dear Sirs:

I would like to comment on your editorial [SEVERAL PRESIDENTS HAVE DONE WELL IN THEIR FINAL TERMS, January 19th] in which you suggested a review of the case against the 22nd Amendment, adopted in 1951, which limits Presidents to two terms in office. . . .

As one who has advocated repeal of the 22nd Amendment, I certainly would not maintain that Congress necessarily will "run amok" during a President's final term—or, if it does, that it will be because of this amendment. Nor do I believe that because of the 22nd Amendment any President becomes, in your words, "a political zombie" at the start of his second term. . . .

You overlook the basic reason for the developing bipartisan opposition to the 22nd Amendment. . . .

Repeal of the 22nd Amendment, many feel, is desirable primarily to avoid a constitutional "strait jacket," prohibiting the nation from a free choice regarding whom they want as President.

I feel the amendment in effect declares the people themselves cannot be trusted to make up their own minds. By arbitrarily limiting their choice, it excludes, for example, the one man who, in a time of war or serious crisis, might be most desperately needed. The amendment, therefore, seems undesirable and potentially a threat to the nation's welfare and security.

PETER FRELINGHUYSEN, JR.,
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

High Adventure

Dear Sirs:

After reading WE MADE THE "IMPOSSIBLE" TOUR, by Frank Schreider, Jan. 12–Feb. 9, I cannot wait to express my thoughts:

Fools—nitwits—babes in the woods!

But if they had to make such a harebrained trip, why couldn't they have taken me along instead of a dog?

WEBSTER SAXMAN
Georgetown, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Isn't it wonderful to know there are still some kids left in this world who are adventurous in heart and can take some real hardships?

MRS. ALBERT W. BROWN
Madison, Wis

That Woman

Dear Sirs:

Three readings of THAT RYAN WOMAN, by Frank O'Connor, Jan. 19, which you term notable, fails to generate even a hint of what Mr. O'Connor intends the story to mean.

A closing paragraph intended, presumably, to explain the idea . . . lacks lucidity; in fact, it's plain muddy.

JOHN L. BEVINGTON
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Not one character in the story is decent. Each one is either fallen away, lukewarm, a Catholic stuffed shirt, etc. There is not one person who can balance the rest and give the impression that all Catholics are not as those pictured.

MRS. ANTON PIATZ
Aberdeen, S.D.

Dear Sirs:

Once started, I was compelled to finish reading THAT RYAN WOMAN . . . a good story . . . ever new, ever refreshing, ever powerful.

MRS. WALTER M. SCHMITT
St. Paul, Minn.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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A BETTER LIFE FOR YOU

Remarkable gift for the child you love

This life policy JUMPS 5 TIMES IN FACE VALUE at age 21
(at no increase in premium)

The JUNIOR ESTATE BUILDER policy offered by New England Life has a number of unusual features.

Every $1000 of this life insurance that you buy for the child now will assure him of $5000 worth at age 21. No new evidence of insurability is required.

The 5-time jump in face value is automatic. The annual premium never changes throughout the life of the policy. And the dividends can be used to pay up the policy or to mature it as an endowment.

Also, the Junior Estate Builder soon builds an important cash value which can be used for education or other needs of early maturity. Essentially it is a plan to provide your child with *substantial*, *low-premium* life insurance when he takes on grown-up responsibilities.

You see, your youngster is now at the life insurance bargain counter. The sooner you buy, the lower the rate. Where could you ever find a gift for a child that would equal this?

SEND COUPON FOR DETAILS BY MAIL

NEW ENGLAND LIFE, DEPT. P
BACK BAY P. O. BOX 333, BOSTON 17, MASS.

Please MAIL me, without obligation, information about your JUNIOR ESTATE BUILDER policy.

Name .....

Address .....

Child's age .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

NEW ENGLAND Mutual LIFE Insurance Company
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA — 1835

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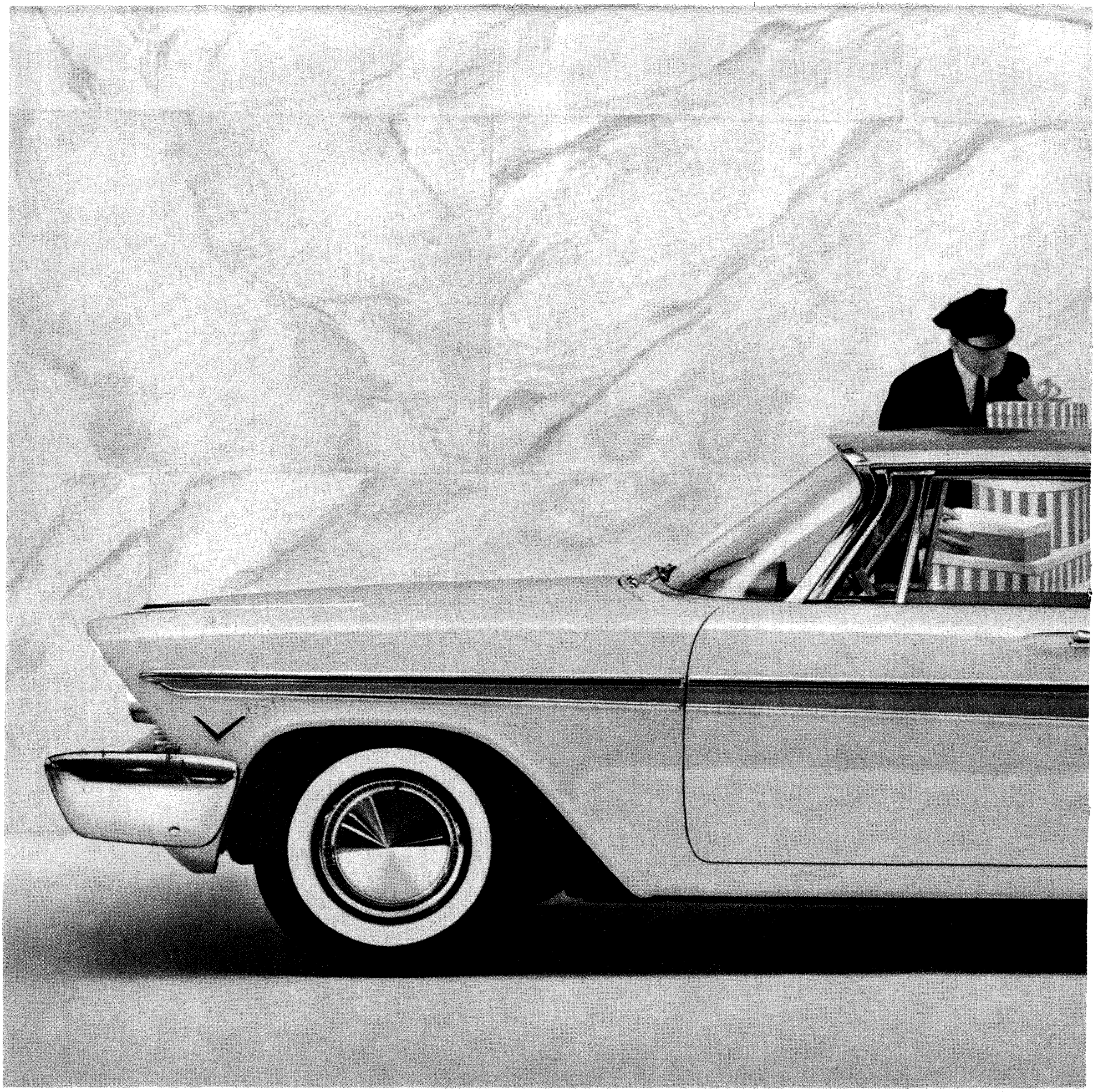

Mrs. Mitchell's last car cost more

Like many other people who can afford *any* car at *any* price, Mrs. Mitchell is one of the most enthusiastic owners of the 1960-new Plymouth.

Yet Plymouth is right in the low-price 3! Why does it appeal so strongly to those used to more expensive cars?

Well, until the new Plymouth dazzled the market you *had* to pay thousands more . . . perhaps go to a costly custom job . . . to get even a few of the advances that Plymouth offers. You couldn't get them *all* at *any* price! Take just a few—

The utter luxury of the astounding new "floating" Torsion-

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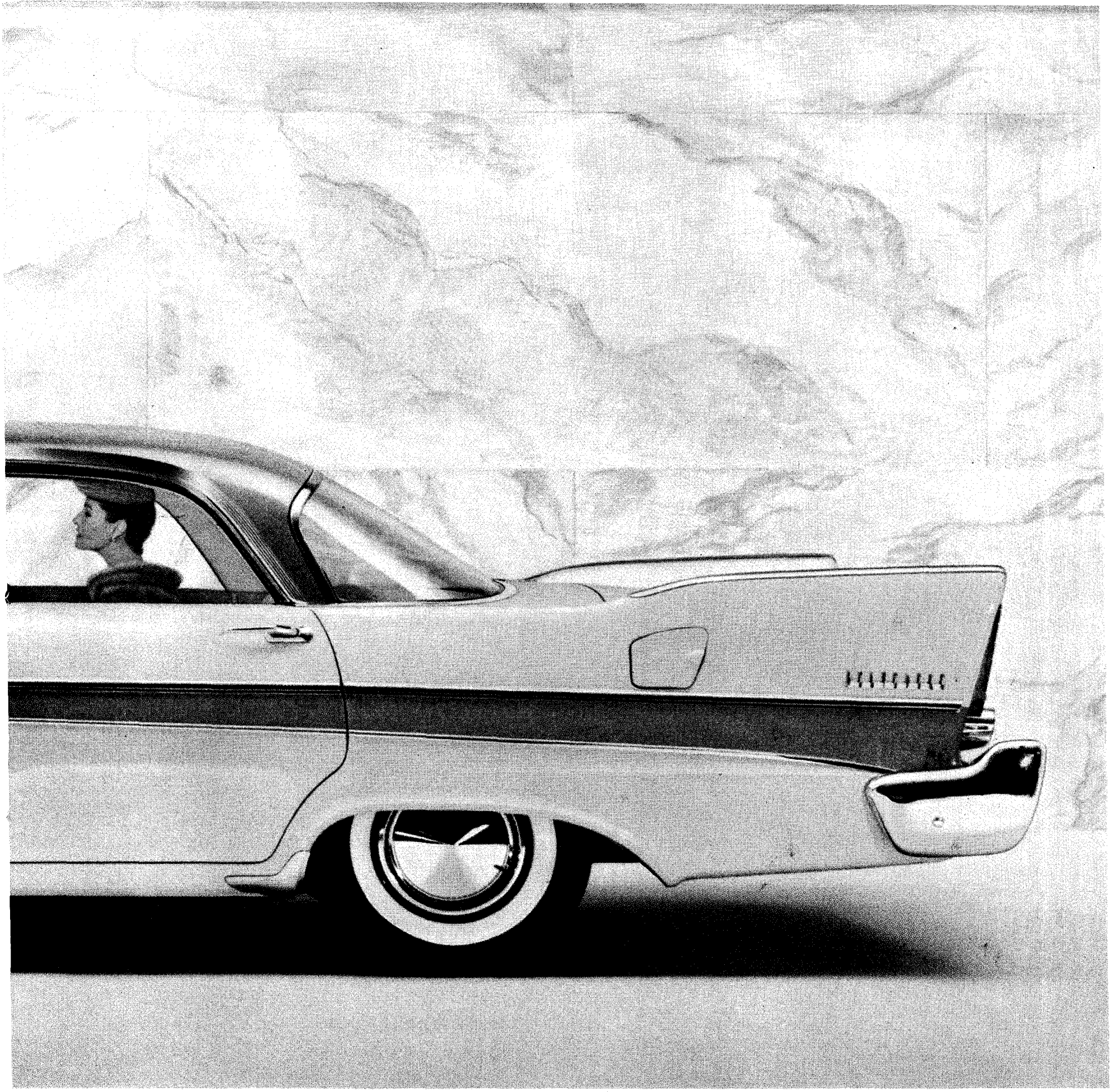

Don't miss Plymouth's two great TV programs: Lawrence Welk's "Top Tunes and New Talent" and "The Ray Anthony Show."

than $6,000

Aire Ride that floats you over *every* road . . . the astounding safety and sureness of sports-car handling . . . the tremendous, comforting power for safety of the new Fury V-800, super-powered to 290 hp . . . the rangy, roomy grace of Flight-Sweep Styling—the new shape of motion.

And that's only skimming the surface. Your Plymouth dealer has the rest of the story at his finger tips. See him. *Drive* this Plymouth. *You really have to try it to believe it!*

When you drive a **Plymouth** *suddenly it's 1960*

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Editorials

Red China is Making Itself Hard to Recognize

Despite various prognosticators who have been hinting that recognition of Red China might be on the future book of the Eisenhower Administration, it begins to look as if the Chinese Reds had made themselves, as you might say, "unrecognizable." At any rate, unless the United States has become a goggle-eyed glutton for punishment, the advocates of recognition will have to devise some way to get around the recent behavior of China's Red boss, Chou En-lai.

With the Communist empire showing signs of giving at the seams, it was Chou En-lai who took to the road to sell the satellites and the neutralists of Europe and Asia, not merely on Communist solidarity but on the desirability of a return to Stalinism, which the harassed despots in Moscow had previously been compelled to de-emphasize. And not only that, but in joint statements with Bulganin and Poland's Gomulka, the Chinese leader assured the world that the United States was trying to "enslave the peoples of the Middle East" and to "suppress the struggle for national liberation of the countries of Asia and Africa."

The reasons for Chou's agitation have nothing to do with concern for the welfare of the toiling masses, several millions of whom Chou and his fellow gangsters have butchered on account of ideological differences. Chou's enthusiasm for Red global solidarity is explained by the troubles he is encountering at home and in China's dependencies. Deviations must be put down lest they spread. As Time and Tide, the English weekly, explained, Chou's eagerness to endorse the Soviet Terror in Hungary arises from "the troubles that are erupting in China's own satellites—Viet Minh, Tibet and North Korea." Abuse of the United States is necessary because Chou, "as well as trying to calm the apprehensions of other Asian countries, is trying to stop the formation of a solidly anti-Communist bloc, backed by the United States, in the Islamic world."

It would certainly be a stupid play for the United States to thwart its own efforts to create a really powerful anti-Communist bloc in Asia by recognizing the Communist Chinese, the keystone of whose policy is to destroy such a bloc in infancy. In a recent interview in U. S. News and World Report, Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson admirably stated our self-interest reasons for refusing to recognize Red China. "From a realistic standpoint," said Mr. Robertson, "the recognition of Red China would mean the liquidation of free China, with all that implies to our strategic, moral and psychological position in opposition to Communist expansion in the Far East. . . . Our entire political position in the area would deteriorate, and it is quite likely that the present military deterrent provided by the republic of China on Taiwan would be weakened or lost."

But the basic reasons for refusing to strike hands with the Chinese Red tyrants are moral. The late President Calvin Coolidge is not rated high by many of the "progressives" now plugging for the admission of Red China to the ranks of decent nations. Nevertheless it was Coolidge who, in 1923, met the clamor for recognition of Red Russia by declaring: "I do not propose to barter away for the privilege of trade any of the cherished rights of humanity. I do not propose to make merchandise of any American principles."

The passing of thirty-four years hasn't done much to dim the validity of that statement of what freedom-loving Americans are supposed to think.

The War on Insect Destroyers Pays Off in Billions

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Late last summer an Asiatic alien was found in a grapefruit tree on the UCLA campus. It had lodged in a Los Angeles County Agriculture Department insect-detection trap. It had the appearance of a midget-sized bee, but to the county's entomologist it looked like Character No. 1 on his most unwanted list. Hoping he might be wrong, the agent sent the suspect to the office of identification of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Immediate telegraphic response put the finger on the stranger. It was a *Dacus cucurbitae*—and the first one found in America.

Said the head of field operations for the Entomology Research Branch, "We dropped everything to concentrate on learning if there were more of its kind among us. Crews were sent to us from all parts of the state."

Equally apprehensive, Washington flew experts to Los Angeles to lend a hand in hunting down any brothers or sisters of this menace. Within three hours of receipt of positive identification from Washington, thirty men were setting traps containing a special lure for this fly in orchards, gardens, groves and back yards. Before nightfall of the third day over 2500 traps had been hung in a two-mile radius surrounding UCLA. In less than a week 5000 traps were set throughout a twenty-five-square-mile area, and county, state and Federal departments of agriculture had established field offices in the district.

Warnings were published in newspapers and broadcast over radio. Drawings of the fly were shown on television, and the public was urged to report the appearance of anything resembling it.

Five months have passed since the discovery at UCLA, and no more of these flies have appeared. But the search will be continued for the next three to five years. That's how dangerous this invader is.

"The *Dacus cucurbitae*, or melon fly," say the experts, "is a deadly menace to American agriculture. If it becomes established here it can do $400,000,000 a year damage in California alone, and, unless controlled, would spread all over the country. It destroys not only all types of melons but also tomatoes, beans, squash, eggplant and other vegetables. It would do infinitely greater damage than the Mediterranean fruit fly has done in Florida."

In Hawaii, from where it is thought to have somehow been brought to this country, this Oriental menace one year destroyed 75 per cent of all the watermelons, cantaloupes and cucumbers planted. A potential fifth column of invaders that should make us thankful for a protective agency that is alert.

For Good Will, the Reds Could Return the Greek Children

During the Greek Civil War of 1948, Communist guerrillas rounded up children between the ages of four and eighteen and removed them to various satellite countries. About 28,000 Greek children were ruthlessly snatched from their homes and herded over the frontier. The children were told that they were to be taken on a holiday and their parents were assured that they would return in a few days.

The world now knows that only a handful of the kidnaped children have returned to their families. The others were sent to satellite countries: Rumania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary and even the Soviet Union itself. Some of the children sent to Yugoslavia were later returned to Greece, although many had been transferred to other satellite countries before the Greek-Yugoslav agreement.

The whereabouts of those less fortunate is a mystery. Some may be in compulsory-labor camps or in schools for indoctrination as Red missionaries to be eventually returned to their homeland.

Greek demands for the return of the children have been ignored. The International Red Cross also seems to have lost its fight to get the Reds to send back the children. Even the efforts of the United Nations have been rebuffed. Recently a Greek Red leader who had bolted the party testified that almost 1500 Greek children in Poland were working in uranium mines.

Eight years is a long time. Unless help comes soon, the kidnaping of these children will become a closed book. The episode is a black mark in the dark history of Communist treachery, but it could serve as an ugly warning to the trusting souls who still harbor the illusion that Communists can be dealt with as if they were respectable people.

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"Having just smoked the last pack from my second carton of new Hit Parade cigarettes, I thought I would tell you how very much I enjoy them. Hit Parade is the answer for me. I like Hit Parade."

Ruth W. Heaston
2034 So. W. Cypress St.
Santa Ana, Calif.

"I just opened a package of Hit Parade Cigarettes and I do believe I found myself a new filter smoke."

Larry Bosell
1622 East Bowman
South Bend, Ind.

"I have sampled every filter-tip cigarette which has been marketed; Hit Parade is the first one that actually combines the pleasure of smoking with the objectives for which the filter tip was designed."

E. B. Williams
6220 Woodlawn
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WOW!

The fan mail's pouring in for

"I was really delighted to find a cigarette which combines a filter tip, easy drawing and a wonderfully soothing taste."

Robert Yaffe
131-43 224 St.
Laurelton 13, N.Y.

Tobacco so fine, so rich, so rare—

Your taste can't tell the filter's there!

Everyone who tries 'em—loves 'em!

"To me, Hit Parade is far ahead of any filter cigarette on sale. I find they have everything one could hope for—mildness, aroma, plus a real tobacco taste."

R. B. Blackwelder
Box 175
Dobson, N. C.

"Tobacco is our middle name"

The American Tobacco Company

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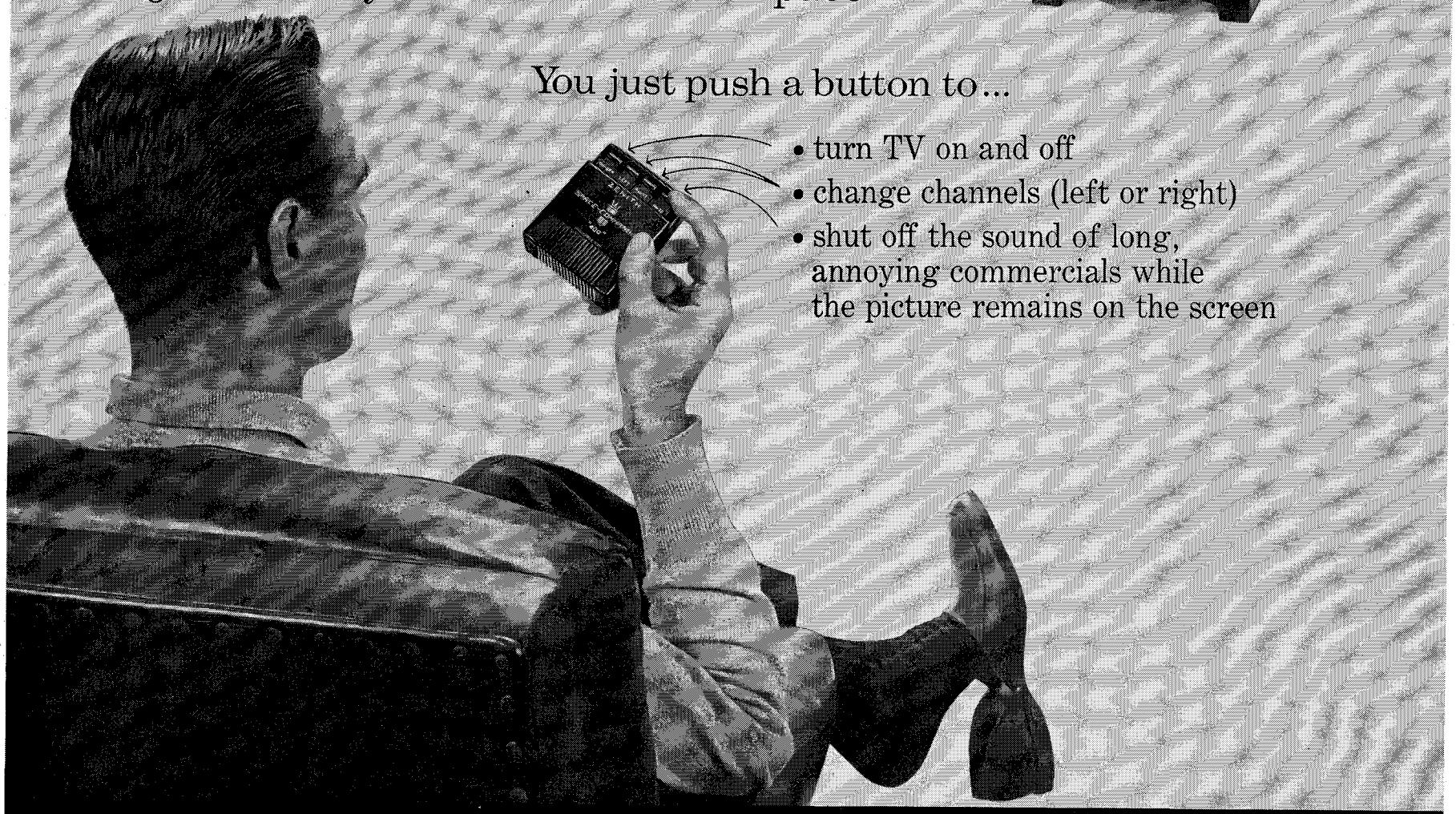
NEW MIRACLE WAY TO TUNE TV FROM YOUR EASY CHAIR BY "SILENT SOUND"

Nothing between you and the set but space...



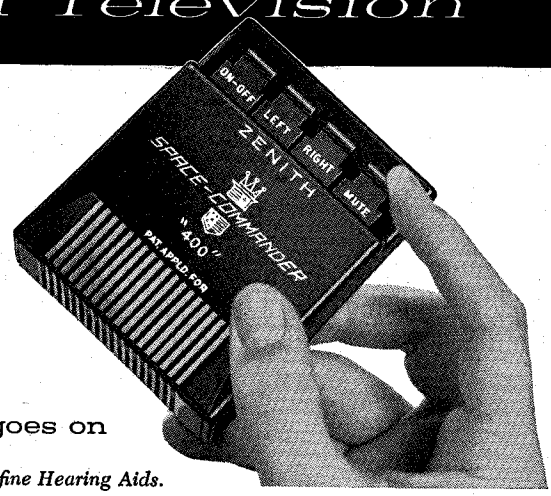
You just push a button to...

- turn TV on and off
- change channels (left or right)
- shut off the sound of long, annoying commercials while the picture remains on the screen

SPACE COMMAND TV BY Zenith

the Royalty of Television

Zenith "Space Command" Remote TV Tuning is the only thing *really new* in television. And only Zenith has it! Now, as you sit in your easy chair, anywhere in the room, the miracle of "Silent Sound" does your TV tuning for you. No need to get up even for fine-tuning. Each channel comes in sharp and clear automatically . . . with up to 20,000 volts of picture power. "Space Command" Remote Tuning is not an extra cost accessory. It's built right into the set, like the many other quality features that are yours exclusively with Zenith. See this TV marvel, try it . . . at your Zenith dealer's now!



NO WIRES
NO BATTERIES
NO RADIO WAVES
NO LIGHT FLASHES
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. . . just the miracle of "Silent Sound"

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

ZENITH®

the quality goes in before the Zenith name goes on

Backed by 38 years of leadership in radionics exclusively. Also makers of fine Hearing Aids.

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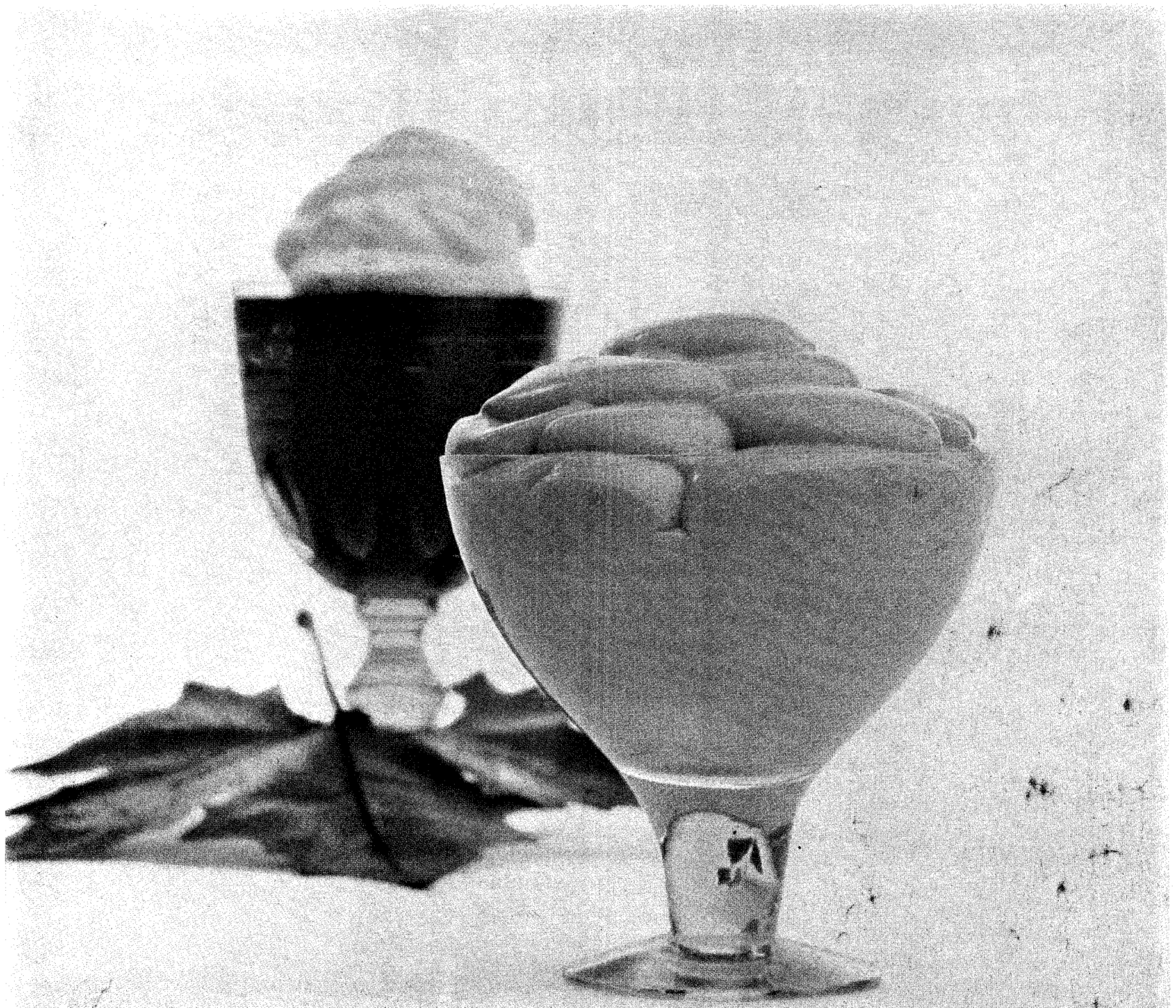

Something old
Something new...

to show what you and Jell-O can do

You can do wonderful things with Jell-O and cream! Serve it as usual with whipped cream on top . . . or create a delightful *new* dessert by blending the whipped cream right into the Jell-O gelatin!

It's Jell-O Bavarian! And this is all you do . . . Prepare your favorite Jell-O flavor (we used delicious new Black Cherry) in the usual way, dissolving a dash of salt and ⅓ cup sugar with the Jell-O. Chill until slightly thickened. Whip 1 cup of cream and fold it into the Jell-O, blending well. Chill. Makes 7 to 8 servings.

You'll love the delicate flavor—the special-occasion beauty—of Jell-O Bavarian. Why not make it tonight!

JELL-O BRAND GELATIN DESSERT
New! IMITATION BLACK CHERRY FLAVOR

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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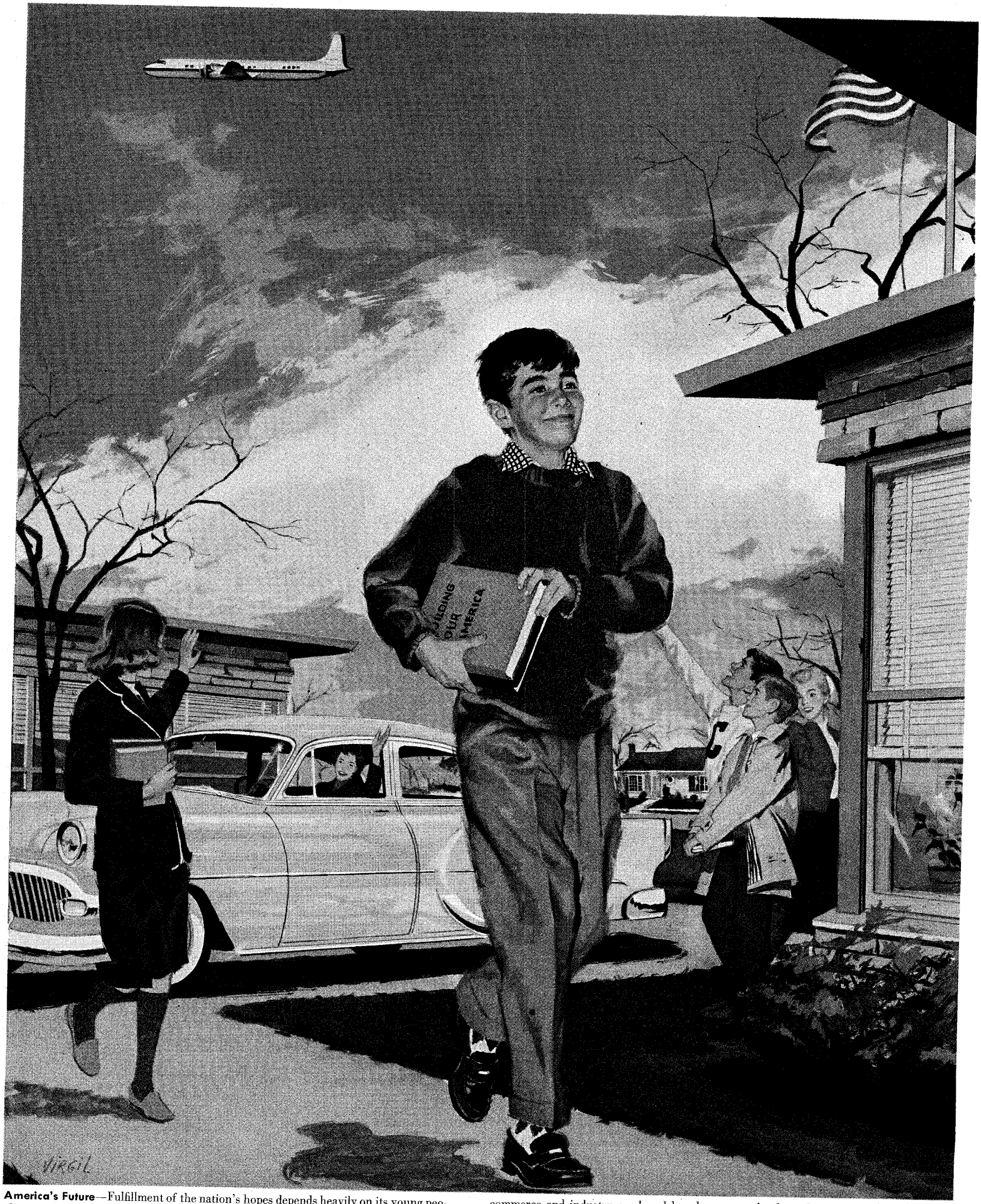

America's Future—Fulfillment of the nation's hopes depends heavily on its young people...and on how well they are prepared in school to take advantage of opportunities for more advanced education. Our security, our living standards, our progress in commerce and industry are based largely upon technology that becomes more complex every day. Increasing numbers of educated young people, with more early training in mathematics and other sciences, will be needed in America in the years ahead.

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What does the Aviation Industry mean to you?

Starting with the early experiments by the Wright brothers in 1903, the aviation industry has grown from a small venture involving a few men to one of the largest industries in America. Its strength, its accomplishments benefit every citizen in the United States . . . and the entire world. Yet, unless a severe shortage of engineers and scientists can be overcome, progress in aviation may be slowed, our economy and our national defense may suffer.

To millions of Americans, aviation has given new recreational and cultural opportunities, as well as new advantages for commerce and industry.

The great advances made in air travel all over the world are primarily the result of the high quality and productive capacity of the U. S. aviation industry. Most commercial transports flown today are American made, regardless of the nation that flies them.

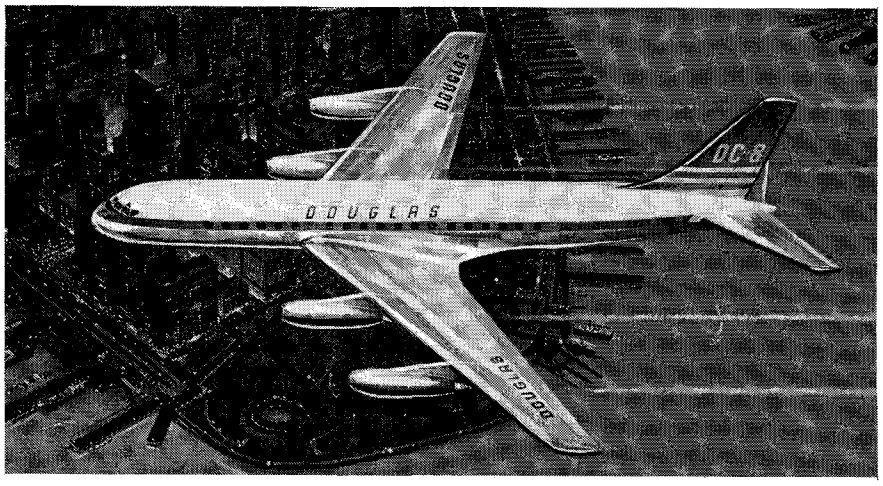
The U. S. aviation industry, giving work to more than 1,100,000 persons in manufacturing plants, subcontractors' facilities, and scheduled airlines alone, makes a tremendous contribution to the American economy.

And of even greater significance to everyone in this atomic age, freedom and life itself may depend largely upon the continuing ability of the aviation industry to furnish the new aircraft and missiles that help our Armed Forces make U. S. Air Power second to none.

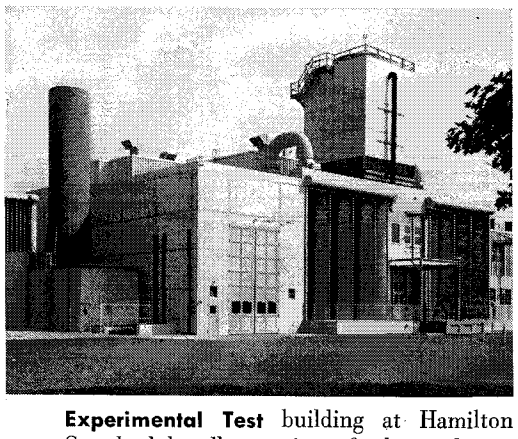
Continued Growth Depends on Young People in School Today

The continued progress of aviation has been achieved largely through the skill, imagination, and perseverance of engineers, scientists, and technicians. The unparalleled technical growth in America has resulted in an unprecedented need for these men both in civilian life and in the armed forces. Today, there is a dangerous shortage of these valuable experts.

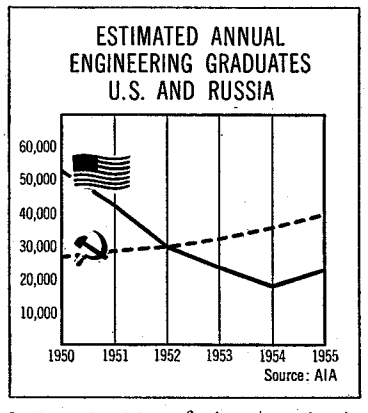
This shortage will become even more critical if more students in grade schools and high schools do not qualify in basic mathematics and science. Actually, the future of America is in the hands of these young people. Greater emphasis on their technical education is vital if America is to continue its leadership in commercial and military aviation, realize its fullest prosperity, and maintain security against aggression.



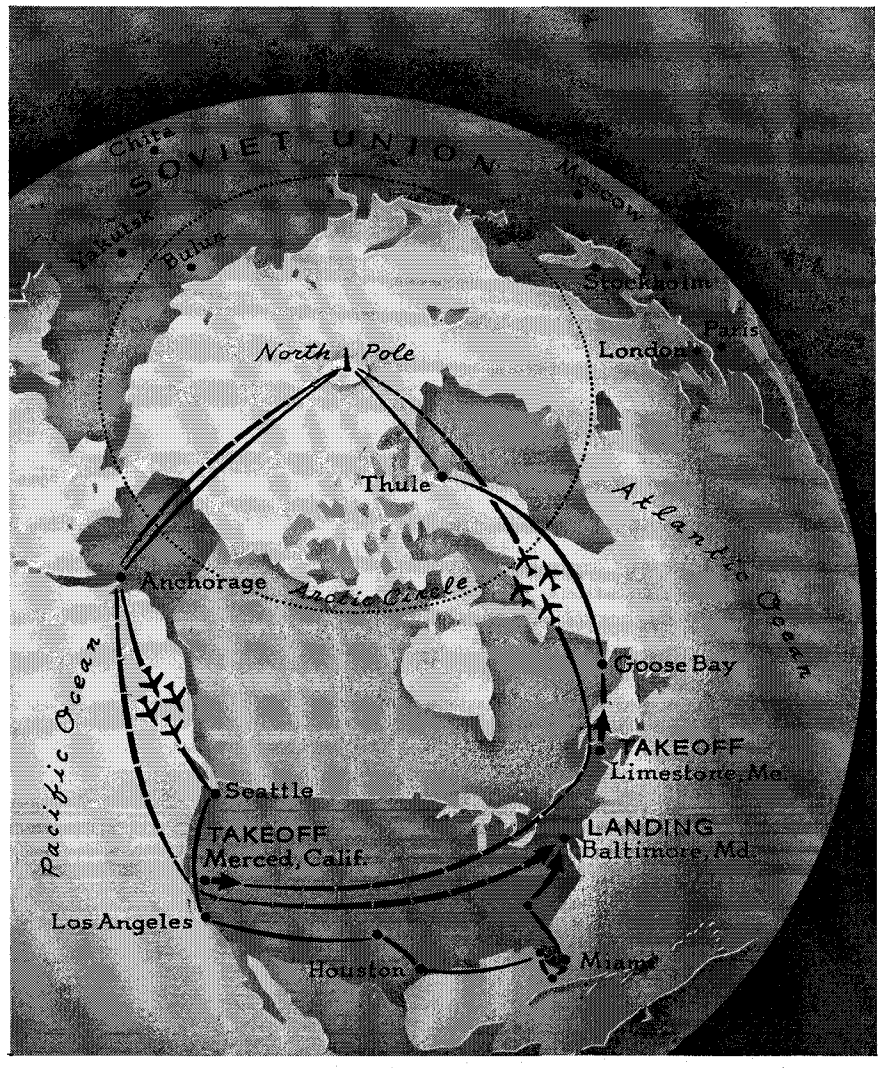
Jet Airliners will start coming off production lines in 1958...to cut flying times in half on world air routes. The Douglas DC-8, shown in artist's concept above, and the Boeing 707 jet airliners, both to be powered by Pratt & Whitney turbojet engines, will help the United States to maintain commercial air leadership.



Experimental Test building at Hamilton Standard handles testing of advanced propellers and jet aircraft equipment. Since 1946 United Aircraft has invested $200 million of its own funds in new production and experimental facilities and equipment.



Serious Problem facing America in the shortage of engineers is shown by this chart comparing graduates in the U.S. and Russia. New engineers entering U.S. industry are less than half the number needed.



Record-Breaking Global Range of Boeing B-52 eight-jet bombers was shown in late November by nonstop flights of up to 32½ hours and 17,000 miles. Pratt & Whitney-powered B-52s of the Air Force's Strategic Air Command flew over the North Pole, down over Alaska and the Western states, then across the U.S. to land in the East. This long-range capability makes the B-52 a strong deterrent to war, a powerful force for peace.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT *In Canada:* CANADIAN PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT CO., LTD.
Designers and builders of: PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT *engines,* HAMILTON STANDARD *propellers and turbine aircraft equipment, and* SIKORSKY AIRCRAFT *helicopters—for our armed forces and the finest airlines in the world.*

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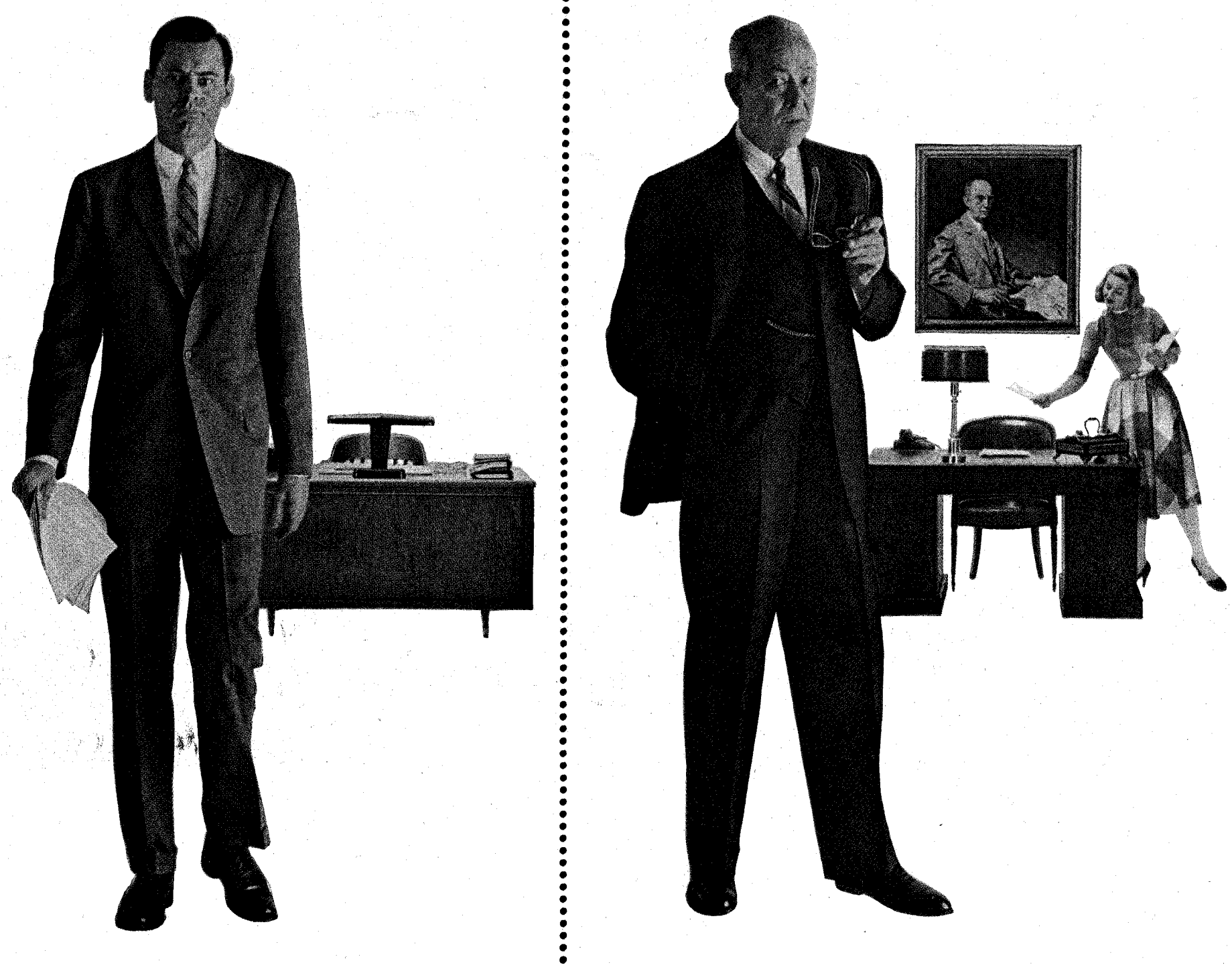
For the man of Ambition as well as the man of Position



The IBM "Executive"® Electric . . .

the one and only typewriter with "proportional spacing" to give you the world's most distinguished letters!

The IBM "Executive" Electric is the only choice for every man who wants his letters to build personal and company prestige. For the "Executive" *alone* gives you unique "proportional spacing" to make your letters stand out from all others—to make them convey that special quality you want associated with yourself and your services.

Your IBM representative will be glad to prepare a sample of this distinctive typing on your own letterhead. Call him today about the "Executive". . . the finest model in America's favorite line of electric typewriters.

Other typewriters cram all letters into the same space—like this:	IBM "proportional spacing" allows each letter its own natural space:
iiiii	iiiii
OOOOO	OOOOO
WWWWW	WWWWW
mmmmm	mmmmm

Available in 7 handsome colors

IBM® ELECTRIC TYPEWRITERS —OUTSELL ALL OTHER ELECTRICS COMBINED!

ELECTRIC TYPEWRITERS • DATA PROCESSING • TIME EQUIPMENT • MILITARY PRODUCTS

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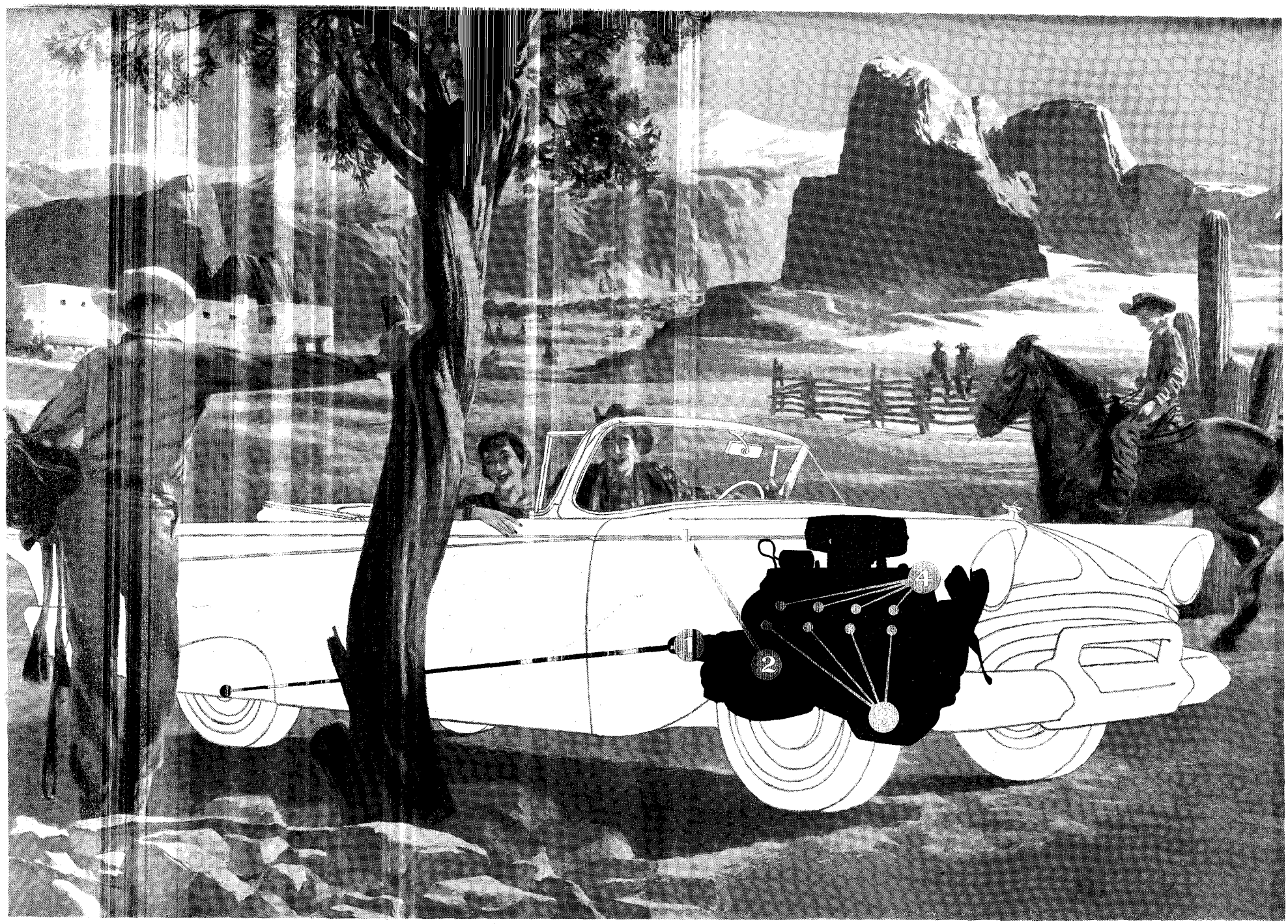
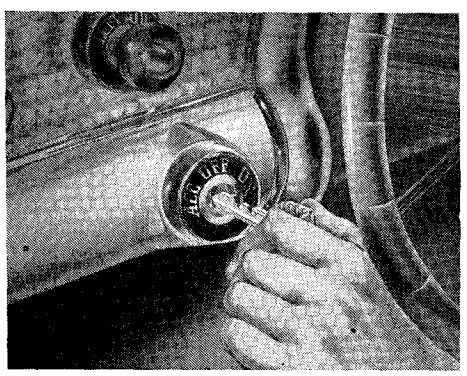


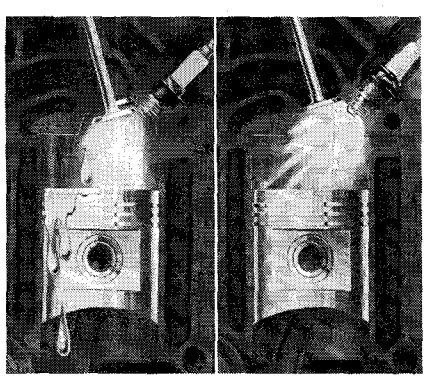
1 More road horsepower—You can get an immediate boost in power when you replace your old plugs with new 5-rib Champions . . . more power for hill climb and safer passing! Independent engineers proved most cars develop 6% to 31% more road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels. No wonder 9 out of 10 racing drivers—men who really know cars—insist on Champions!

If you haven't changed your plugs in about 10,000 miles—

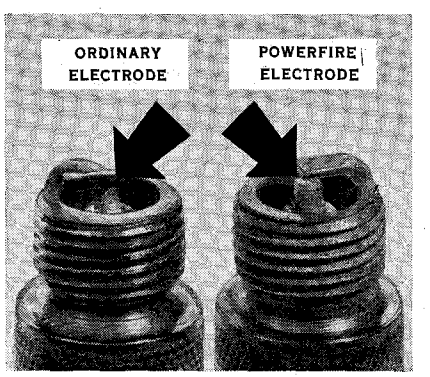
You can make your car 4 ways newer with Champion spark plugs!



2 Quicker starts—With new 5-rib Champions your engine will start quicker . . . you'll save battery wear and tear. In tests with major makes of cars new Champions cut starting time by as much as 71%—with an average of 39%!



3 Less engine wear—Old, misfiring plug (left) leaves raw gasoline in cylinder to drain into crankcase and dilute oil. New full-firing Champions (right) burn up the gas. They protect oil from dilution; help you avoid big repairs.



4 Lower cost-per-mile—Photo above shows that great new Champion Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types under identical use. You get top power and gasoline economy for life of plug. Insist on 5-rib Champion spark plugs!

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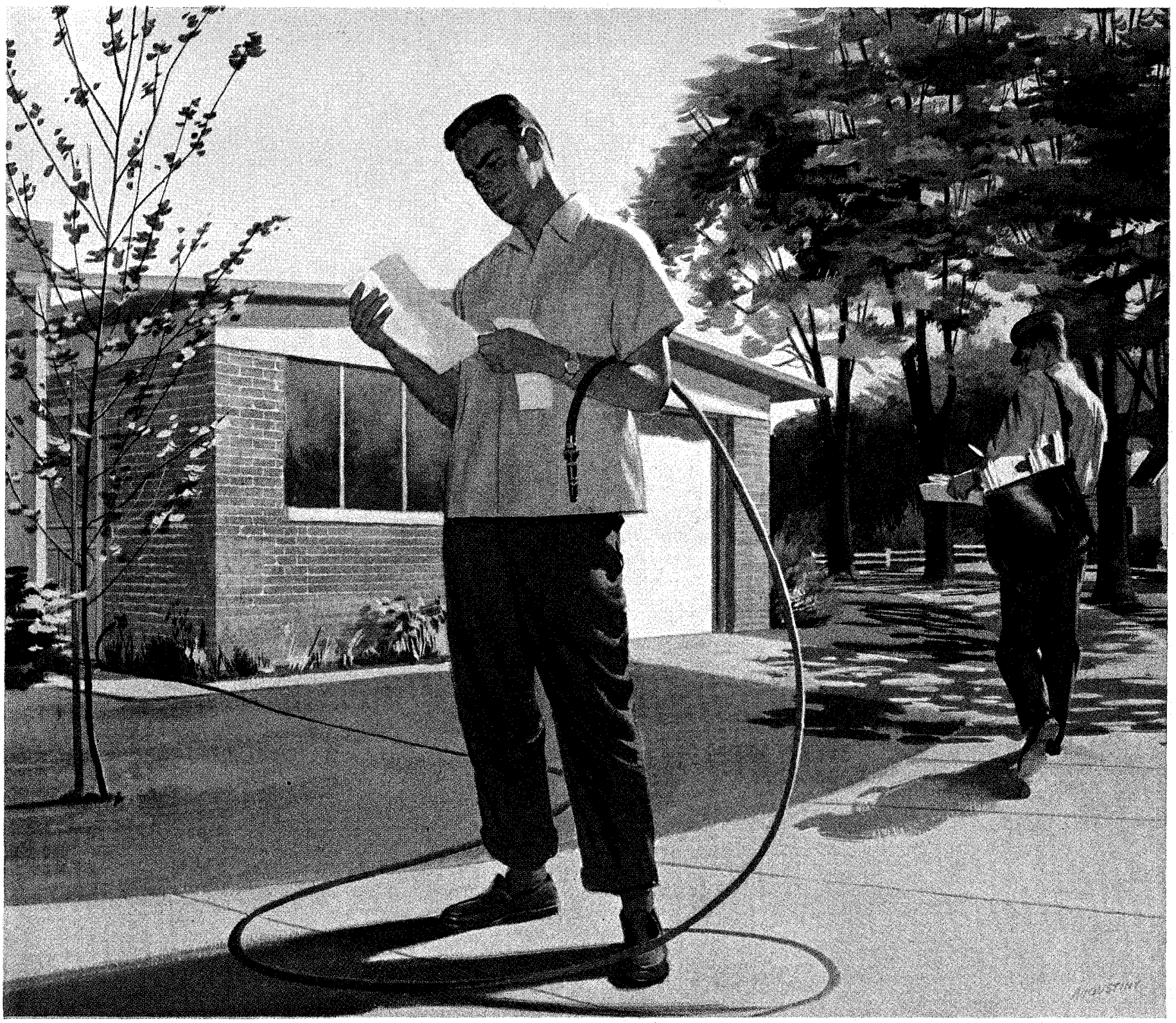

"No sprinkling until further notice"

(Did this happen to you last year?)

Stringent restrictions on water are becoming more common each year. America's water needs have far outstripped our water supply facilities. Too many of our water works, our pumping stations, our wells, are antiquated when faced with our booming birth rate—our expanding economy and industry—our vastly increased water consumption.

Industry consumes 81 billion gallons a day. Agriculture demands 105 billion more gallons daily. In the home, every man, woman and child averages 50 gallons a day—with a population of 170,000,000 and a new citizen being born every 8 seconds!

Add up the Gargantuan thirst our nation has for water, and you see why our water systems aren't equal to the need. Everyone's using more. What can you do about it? Work actively with your local water authorities on planning now for adequate water facilities. Support bond issues for water works expansion or modernization. Your help is needed—now!

Interested citizens and city officials are invited to write Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Department N-2-23, 600 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 5, Illinois, for a copy of "Your 1100 Gallons," a timely article on water shortage problems.

PUMPS FOR	
☒	MUNICIPAL SERVICE
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Fairbanks-Morse, the biggest name in pumps, supplies pumps and power for every water need.

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a name worth remembering when you want the BEST

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The Saturday Evening POST

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

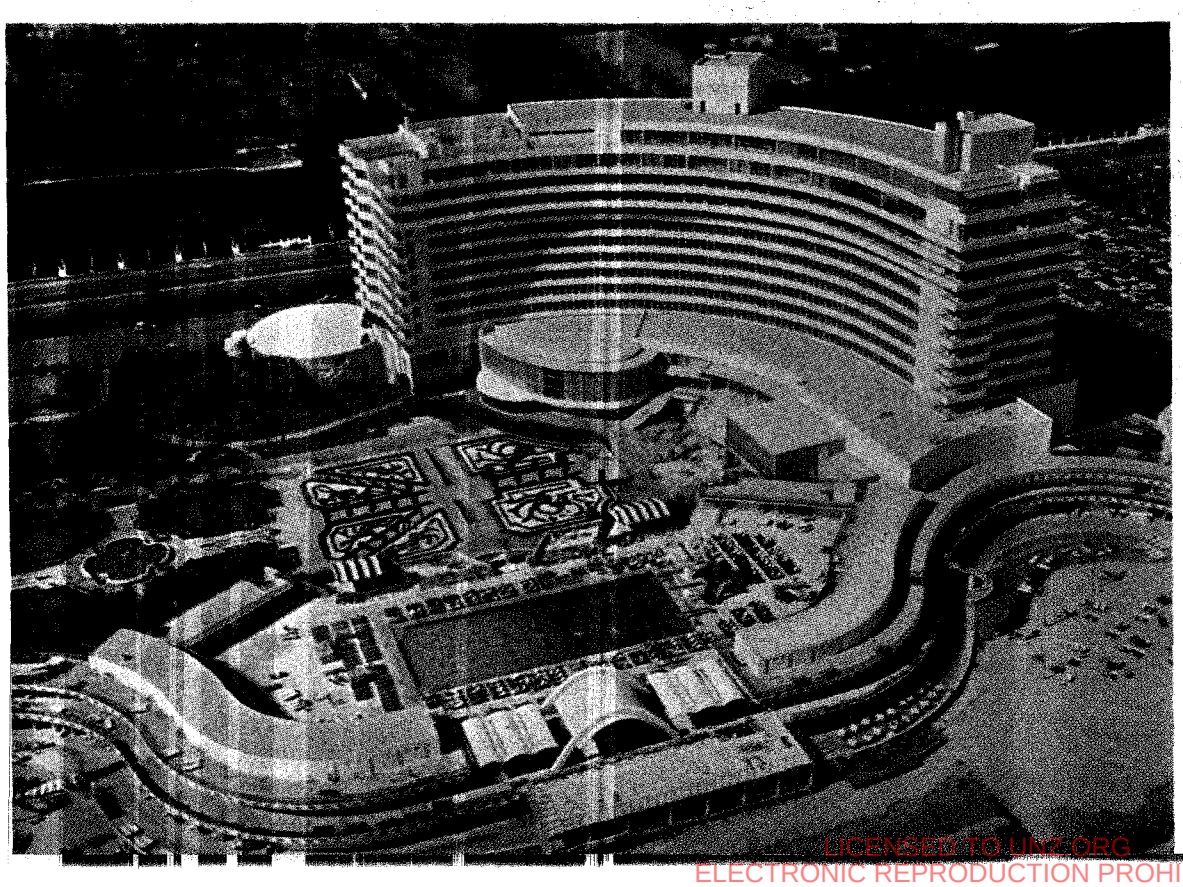
Benj. Franklin

Some of the world's most expensive sunshine. The hotel owns the longest private stretch of sand in Miami Beach, but guests generally prefer to loll at the poolside.

Roughing it at Miami Beach

This $16,000,000 paradise for high livers and fast spenders leaves no whim unsatisfied. It exists for one reason: to supply a craving for luxury.

By JOHN KOBLER



As Miami Beach humorists tell it, two old sports, Joe and Bill, were playing gin rummy in the Hotel Fontainebleau, the hugest, gaudiest, highest-priced pleasure palace ever erected on that gilded isle, where daily rates during the winter season range from $35 for one room to $175 for a three-room "presidential suite," and a steak dinner with wine may cost around twenty-five dollars or more. A dime rolled off Joe's side of the table. Instantly a passing bellhop, looking, in his gold-braided, silver-buttoned uniform, like a prince out of a Viennese comic opera, retrieved it and proffered it to Joe. The gin player pretended not to notice. The bellhop persisted. Joe sank deeper into his chair. At length the bellhop shrugged and departed with the dime.

"What gives, Joe?" whispered Bill. "The dime's yours. Why didn't you take it?"

"You think I'm crazy," retorted Joe, "and tip him five bucks for picking it up!"

The Fontainebleau's eye-catching "open arms" shape was the result of a brainstorm which Ben Novack incurred while soaking in his bathtub.

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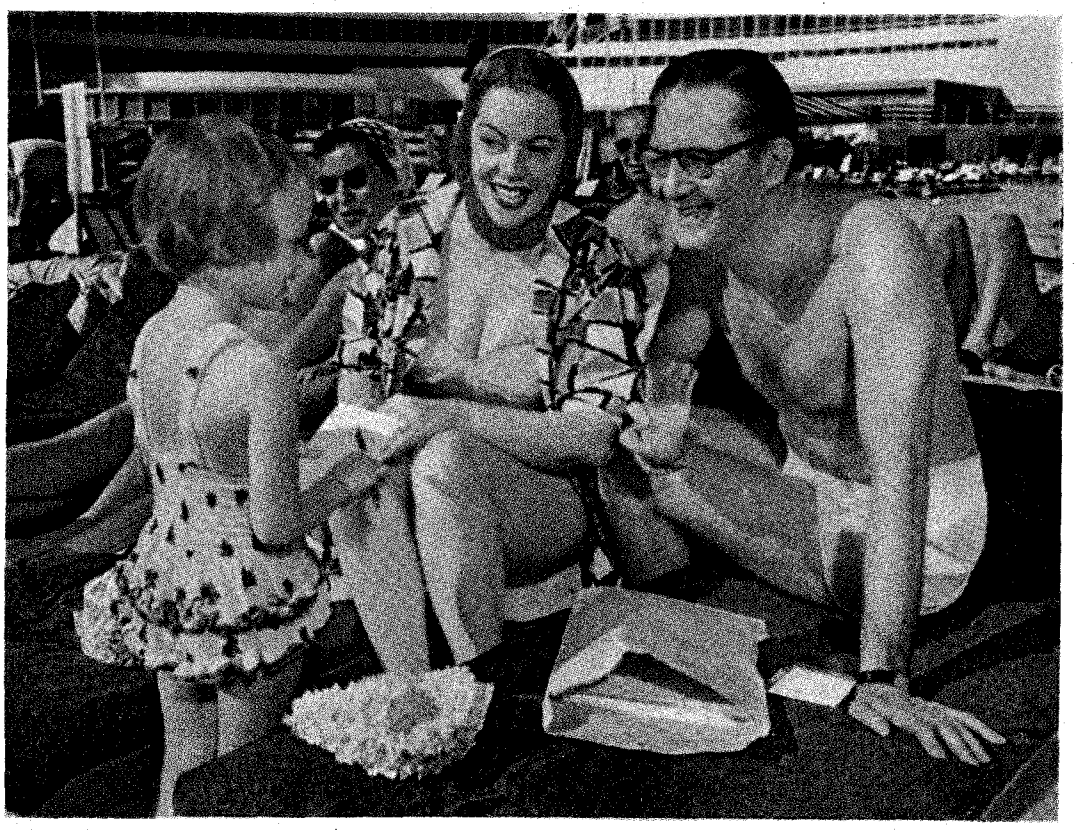

Sun-seeking celebrities: TV's Steve Allen and his wife, actress Jayne Meadows, oblige a 3-year-old autograph collector. Most of the guests are opulent businessmen and their wives, plus a sprinkling of celebrities.

There were, at a recent count, 116 jokes in circulation about the Fontainebleau (pronounced, in Miami Beach French, fown-tin-blew), a fourteen-story, $16,000,000 architectural extravaganza, whose most arresting aspect, its ivory-white, curving façade, suggests a mammoth dental plate. "A beautiful place," quipped Jack Benny, "but they overdid things when they put a ten-piece orchestra in the men's room."

The maids, according to other wags, won't demean themselves by delivering your dirty clothes to the laundry, but they'll be glad to throw them away for you. The barbershop is so ultrafancy that before the barbers will shave you, you have to shave yourself. Congress is considering admitting the Fontainebleau to the Union as the forty-ninth state.

Travel agent to prospective Miami tourist: "You ought to try the Fontainebleau. It's got wall-to-wall carpeting ——"

Tourist: "What's so unusual about that?"

Travel agent: "—— on the beach."

But the sober truth sounds scarcely less fantastic than the jokes. Guests arriving aboard yachts, as quite a number do, moor them at the hotel's private dock, which can accommodate fifty large craft. The cabana-girt swimming pool is so enormous—6500 square feet—that a

Novack and his wife, Bernice (*left*), in their penthouse atop the 14th floor, entertain columnist and TV star Ed Sullivan and songstress Fernanda Montel (*right*). It was Mrs. Novack who suggested the hotel's name.

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bevy of bathing beauties once water-skied across it. Children can splash in a smaller pool, a measly 3000 square feet, shaped like a kitten.

Nine hundred and fifty feet of satiny sand—the longest privately owned stretch in Miami Beach—beckons alluringly, but few human feet ever sully it. Gregarious as penguins, the genus Miamiensis prefers to sun on mattresses ranged side by side around the pool or play gin in the cabanas, frequently losing or winning $400 to $500 a session. There are four tiers of cabanas and, to spare their occupants needless exertion, an elevator. The ordinary cabanas, 253 of them, each with a telephone, tiled bath and, if requested, a TV set, rent at twenty-five dollars a day; the twelve de luxe cabanas, with living room, bar and icebox, forty-five dollars.

Joe was not exaggerating much about the tipping. A bellhop averages $150 to $200 a week, more than eight times his pay check. A Mexican waiter, who left his native town to work in the hangar-sized main dining room, where, to borrow the rich prose of Fontainebleau publicity, "fleurs-de-lis of France form a luminous background for the exquisite group of French Ladies and Courtiers sculptured in the manner of Dresden figures and clothed in shimmering silks and damask," fully expects to save enough baksheesh to open his own restaurant when he goes home.

Upon many Miami Beach vacationers, shiny newness is what exerts the strongest appeal. By this standard the Fontainebleau is practically in its dotage—that is, it was built three years ago. For a hotel to be considered new on the island—itself reclaimed from swampland only within this generation—to be the hotel of the year, of which at least one goes up every year, the paint should be barely dry. Then the beach regulars will clamor for accommodations like Broadway first-nighters for tickets to a Rodgers & Hammerstein *première*. "Doesn't matter what kind of a joint it may be," says a Miami real-estate man. "So long as it's brand-new, people will go for it, sight unseen."

Usually, at the Fontainebleau's advanced age, the entire place would have to be remodeled to catch the eye of the novelty neurotics. It continues for the nonce, however, to flourish without alteration, probably because no hotel of the year has managed to surpass its showiness. Although many of the incurable first-season addicts have gone elsewhere, the Fontainebleau is still packed to the last presidential suite.

Portly merchants and their wives from the big cities of the North comprise the bulk of its clientele, with a sprinkling of theatrical, sporting and social luminaries. Horsey Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., makes it his headquarters during the racing season. John Jacob Astor, who resides in a mansion nearby, likes to give dinner parties in its Fleur-de-Lis Room. The register also bears the signatures of William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Gary Cooper, Liberace, Joan Crawford, Sonja Henie, Rocky Marciano, Joe DiMaggio, the governor of Puerto Rico and the Maharajah of Baroda.

In clothes and adornments, an assemblage of Fontainebleau guests presents a breathtaking spectacle. Jewelry by the pound festoons the women, furs swathe their shoulders whatever the temperature or time of day. One woman graced the (Continued on Page 114)

Photographs by Ivan Dmitri

Nabobs from the North play cards around the huge cabana-girt pool, where a man can express his individuality in his costume for the day. Cabanas can be had for from $25–$45 a day.

A model displays a gown to customers at one of the hotel arcade's many plush shops. These stores stay open past midnight for guests who want to augment their finery at odd hours.

In the Chez Bon Bon coffee shop, guests can order ice cream or smoked salmon in an exotic atmosphere combining "the froufrou of Rumpelmayer's and the chichi of Maxim's in Paris."

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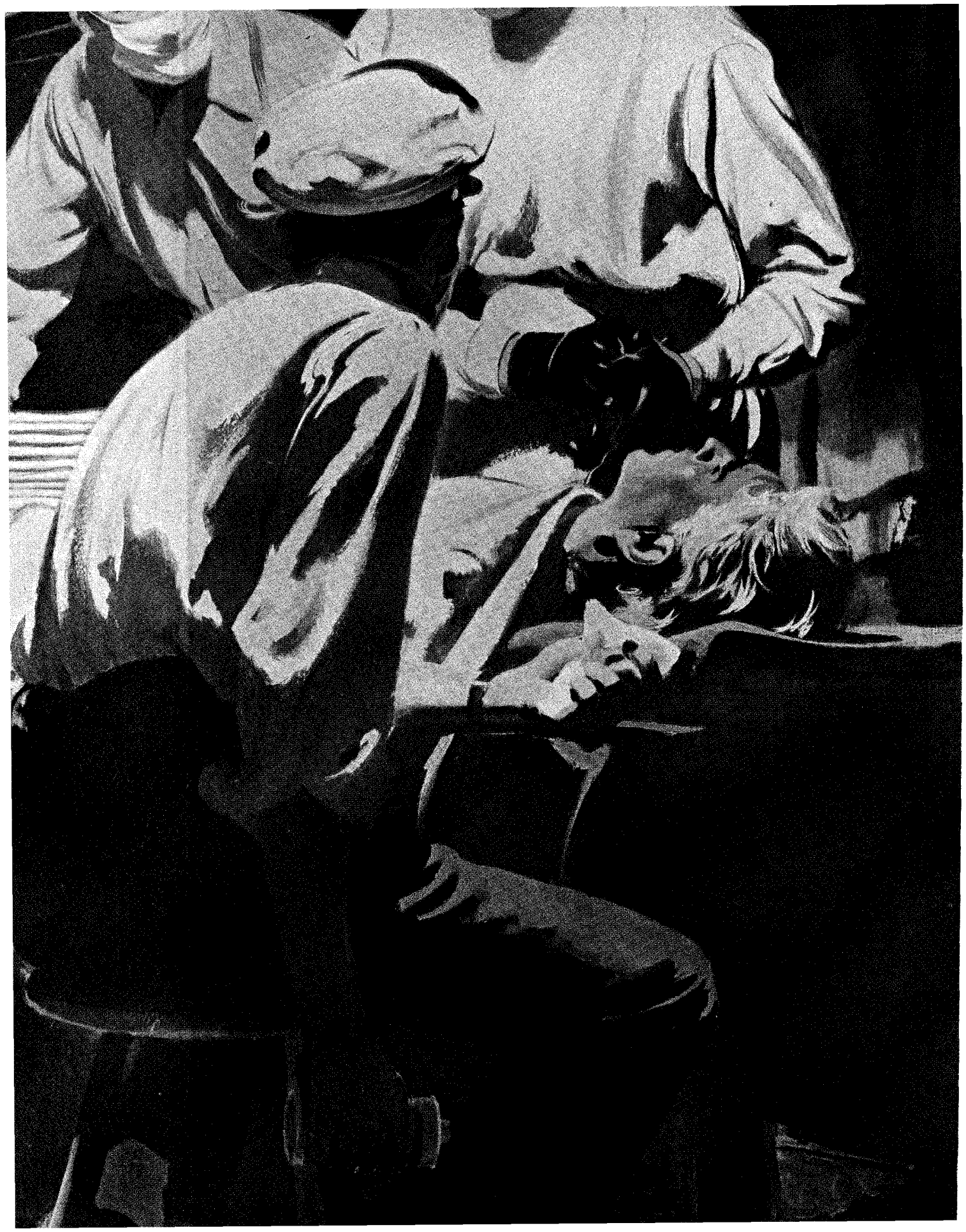

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A tramp ship in the rolling Pacific—

this was the setting for Dr. Crandall's first operation.

Surgery at Sea

By JACLAND MARMUR

You don't see girls like that in Louie's place. Not often, anyhow. Louie's, on the San Francisco Embarcadero, is for seamen mostly, for river people and the foreshore crowd. And there was no fog that day. Blue sunlight glittered on the wharf sheds, touching funnels and the masts of ships berthed over there across the way. It was too early in the afternoon for Louie to be busy. He saw her right away. She came in and stopped short. Young, fine-figured woman in a tailored suit, gay feather in a small blue hat. Her blond head moved from side to side with quick and almost haughty pride. The minute she saw the man, alone at one of Louie's white-top tables in a corner by the wall, she went striding to him and sat down.

He looked up, startled, saying quickly, "I'm sorry, but this table is ——" All at once he grinned. "Nancy!" he said. "It's you!"

"Of course, it's me. You phoned me, didn't you? Is something wrong? John, you look feverish."

"Feverish?" He grinned at her again. The grin made him look younger than he really was. His gray eyes sparkled and he touched her hand. Then suddenly he blurted, "How would you like to take a cruise to the China Coast and back?"

"It would be the most wonderful honeymoon in the world," said Nancy Clifton. "Would you like me to dream about it with you for a while? This certainly is the place for it. O.K.," she smiled. "When do we sail?"

"Tonight at ten. S.S. Madonia. Pier Thirty-two. Seventy passengers. Honolulu, Hong Kong, Singapore and Manila! We ——"

"Wonderful, John! I better rush home and pack." Her voice did its best to sound gay. "The captain will marry us at sea and ——"

"That's impossible, Nan. You know I can't afford a honeymoon like that." But his eyes were glowing at her, face alight. "We can go, though. I've already ——"

"Now I know you're feverish. Flu, probably. Whenever you ——"

She would have said more. But Louie was at her elbow then, setting coffee in front of her in a thick white mug. It made her look up. She saw Louie's black eyes smiling down. "I figure," he said—"I figure this what you want."

"Louie," John Crandall told her, "Louie can tell what a man will drink, the minute he steps inside that door. Even if he's never seen him before. He can tell whether it's a tugboat rouster, a deepwater mate or an engineer."

"Mostly," Louie Chavez agreed, "mostly I can. Not you. You touring the water front? You not a seaman, I don't think."

"That's right. He's not." Nancy's blond head tipped. Her wide eyes shone with pride. "He's a doctor, Louie! Dr. John C. Crandall. You don't know how long it takes. M.D. at last! We intend to be married soon."

"Fine!" said Louie. "Fine! Then the coffee is on the house." Louie's dark eyes twinkled. "Don't look much like a doctor, though."

Illustrated by Perry Peterson

Nancy's voice was husky, trying its best to be gay. "John," she murmured, "take care of yourself."

"I will in time." John Crandall chuckled. "Maybe I'll grow a beard."

"You gonna make the relief trip in the Madonia for old Doc Philbrick?" Louie asked.

"How the devil did you know?"

"I just make a guess."

Louie said that carelessly and went away. The girl sat motionless a moment. She was frowning now. She didn't believe it. John Crandall, watching her, saw pain or anger touch her wide blue eyes.

"He's joking." Her voice had the husky sound of hurt. "Tell me he was joking, John."

"Listen, Nan." He leaned forward. He spoke with eagerness, words pouring from him. "My mother's people were seafaring. Way back to whale-ship days. Maybe that's why it is. I don't know. But always, always, aside from medicine, I wanted to see blue water. I want to know the people who live out there. I want to know why they do. This Doctor Philbrick came to the hospital. They sent him to me. Relief trip, Nancy. Six, maybe seven weeks. I can even wear his uniforms. They fit. I couldn't help it. I said yes."

"Well, you can change your mind!"

"I've already signed ship's articles."

"You ——" She stopped short. She looked at him, her blue eyes overbright. "You didn't ask me," she said, after silence. "You just said yes. What happens to our getting married? What happens to the practice we were going to build in Sonoma County? I'm as proud of being a nurse as I am of your license to practice. But I want to take care of kids of my own. I always knew they would be yours. Always, John! I was always sure of that. We've kept putting it off. Now you ——"

"Nancy, it's not for long. I'll be a better doctor for it." He had hold of her hand. If she didn't know now, she never would. "I want to specialize in surgery. That will be another long grind. And we're young. People ought to build fine memories while they're young. Here's our chance. Honolulu, Hong Kong, Singapore, Manila!" His face was glowing again. "We can ——"

"We?" Her eyes were narrow on him and her anger grew. "You will send me picture post cards, I suppose. You ——"

"No, Nan. We. Both of us. The Madonia's nurse isn't making this voyage either. And you're an R.N.

(Continued on Page 103)

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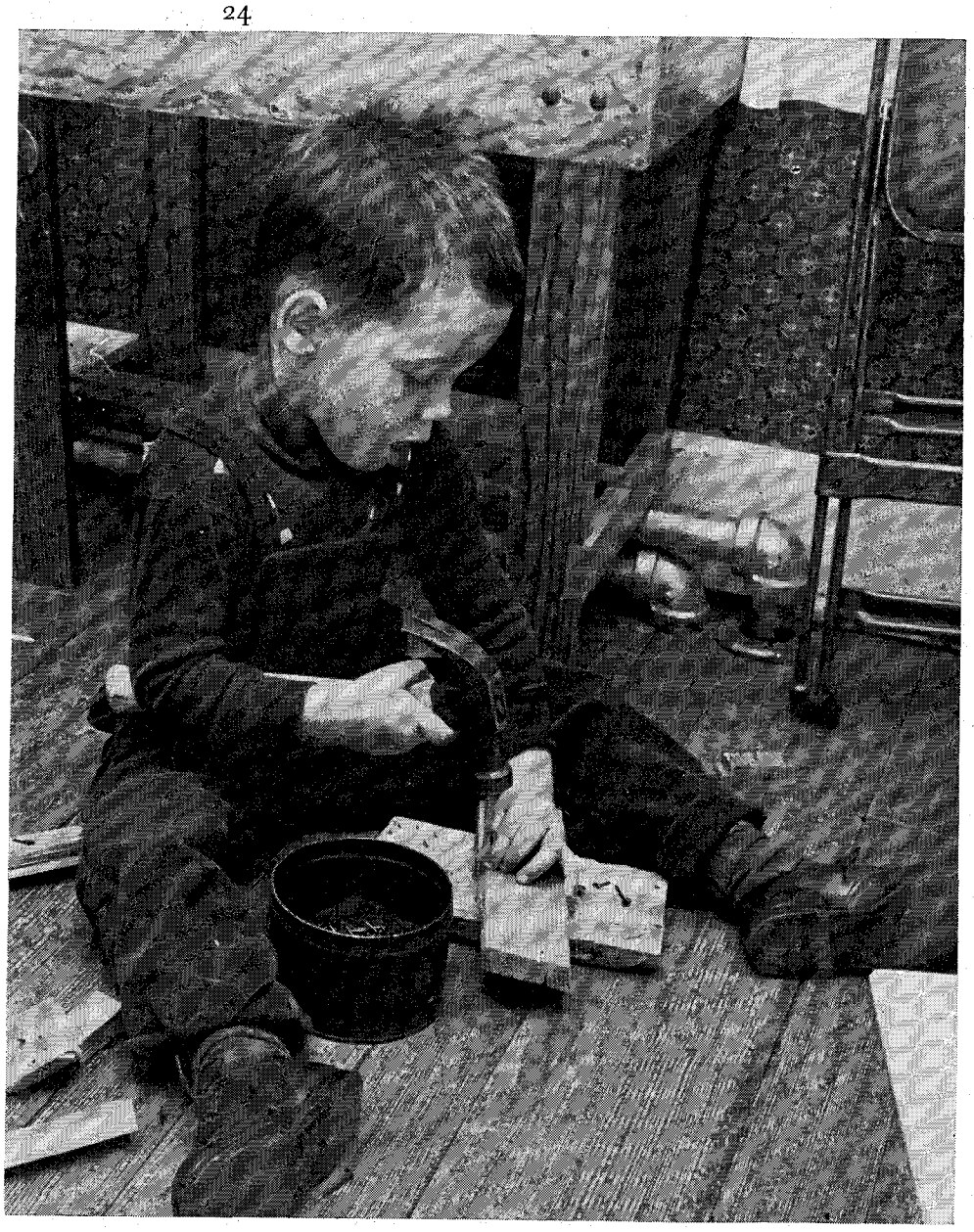

The "hammering, sawing and nailing room": A young carpenter—Eric Christ, 3—experiments at the Children's Corner Nursery School in Bloomington, Ind.

Mothers work a day every two weeks as volunteer assistants at Children's Corner. Here little Becky Burger makes a gorgeous finger-painting mess for Mrs. Patricia Pizzo.

We Started Our Own School

By MIRIAM and JEROME ELLISON

New, co-operative, "do it yourself" nursery schools are an easy, inexpensive way to get the kids out from underfoot and to give mother a breather. Here's how they work.

Sharing time: Each child totes a paper bag to school which holds his sharing thing, or moppet-age conversation piece. One child brought daddy's checkbook.

Story time: Mrs. Pizzo reads to her daughter, Julie (center), Val Nolan (left) and Jayma Meyer. A young artist (background) essays a masterpiece.

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Mrs. Joy Burke (right), the school's only full-time, paid teacher, Mrs. Pizzo (left) and Mrs. Sue Yamaguchi (foreground) show the children how to act out a musical record.

Children are nice, but there was one period when our preschool daughter, Julie, not only tried the patience of a fond father but nearly drove her poor mother nuts. In one hour she scribbled more crayon on the walls of her room than a week's scrubbing could remove. She dropped a wrist watch into the bath, painted the dog green, poured ink into the goldfish bowl, sawed half through a piano leg and almost snipped a paper doll out of a ten-dollar bill. If some neighborhood mothers hadn't started a co-operative nursery school, we don't know what we'd have done.

Co-op, do-it-yourself preschools, in case you hadn't heard, have come to be quite a big thing. Though these schools are almost aggressively unofficial, they amount in aggregate to the newest major addition to our national school system. They're a boon beyond calculation to clobbered parents of jet-propelled preschoolers, and probably have some educational value as well. Having been in on the ground floor of one, we're nicely situated to describe the fun.

It would be hard to say just how many of the 12,000,000 parents of our 7,500,000 three- and four-year-olds are up to their ears in roll-your-own nursery schools. The co-op nursery idea, originated in 1916 by a dozen University of Chicago faculty wives, had a slow growth. A decade after the Chicago mothers set up shop, another small co-op was founded in New York City. A pioneer co-op in Cambridge, Massachusetts, started by a couple of mothers in 1922, owned its own schoolhouse a few years later. A co-op on the West Coast owns its own plant and hires three full-time teachers. Another group of mothers, in Schenectady, New York, ran a pilot project as long ago as 1923. Splendid units were launched in Northampton, Massachusetts, and Berkeley, California, in 1927. In general, however, the idea was regarded as ultraprogressive and experimental.

But by the 1940's, mothers were in a mood for progress and experiment. The co-op idea began to catch on and fathers took a hand; now we have what amounts to a coast-to-coast boom. Our town, Bloomington, Indiana, has sprouted two co-ops. There are similar nursery schools in Silver Spring, Maryland; Croton-on-Hudson, New York; and Sierra Madre, California. The University of California at Los Angeles expected about 125 people at a recent conference on co-op nursery schools; four times that many showed up.

Our school, the Children's Corner Nursery School, Inc., is typical. It started as an offshoot. Two neighborhood mothers, Patty Pizzo and Dotty Saltzman, who had been members of a co-op in a local housing unit called Hoosier Courts, conceived the idea. Their first recruit (Continued on Page 118)

Classrooms are rented on the second floor of the Unitarian Fellowship House. Fathers fixed up the yard, mothers keep the rooms clean.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

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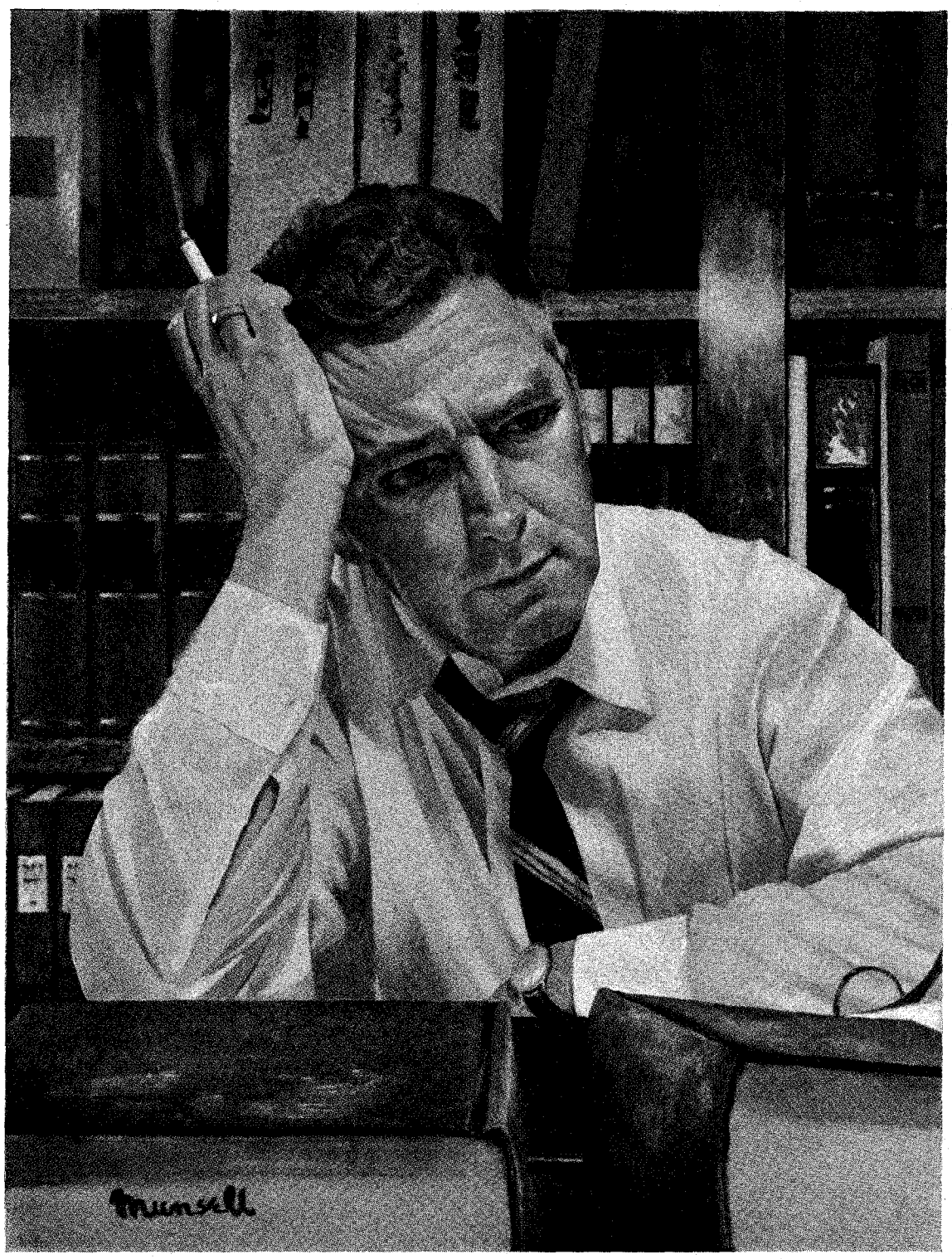

During the burning noon, the senator stayed in his office, wrestling with his thoughts.

THE DECIDING VOTE

This is the story of Senator Matt Forrest and the lonely, agonizing decision he had to make.

By RODERICK MacLEISH

How're you going to vote, Ed Bailey?

Ed Bailey stands beside the chickenhouse and squints at the deep blue sky, the sun that burns forty times hotter than hell because it's shining on Eugene County. A dry wind blows up from the Tuckalhoosac River Basin twenty miles away, lifting a few fistfuls of nearly worthless soil off what he hopes will be his cornfield, wheat field, barley field. Ed Bailey's land is the land of the thrice-patched harrow, poor-boy sandwich and men who squat in the ruts outside the crossroads store, hoping with tobacco-juice-studded profanity for rain. Russell can't make it rain, Forrest can't make it rain. Only God can make it rain, and God isn't running for anything this year, not in Eugene County, He isn't.

I don't reckon I will vote. One fella makes promises we've heard before and the other fella's forgotten the folks who gave him his job. There ain't nothing to vote for.

Trouble in Eugene County. Trouble for Matt Forrest.

The ugly rumor had started somewhere in the lonely flatlands of the county. But because it was negative, because it was pinned on a man everyone knew, it had grown. They had whispered it across Eugene County, across Macklin, Tuckalhoosac and Byrd counties until it hit the state capital like a bad smell in a turkey roost on a hot day. Now the newspaper editorials asked loaded questions; it had gone too far.

Saul Leavitt turned away from the open office window. "Well, Matt?"

Only the tall senator's hands moved, whetting a worn knife blade softly on the muscular bulge beneath his thumb. His voice was deep and quiet. "What do you want me to do? Make it rain?"

The newspaperman shook his head. "Hell, no. Go down and tell them it isn't so."

The knife blade snapped back into its handle. Sen. Matthew Forrest drew his long legs out from under the desk and swiveled around in the chair. He glanced at Saul across the litter of law books, statutes, cane stand, hatrack, pile of newspapers and brass cuspidor. "Tell them what isn't so?"

Saul took out a pipe. "It isn't any of my business except we're friends. But if I were you, I'd get down to the county and tell them you're dead against the cow tax, because if you don't ——"

"If I don't, I'm licked," Matt finished the sentence.

Saul nodded. He was state-capitol correspondent for the Eugene Daily Standard, a newspaper that was independent, except that it was pro Matt Forrest without exception. That is, the Standard had been. Now it wasn't so sure. Every senator in the state had committed himself one way or the other on the controversial proposal to levy a two-dollar tax per head of cattle—every senator save Matt Forrest, whose vote could swing or kill the tax. The opposition had proposed the tax; the administration was against it. Opposition legislators were elected, for the most part, from cities. The administration drew its support from rural areas where a cow ranked second in importance only to a child. There were more cows in Eugene County than people, and yet the senior senator from Eugene County wasn't saying how he'd vote on the cow tax.

At first, the slow-talking people of the county had refused to (Continued on Page 60)

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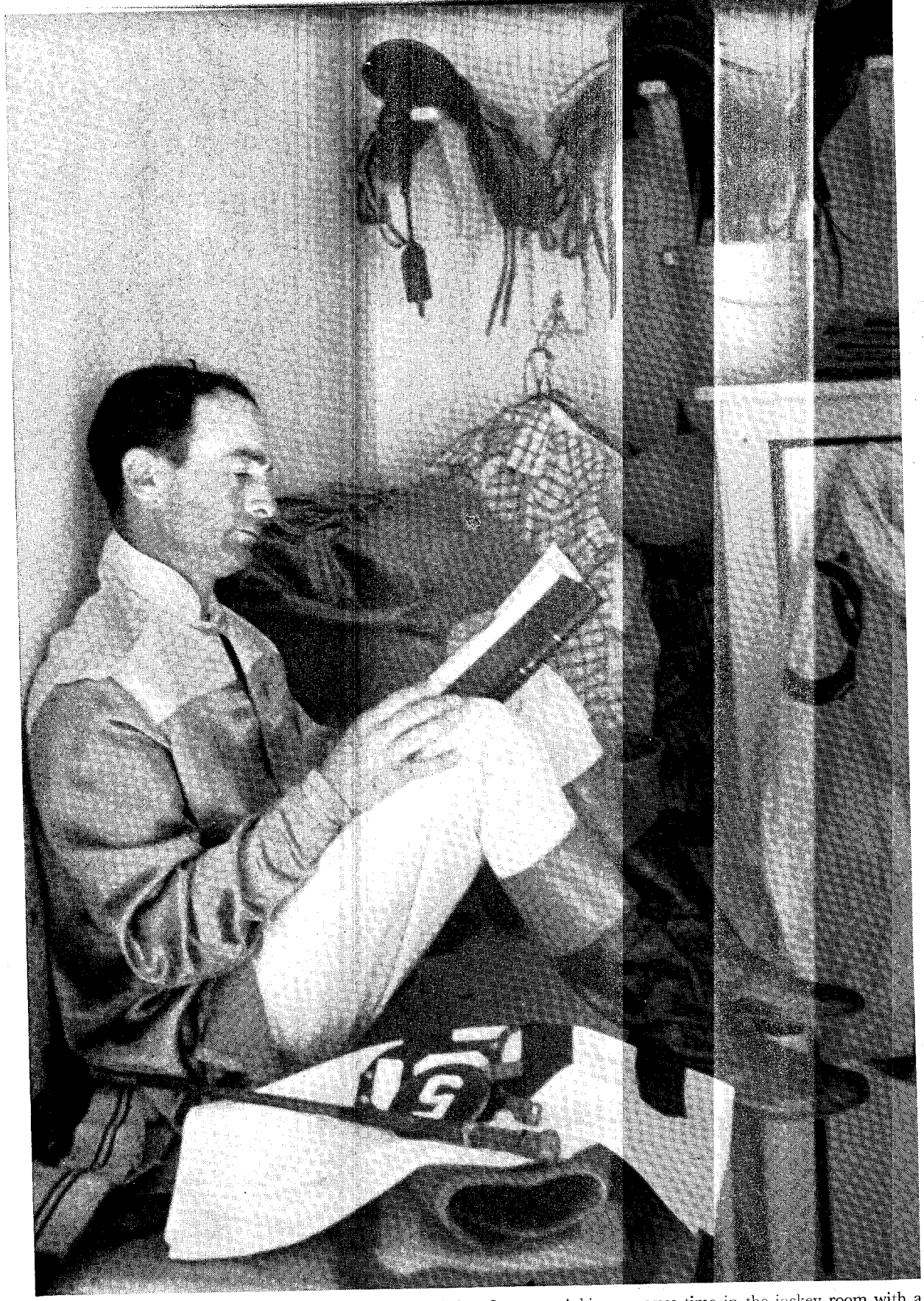

Before a race at Tropical Park last January: Atkinson passes time in the jockey room with a book on archaeology. As a $20-a-month exercise boy, he read classical novels constantly.

Atkinson lays aside his book and comes home first on Fideles (No. 1). "I don't ride for the benefit of the owner or the trainer. I ride for the man who keeps us all eating—the better."

Case of the Erudite Jockey

By ROGER KAHN

There never was a rider who boots them home the way Ted Atkinson does—with the help of higher philosophy and the poetry of Sir Walter Scott.

After bringing a mediocre horse home fifth, one sweltering afternoon last autumn, Ted Atkinson was headed back to the jockeys' dressing room at Belmont Park when a better hailed him, breathing fire and indignation.

"Hey, meathead!" the better began cordially. "You lost me my two bucks! You know you ride like a meathead?"

Baseball players are protected by high walls, and movie queens surround themselves with beefy bodyguards, but jockeys have neither. At Belmont Park, on Long Island, New York, the only barrier between the riders and the betters is an old iron fence something less than five feet high.

"Hey!" the fan shouted at Atkinson again. "How come you didn't hit that pig more often down the stretch?"

With a quick look sideways, the jockey sized up the better at 200 pounds, slightly flabby, but very determined. Since Atkinson stands five-feet-two and weighs 104 pounds, he quickened his stride.

"I get it, Atkinson," the better said. "You weren't trying to win. You just took that horse out for exercise."

Finally stung, Atkinson stopped short and turned around. "I dare say," he began, in the precise, rather clipped way he has of speaking, "that it is no trick to be a critic from your side of the fence. However, when you are in the midst of a race ——"

Atkinson paused there because the man abruptly lunged to the top of the fence, teetered briefly, and sprang. Then he fell face down at Atkinson's feet, for one of his heels had become jammed in the grillwork.

"—— you might find," Atkinson said, neatly picking up (Continued on Page 121)

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I'm Invisible to Arabs

By WILLIAM PETER BLATTY

A U.S. diplomat reveals what the people of the Middle East say about an American when they think he can't understand them.

Photographs by Peter Schmid

"Linguistic wiretapping": At a crowded Beirut restaurant, the author tunes in on two Lebanese girls who are quite unaware that the American sitting at the next table is enjoying every word of their gossip about him.

The Blatty family atop the ruins of the historic castle at Byblos, an ancient Lebanese city which the Crusaders captured in 1104.

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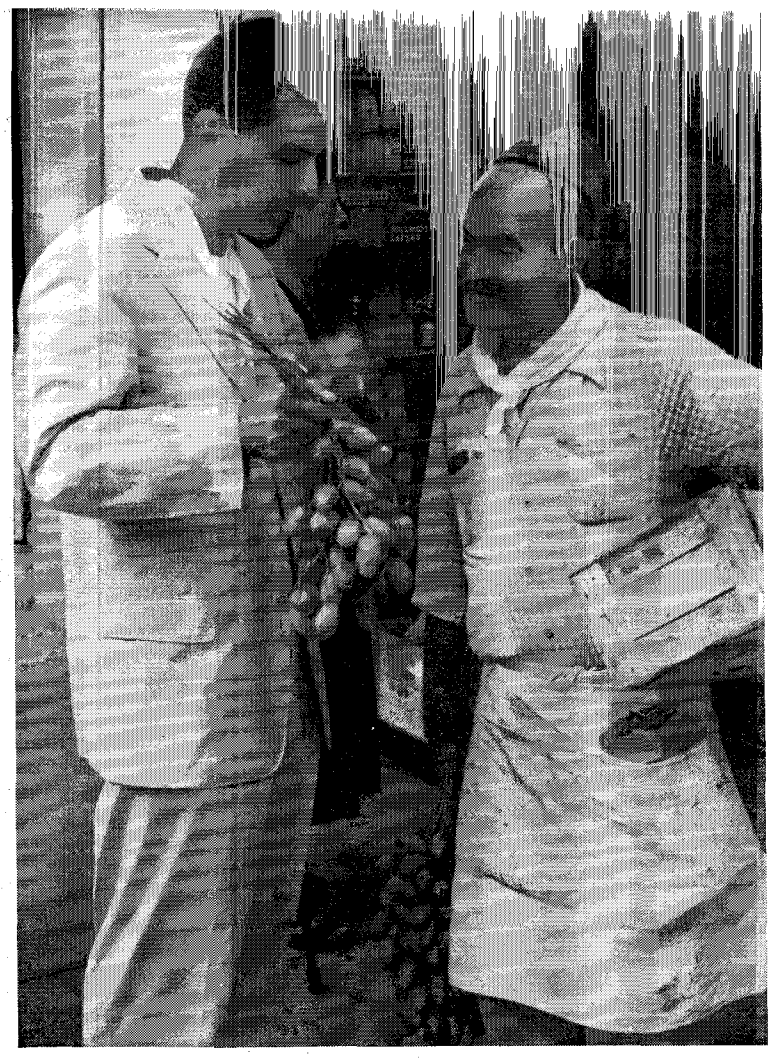
In the bazaar: Bartering in English for a tablecloth, Blatty (right) utilizes his Arabic as a "secret weapon" for interpreting merchant's sly side comments as to its real worth.



A seasoned bargainer, the author confidently tackles a shrewd Levantine date merchant.

My mother is an Arab, which would make me half Arab, except that my father was an Arab, too. . . . I didn't mean to start off this way. What I meant to say is I'm a United States Information Agency officer assigned to one of the Arab states and wherever I go, Arabs talk Arabic in front of me because they know I'm an American and think I can't understand Arabic, but they're wrong because I can—and the things that they say, sometimes they shouldn't!

Take that time at Al Ajami. Al Ajami is an Arabic restaurant in downtown Beirut, Lebanon, and as I left there one afternoon, after eating my fill of charcoal-broiled lamb slivers topped with lemon juice and mint-leaf garnish, I saw two little gum sellers coming toward me. I slid behind the wheel of my tiny foreign car and heard one of the girls say in loud, fearless Arabic, "It's an American. Cross your eyes; he'll feel sorry for you." A small, dark face appeared at my car window, but before the little girl could start her sales talk, I turned and looked out at her with my eyes crossed, and somewhere in infinity, for one memorable moment, our gaze must have met. She dropped her gum box and ran, her giggling girl friend close at her bare heels. Well, you see now, this is the kind of thing I'm talking about.

Awareness of my insidious linguistic advantage first came to me in the Arab sector of Jerusalem, the Old City, where I was touring the holy places with a mixed crew of State Department personnel. Like everybody else, I was perspiring and squinting now and then into the bright sunlight. Meanwhile a storybook Arab was holding us all sweatbound with his tale, told there on top of a stone tower that was the traditionally accepted—although not undisputed—site of the ascension of Christ into heaven.

There was certainly something incongruous about his swarthy, Hajji Babaish face—not at all like Cornel Wilde or even Edmund Purdom—the curved, deadly *sikkine* tucked under his rope belt, and the cluster of wood-carved rosary beads clutched in his teakwood-brown left hand. But if you think I was going to tell him that—well, you're crazy. I clammed up and absorbed—except for my pores, which were busy exuding.

"There," exulted my nomination for Nomad of the Year, "is the footprint made by Christ just before He ascended!" and with that he stooped over and rubbed the rosary beads into a slight depression in the tower floor. "Now," he said exuberantly, "who wants to buy some rosary beads?" No one wanted to mix holy places with Madison Avenue, and we filed past a gradually despairing huckster as all left and no one bought.

I was last man to skulk by, and as I did I saw the bright glow in the Arab's eyes die and yield cornea space to a blank, sad stare. "*Awlad el haram el wuskheen*," he intoned reverently, seeming to shrug off the day's disappointments with a prayer to the Prophet and an inscrutable philosophy compounded of centuries of stars, sand and magic nights. But what he actually said was "The cheap swine!"

It was at this moment that I first knew my secret "power" and I welcomed it with great relish.

Since that time, I have been playing shamelessly on the Arab world's belief that I do not understand Arabic. To those among you who may say that this is "grossly unfair," "shabby business," "not at all British," and so on, you may have the right of it there. But I really don't think that you do, because my psychiatrist, a certain Dr. Mango Litterhead, has encouraged me to continue with this device. He tells me that (Continued on Page 97)

Part of the crowd: Blatty (in white suit) listens to the babble of a curbside thread vendor. "You, too, can be invisible if you'll just study Arabic, Urdu or Hindi or any exotic language," says the author.

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Wardwell Howell. To search for the right man, he charges a minimum of $150 a day.

By MAX GUNTHER

Men Wanted: $25,000 a Year

These unusual "employment agencies" have 100 high-paying jobs to be filled. Here's what you need to qualify.

Talent hunter John Handy (seated) and his staff. When hot on the trail of a high-priced executive, recruiters give the candidate's wife a thorough screening too.

Sid Boyden, of Boyden Associates, one of the Big Three in the boss-hunting business.

Public telephone booths, although an undeniable convenience, have never been highly regarded for their comfort—particularly by large people. They are not the sort of place that tempts one to linger. Nevertheless, one hot August day in 1951, a man standing six and a half feet tall and weighing well over 200 pounds was observed by idlers in New York City's Grand Central Station to have jammed himself into just such a booth, and with every indication that he planned on a long stay. He was armed with a quantity of small change; and as ten, then twenty, then forty minutes passed, coin after coin vanished into the telephone company's little black machine. When the large gentleman finally emerged after almost an hour, he was cramped, damp and sadly wrinkled, but he was clearly happy.

Wardwell Howell had just completed a successful man hunt. At the request of International Salt Company, which was in need of a topflight cost accountant, he had culled every source he knew, until he found a qualified man willing to change jobs. Temporarily out of work himself, forty-one-year-old Howell had undertaken this task only to keep himself solvent while looking for a job of his own. Thinking back on it later, however, he reflected that the man hunt had been not only profitable but a good deal of fun. Accordingly, he decided to call off his personal search for employment and devote himself full time to the business of hunting executives for corporate clients.

The demand for this service has turned out to be so great that (Continued on Page 100)

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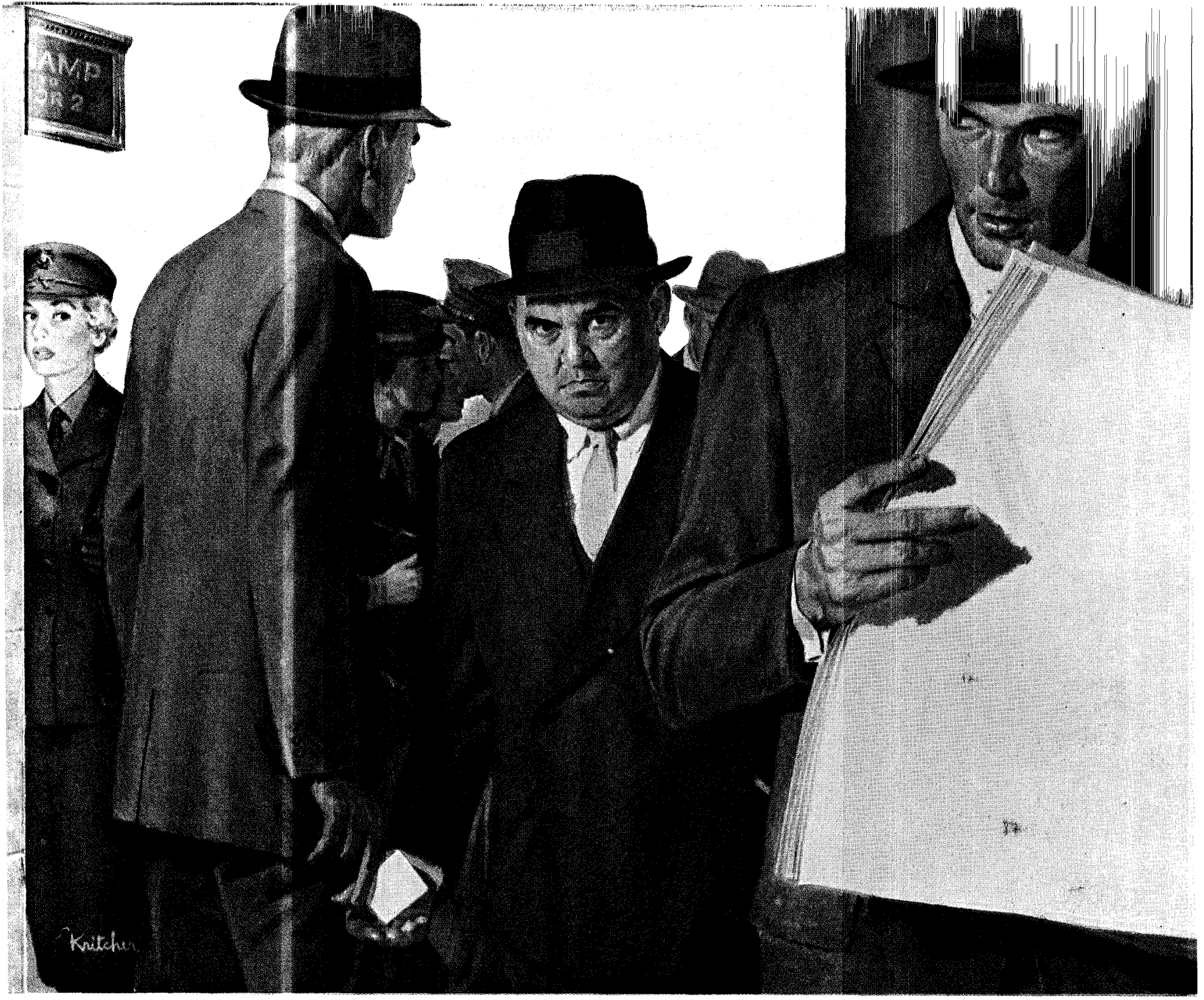

Kitry watched intently as Eggleston quickly handed a white slip of paper to the contact.

The Pentagon Spy

The inside story of one of the most remarkable cases ever handled by the FBI.

By PAT FRANK

You will not find an account of the investigation of Felix Eggleston and ENIAP anywhere in the Pentagon or in the archives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I cannot say how the facts leaked, except to remind you that the Pentagon is not merely a building but a city, with shops, restaurants, banks, clinics, theaters, yacht basin, barbers, beauticians and a large press corps. Twenty-eight thousand people work there every day, and no matter how thoroughly they are screened and checked, they are still human, with human emotions, frailties, and even vices.

In this walled and roofed city, Special Agent James Kitry occupied a small office in C Ring, fourth floor, a somewhat lower-level neighborhood populated by majors, captains, Navy commanders and their clerks, yeomen and secretaries. He was in, but not of, the Pentagon, his office actually an outpost of the FBI.

Kitry shuffled "Wanted" fliers, fingerprint records and safe-hand messages back and forth across the Potomac. Although loose-limbed, lanky and still under thirty, he acquired heel blisters and Pentagon shin while exploring the seventeen-and-a-half-mile labyrinth of corridors. He caught no spies, scented no treason and participated in no dramatic adventures until one Tuesday morning 2nd Lt. Priscilla Parker, U.S.M.C., poked her golden head into his office and said, "Jim, there's a flap on in E Ring, and the FBI is invited to attend."

Kitry noticed that she was back in uniform, after a week of displaying chic dresses and the most distracting blouses. He said, "I'll be right with you, lieutenant." To Mrs. Prince, his secretary-file clerk, he said, "Keep the flag flying, Hortense." (Continued on Page 46)

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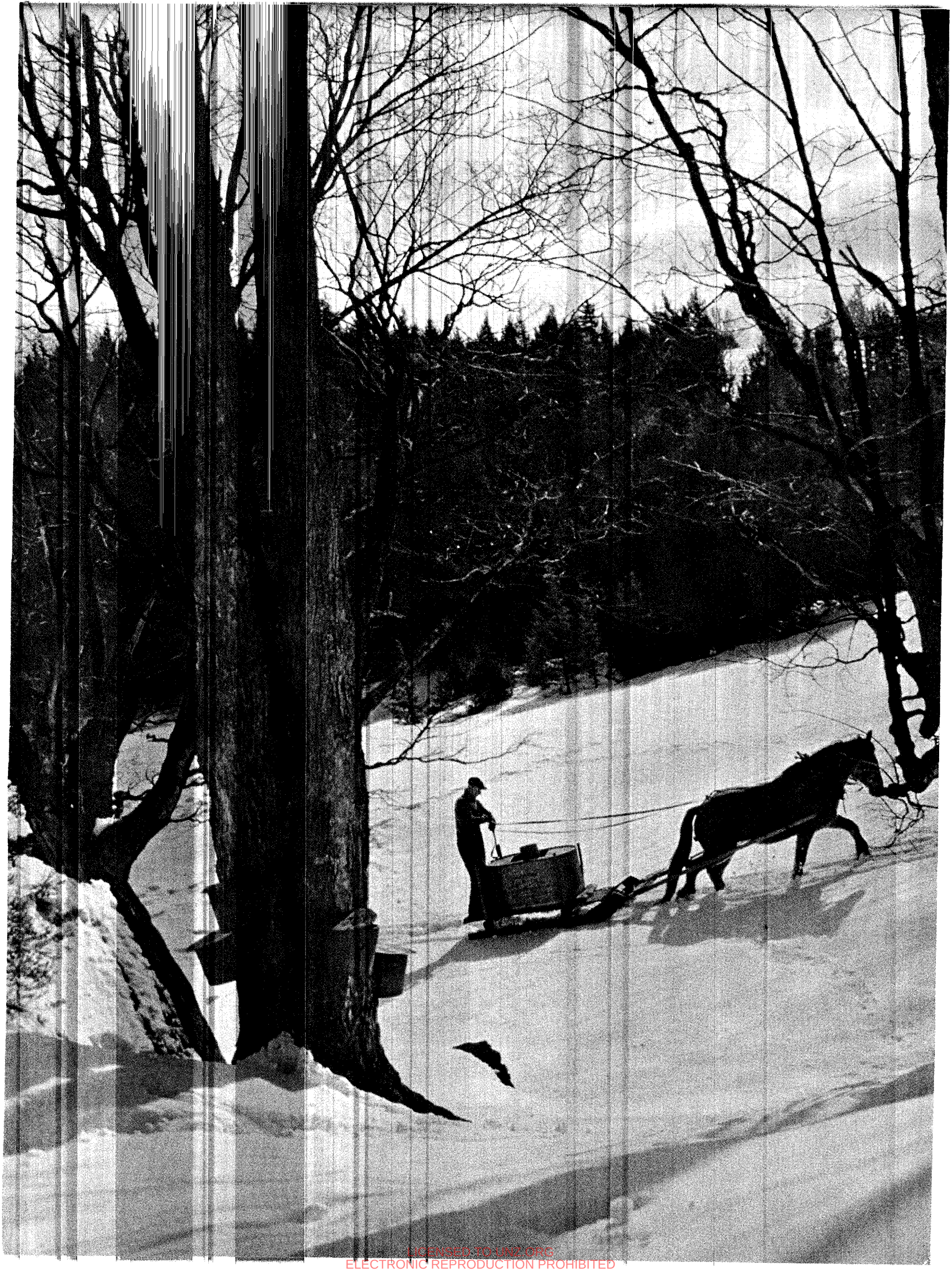

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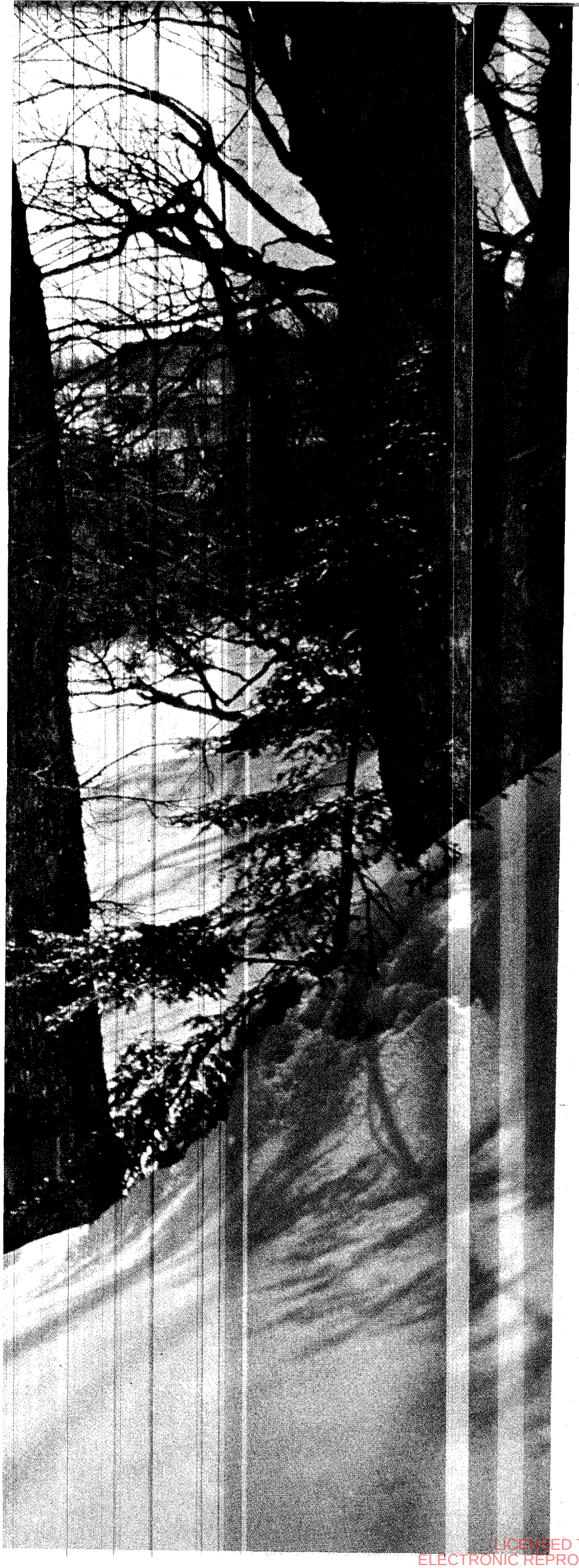

Sugaring-Off

The sugar maple is a versatile tree:
Well-formed and often more than 100 feet tall,
it lends elegance to park and avenue.
In autumn, it stuns the eye with theatrical coloration.
Its light-colored, close-grained wood is excellent
for furniture and flooring. As a fuel it is
slow-burning, hot and pleasantly aromatic. And,
in early spring, it yields a thin, sweetish
sap which can be boiled down to produce sirup or
sugar—as memorable a sweetening as you'll
find anywhere in the world. The American Indians
introduced maple sugar to the pioneers of
Canada and New England. Now there are seven
million trees in the eleven states of Vermont,
New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan,
Ohio, New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Massachusetts,
Maine, Maryland and Minnesota producing over
150,000 pounds of sugar and a million and
a half gallons of sirup annually. Here we
see farmer Walter H. Tower, of Worthington,
Mass., collecting sap from the fifteen acres he reserves
for maple-sugar production. After 55 years in the
business he still believes that a horse and
sled is the best way to get around
when the snow lies deep in the maple
forests. Photograph by Carl Howard

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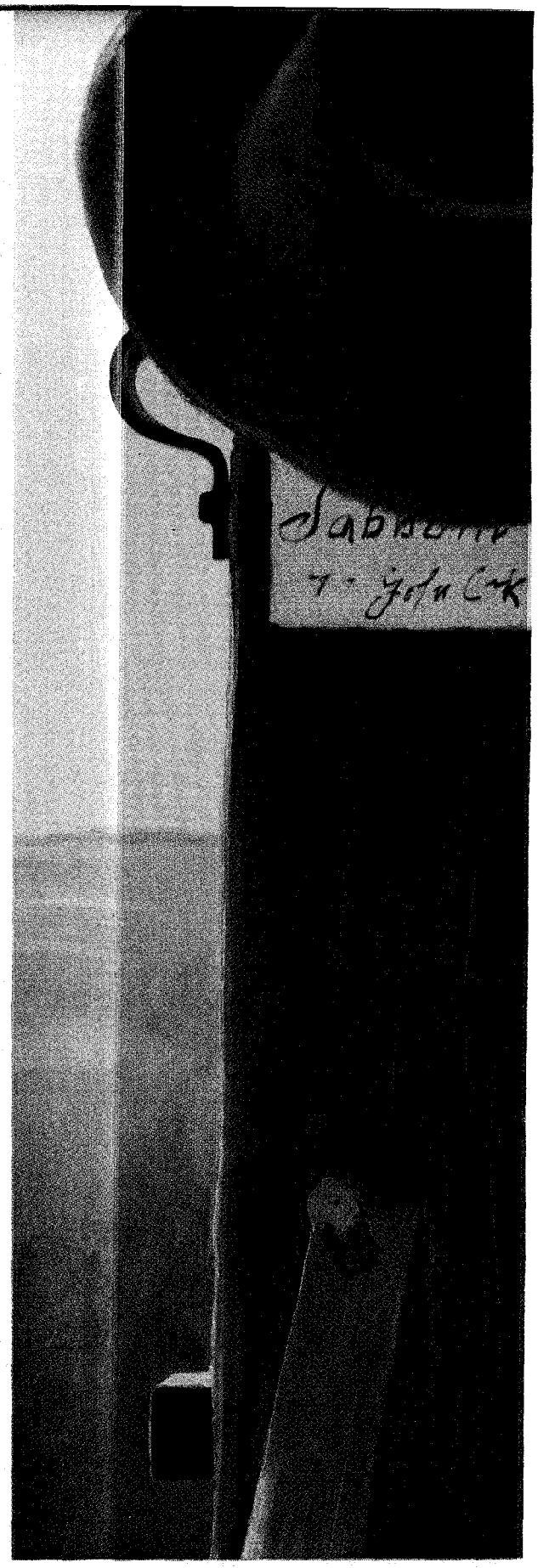
By BURTON L. SPILLER

The Happy Sinner

If these were the wages of sin, Nat didn't find them hard to take.



Illustrated by George Hughes

Young Nat Cloyes was clamped in the stocks that stood close beside the meetinghouse. The day was warm for early May, and the bluebottle flies itched his ankles some, but except for that he had been in any quantity of places that were a lot more uncomfortable.

Of course he had flinched and gritted his teeth when Captain Storer and Constable Butland had clamped the planks down, and he had even tried to groan naturally when Parson Meldrum had told him about the place which was to be his everlasting portion if he didn't obey the law and come to church regularly; but after Captain Storer and the constable had left him, and the parson had quit wagging his bony forefinger at him and gone his stiff-backed way, he laughed like he hadn't laughed before for as long as he could remember.

Five years of pumping the bellows and swinging the sledge for Mr. Sayer, the blacksmith, over in Kittery, where he had been bound out, and wrestling with the timbers he had squared for the loghouse he was building back yonder by the branch, had caused his shoulders and arms and wrists to grow all out of proportion to the rest of his six-feet-two, so now he slid his hands—which were nearly as small as a woman's—back through the holes in the tough oak, and eased himself down on the warm, green turf.

Excepting for the fact that his feet were a bit higher than he liked to have them, it was far from being the worst bed he ever lay on. He could see now that the trouble with his life had been that he never had a chance to lie around in the daytime. Working, as he had been obliged to do, from sunup to sundown, when night came he was always too tired to think, unless it was about big things, like the King's pines. Pines so big that three men could not reach around them, and that reared a hundred and fifty feet or more into the air. Pines like those growing along the branch. Just one of them would make enough split shakes to cover the whole cabin roof. He didn't like the idea of an officer putting a King's mark on a tree, and then prison you if you touched it. Now that he had time to think about it, he didn't much like the idea of kings either.

Lying there comfortably, as he was, he could think about the two-barrel gun he was working on. No matter if Mr. Sayer did think it was a fool idea and couldn't be done, he could see it plainly enough in his mind's eye. The only difficult thing would be to make the left-hand hammer, but he knew he could forge one as soon as he could find the time. With a gun like that, one man would be as good as two if the Indians started making trouble again, as Captain Storer said they were bound to do.

Now, neither tired nor sleepy, he could think about girls. Of course he had thought about them before, but always in a sort of half-awake dream. In a way, that was the reason for the cabin at the branch. Sometimes when he shut his eyes he could see a picture of himself coming home at night, and the girl would be there when he opened the door, perhaps stirring something in the cooking pot over the fire, or else laying out the bowls and the horn spoons on the table he had doweled together from the curled sugar maple that grew back of the cabin.

The queer thing, though, was that even to himself he could never be sure just what she looked like. He could tell the size of her, all right. Slim waisted enough so that she would just fit within the crook of his arm, and her head coming only to his shoulders, but her face would never stay clear for more than a moment at a time.

Sometimes she was light-colored, with hair like corn silk, and eyes like the blue in a teal's wing. Then, before he could get the picture fixed in his mind, the hair would be charcoal-black, and the eyes the color of chestnuts just frost-cracked from the bur. There was one thing, though, that he was sure of. He would know her when he saw her. He flicked off an earwig that was exploring his stomach, and decided to drowse awhile and see if the picture would come back.

From somewhere down by the garrison house came the cottony *poom-poom* of musketry fire. That would be Captain Storer, drilling the sixteen soldiers sent down by the Commonwealth for protection. Nat thought that, from what he had seen of them, there was need enough for drilling. Not one of them could hit a corn shock at ten paces, and Captain Storer couldn't do much better, although he could

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"Oh, poor, dear man!" she was saying, hurrying around the stocks to brush the hair out of his eyes.

swear faster and holler louder than anybody else he ever knew when he was boiling mad—which was most of the time.

Listening carefully, he could hear the lazy pound of the sea on the shelving beach, while coming faintly to him on the soft breeze he could make out the guinea-hen cackle of Billy Puckett. An Indian had split Billy's skull with a hatchet and left him for dead, but he lived, and was all right again in a few weeks, only now every time he heard a gun go off he laughed that dry, cackling laugh that put one's teeth on edge like filing a saw.

Lying there with his ear close to the ground, it was easy for him to hear the footsteps in time to sit up and shove his hands back through the stocks, and get his mouth drawn down, as though he were suffering all the furies that Parson Meldrum had told him about. The very first thing he saw, making eyes at him from over the top of the contraption, was the Boothby widow—if he remembered the name right. Because of the Indian raids and all, it seemed as though there were a powerful lot of widows for anyone to keep track of, especially if he had been living in the village only two months, and had neglected going to church, the way he had.

"Oh, poor, dear man!" the widow was saying, hurrying around the stocks to brush the hair out of his eyes, and purring and rubbing against him like a hungry kitten. "Poor, dear man! I do declare! I've half a mind to get a ——"

But young Nat was neither listening to her nor looking at her. Instead, with bulging eyes and mouth agape, he was staring at the girl of his dreams. How she got there without his hearing her he would never know, but there she was. He recognized her instantly. Her eyes were like chestnuts freshly cracked from the bur, and above the eyes was a coiled mass of hair that shone and glistened like a bit of charcoal still wet with morning dew. He shut his eyes tightly for a moment to see if she was like the picture he'd dreamed and, sure enough, she was. Deep brown eyes that had little pinpoints of laughter in them. Dusky cheeks with bewitching darker dimples, and lips as red as the strawberries that grew just above the rim of the tidal marshes.

He opened his eyes and looked at her, and the picture didn't change a bit, so he knew the dream was (Continued on Page 109)

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Everybody Laughs at Me

Victor's gags usually bring down the house. But he nearly brought it down on his own head when he was introduced to the Shah of Iran.

By VICTOR BORGE, *as told to Dean Jennings* *Part Two*

One sticky evening last summer in New York, I was in front of a television camera on behalf of Old Spice for sixty minutes.

When a television camera is turned on, it has one beady red eye that is not affected by the weather. The temperature that night was ninety-six, but the sponsor was a much younger man. After the show the CBS man handed me a check for $175,000 and said it was the largest fee ever paid one entertainer for an hour's work. I kept the check. For a few minutes, anyway. Then I sent it on to the Government.

I don't know exactly what I did to earn $175,000. It seems like a lot of money, but I like to think of it as the interest on forty-three years of hard work and fighting. The original script is on my desk, and on the first page it says: "Dissolve to black . . . dissolve to wide-angle shot . . . dissolve to Borge. He enters and acknowledges audience applause with an expression of surprise." After eighteen pages of nothing—I am an ad-lib man, you see—the script ends with: "Lights dim as we dissolve . . . then dissolve to film . . . cross dissolve to commercial. Borge exits."

Copyright © 1957 by Victor Borge

This is what gives me insomnia when I think of television. Some night they will dissolve me before I can get to the exit. I shall be so completely dissolved that people will call me Instant Borge.

I am so sensitive to the power of that little camera eye that it even bothers me while I'm driving my car. When the traffic lights turn red I automatically start not playing the piano. That makes me look pretty silly to other motorists because I don't have a piano in my car.

Most of the television performers I know share my apprehension about the lethal effect of that beady red eye. Steve Allen once said to me —— Well, I don't remember what he said, but it was crucial.

I have gone into this subject because it seems fashionable these days for performers to write confessions. You cannot know whether a man beats his wife or smokes opium unless he tells you.

It has been said that Borge is the man nobody knows, despite the fact that relays of press agents shadow me night and day, tap my phone, read (Continued on Page 90)

Borge the breadwinner at the dress rehearsal for the TV performance of his Comedy In Music.

Victor (rear) pulls a switch with band leader and clarinetist Benny Goodman on a 1950 radio show.

Zsa Zsa Gabor with her ex-husband Conrad Hilton. She entered Borge's life as his landlady.

Victor makes like fellow-pianist Liberace (right) during intermission at Borge's one-man Broadway show.

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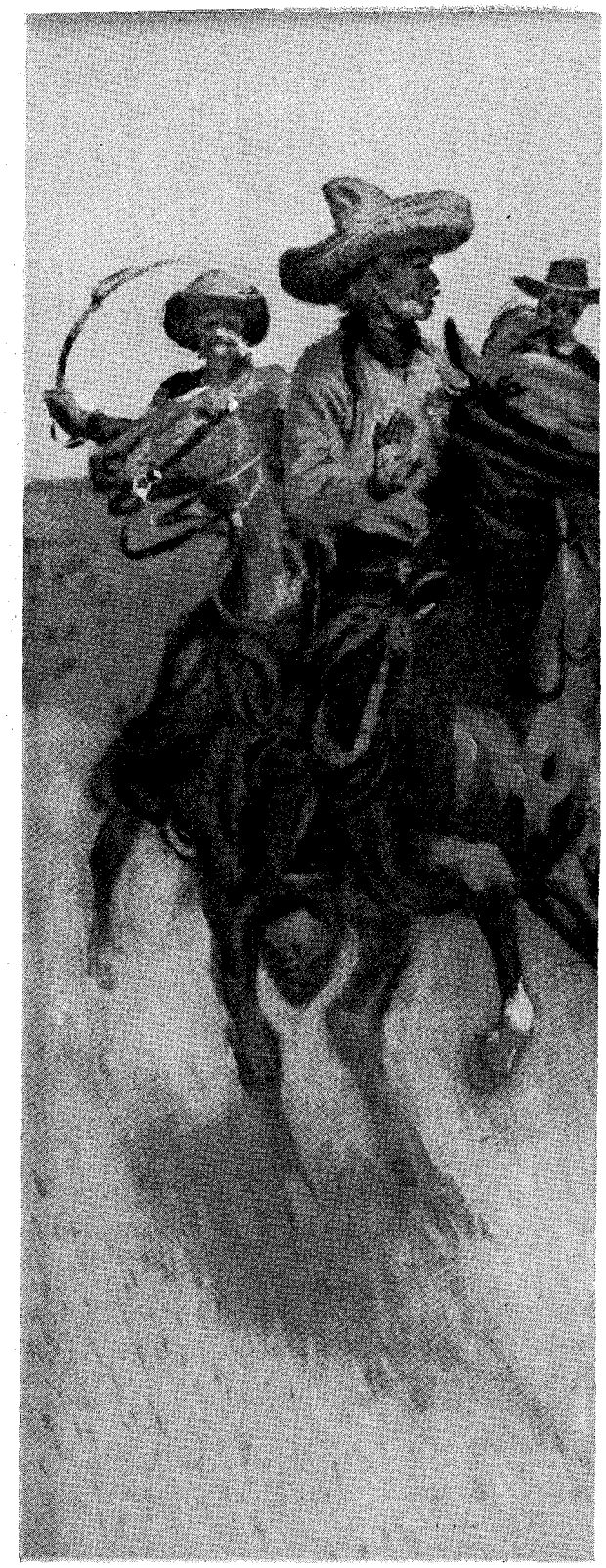
AMBUSH AT BLANCO CANYON

They had taken the bait and were riding straight into a death trap.

By DONALD HAMILTON Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt



"If you do it right and smiling, so your friends never doubt you're acting of your own free will, maybe those guns up in the rocks won't have to go into action," said villainous old Rufus Hannesey. "It's up to you, girl."

The Hanneseys held Julie Maragon hostage in their Blanco Canyon stronghold. Rufus hoped to force her into marriage with his son, Buck, in order to obtain the range land she had inherited from her grandfather. Julie did not reveal that she had sold the property to James McKay.

McKay, an Easterner, had come to Texas to marry Pat Terrill, whose father, Major Terrill, owned the Ladder Ranch. The Terrills and the Hanneseys had long been feuding for possession of the Maragon range.

Meanwhile, the Hanneseys made sure that the major would learn of Julie's abduction. Now, only her consent to the marriage would prevent Major Terrill's band of rescuers from riding into a deadly ambush.

Earlier, Pat and Jim parted when Jim walked away from a challenge by Steve Leech, foreman of the Ladder Ranch. To Pat, this was final proof that McKay's repeated reluctance to fight could mean only one thing: cowardice.

The romance shattered, Jim drove into town, where he was soon joined by Ramon Gutienez, the Mexican ranch hand whose friendship he had won. On the trail Ramon had found the glove which Julie dropped moments before the Hanneseys captured her. Their suspicions aroused, the two men set off to find her.

CONCLUSION

They found the other buckskin gauntlet just at twilight; ten minutes later it was growing dark, and Ramon checked his horse.

"I can no longer see their trail, señor."

McKay said, frowning, "Well, what do you think? Should we go back to town and notify ——"

"Notify whom, señor?"

McKay laughed. "I was forgetting I was in Texas."

Ramon shifted in his saddle and looked around through the gathering blackness. "If they kept on to the south, they are long since on Hannesey range. In town there is no one to ride against the Hanneseys. Help can only be found at Las Lomas, where the sheriff is, or at Ladder."

"Las Lomas is two hundred miles away," McKay said. "And damn if I'm going to give Major Terrill an excuse to start his private war on no more than we know. If the girl is actually in trouble, he'd like as not get her killed with his fire-eating tactics. Well, have you got an extra blanket for me in that roll? I'm pretty green at this business of rescuing maidens in distress; all I brought with me is a pair of pistols that aren't even loaded."

"I have enough equipment for both of us," the Mexican said, dismounting. "But I think you would do well to load the pistols, señor, while I make us something to eat. I have a bad feeling. That Rufus Hannesey is a lobo wolf; and the son they call Buck, he is a carrion-eating coyote."

McKay rubbed the back of his head reminiscently. "Well, I'm not very fond of Buck Hannesey myself," he admitted. "Although I wouldn't have put it in quite those words."

After eating, they sat by the little fire for a while, smoking in silence.

"I could get to like this country," McKay said abruptly.

"It is a fine country. It was better when I was young. Now it is crowded. The buffalo are gone. The Indians are gone to the reservations." The old man chuckled. "I never thought I would miss the Comanches, who have raided and robbed my people for centuries."

McKay said, "You ought to go out to Arizona Territory. From what I hear, the Apaches would soon make you feel at home."

"Ah, the Apaches are sneaking dogs. The Comanches were men."

McKay said, "I bought the Lazy M from Miss Maragon yesterday, Ramon."

The old man glanced at him. "So?"

"It was to be a wedding present for my bride." He pursed his lips about the stem of his pipe. "That plan hit a snag. Now the sensible thing to do would be to dispose of my purchase, preferably at a profit—with the Terrills and Hanneseys both bidding, I ought to make something on the transaction—and go back East where I belong. It's the sensible thing to do, wouldn't you say? Much smarter than losing my shirt in a business I know nothing whatever about. Ramon, what do I need to make the Lazy M a going proposition?"

"You are asking me, Señor McKay? Seriously?"

"Seriously."

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As Major Terrill gave the order there was a sudden yell from the cowboys, and the whole outfit surged forward.

"You would need," Ramon said slowly, "bulls. Not too many at first, but good ones. Shorthorn bulls—what they call Durham—none of these wild Spanish cattle. Then you would need many heifers. And you would need a hundred miles of fence."

"Fence?"

"*Sí.* The barbed-wire fence. It is a hated thing, señor, but it must come. How can one man keep a fine herd of cattle if other men's scrub stock mingle with it year after year? And after the fence, señor, you would need men with guns, tough men, fighting men, to keep that fence from being cut and pulled down by the people who do not want fences in this country. And then you would have a good ranch; a ranch such as Señor Clem Maragon used to speak of to me in his last years, but never tried to build because he knew it was too late for him."

McKay knocked the ashes from his pipe. "In your opinion, Ramon, could I make a go of it?"

The old man flicked his cigarette into the dying fire. He spoke deliberately. "Señor McKay, I think you are a man who can do most things he wants to do, but I think also that you are a man whose wants are not always the same as those of other men. Why do you want this ranch? To show the woman who had scorned you that she made a bad mistake? Or to build something fine in a new country with no hatred in your heart? . . . It's time we slept; tomorrow we'll follow the trail as soon as there's light to see." . . .

In the early morning the air was quite cool and clear, but this changed with the sun, and soon the horizon was shimmering and hazy with heat. They saw the loom of the white cliffs first about nine o'clock, but it was close to noon before they could make out the break in the formation that was Blanco Canyon.

"They will have seen us long ago, if they are watching," Ramon said at last, reining in.

"That's the place? That crack in the rock? He's got a regular robber's roost in there, hasn't he?" McKay said.

"It is a fitting name, señor."

"Well, we might as well knock on the door and see if anybody's home. They can do no more than shoot us. . . . What is it, Ramon?"

"Look over there, señor."

McKay turned in the saddle. "Dust," he said. "It looks as if we had company. Who is it?"

Ramon spat on the ground. "My boss of yesterday. A fine old aristocrat, señor. In the country of my parents there are many such; and many peons, too, for their daughters to whip."

McKay said, "Tut-tut. Who's got hatred in his heart now?"

"It is a hard thing to forget." The old man rubbed his cheek, watching the column of riders draw closer. "They have ridden fast," he said. "Their horses are tired."

McKay urged his mount forward to meet Major Terrill, who threw up his arm in a signal, bringing his crew to a halt. Behind him, the men, all armed, made a grim and warlike picture. Steve Leech rode out to join the major, a little ahead of the rest; they sat waiting for McKay to reach them.

"What are you doing here?" the major demanded. (Continued on Page 69)

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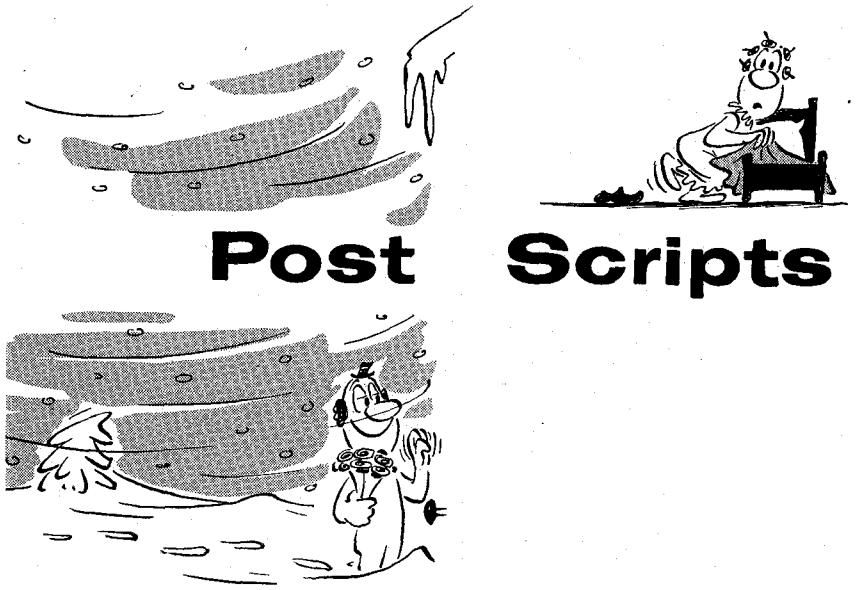

Post Scripts

"Harry feels he's reached an absolute peak in high fidelity."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It Doesn't Come to Me, Right Off

"What was the name of that song—you know, the one we both used to like so much? The words went something like the moon was something or other, and then something about the stars, and the tune was real pretty right in the middle—sort of beedle-de-o, razz-ma-boddle-le-dum, la-de-skazz ——"

"Of course you remember the time you met Gladys Eggers! Of course you do! It was eight or nine years ago, at that convention in Springfield or Fort Wayne or someplace, and she was wearing a silk print dress with a sort of a butterfly design, and —— Oh, yes; you remarked something at the time about ——"

"Tell Ozzie that joke you told me a couple of months ago—the one about—well, I can't remember who it was, but he was visiting someplace, and somebody or other stopped him on the street and —— No, I have that wrong; he stopped somebody on the —— Well, anyhow, just then, along came this other guy—or, no; I guess he'd been with the other guy all along. Well, anyhow ——"

"Try to help me to think of the title of the thing. It was—oh, say about a 1938 movie, and it was on TV about six or seven months ago. The guy who played the lead didn't actually look like Harold Hatch down at our office, but, in a way, he sort of reminded you of him and ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

"Can't complain . . . and you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Trouble With Sunday is Monday

On Saturday still there is Sunday
That stands as a buffer between,
But on Sunday the shadow of Monday
Falls gloomily over the scene.

On Sunday, relaxing, enjoying
Ourselves with no vestige of sorrow,
Comes a thought that is pleasure destroying:
It's back to the salt mines tomorrow.

It's back to the downtown building,
It's back to the incoming mail—
And the sky, with its heavenly gilding,
Turns suddenly joyless and pale.

Oh, it's true we've a five-day week now,
But still we are harassed and vexed.
Let's hope—it's not too much to seek now—
That a five-day weekend is next!

RICHARD ARMOUR

Heinrich Schnibble Buys a Suit

"Good afternoon, sir. May I help you?"

"Meinself ist needen ein suit."

"Yes, sir. Something for winter? Or for spring?"

"Ja. Und also der summer and fall."

"Er—very well, sir; right this way. What size, please?"

"Ach, du lieber! Ich ben wanten der size mit fitten meinself!"

"I know that, sir. All I —— Never mind; I think we have just what you want right here in a Size 42 short."

"Goot! Ich ben tooken das suit."

"Splendid choice, sir. Just slip on the trousers and ——"

"Ach, nein! Ich ben tooken das suit in ein box."

"But, sir, the trousers have to be cut off and cuffed, and there may be other minor alterations. You want the suit to fit, don't you?"

"Himmel! Das suit ist nicht ben fitten?"

"Oh, of course, it'll ben fitten. But all our trousers come long, without cuffs. Leg lengths are never the same, so we ——"

"Ach! Mein length ben der same. Mitout changen."

"I don't mean your legs don't ben —— Uh—what I do mean is ——"

"Ist der cutten und cuffen ben costen?"

"No, indeed, sir. We make no charge for alterations."

"Goot! Ich ben needen das suit for der whirlengeswingendancer."

"And I'm sure you'll ben—for der whirlengewhat?"

"Der dancen party mit whirlen und swingen der fräuleins. Ach!"

"Oh, yes, the big square dance out at —— Say, isn't it tonight?"

"Ja. Mein friend, Hans Obermeyer, ist der outcaller."

"Well, I ben terribly sorry, sir, but I'm afraid we couldn't finish der cutten and cuff—der alterations—before tomorrow."

"Ach! Ist der whirlen-geswingendancer ben waiten? Nein!"

"I know der whirlen—I mean, der dancen won't ben waiten, but it's impossible to ——"

"Himmel! Mitout der store ist fixen der cutten und cuffen, ich ben ——"

"You ben what? Der cutten und cuffen can't just happen all by itself!"

"Dummkopf! Ich ben callen der manager und demanden ——"

"Dummkopf yourself! Meinself ist der manager!"

"Ach, du lieber! Ich ben tooken das suit und fixen der cuffen meinself mit ein stitchenneedler!"

"Goot! It'll ben ein mess, und der whirlengeswingers ist laughen und —— Ach! Please don't tell where yourself ben getten das suit."

"Meinself ist tellen! Und Hans Obermeyer ist tellen!"

"Himmel, nein! Nein! Ich ben dancen das suit in time for der cuffengewhirl—I mean, der stitchen-cutten ist —— Ach! I'll only tooken a few minutes. Please wait; outsiden der store!"

DAVE MORRAH

Home Groan

Whenever we see a home marked Model
That is where forthwith we toddle;
We "oh" at the kitchen, "ah" at the basement,
And linger in awe at each marbleized casement;
We find the bedrooms' space tremendous,
The built-ins and the "extras" send us;
We're openmouthed and left aghast by
Every feature we have passed by;
"It's simply great!" we breathe and later
Learn the price is even greater.

DICK EMMONS

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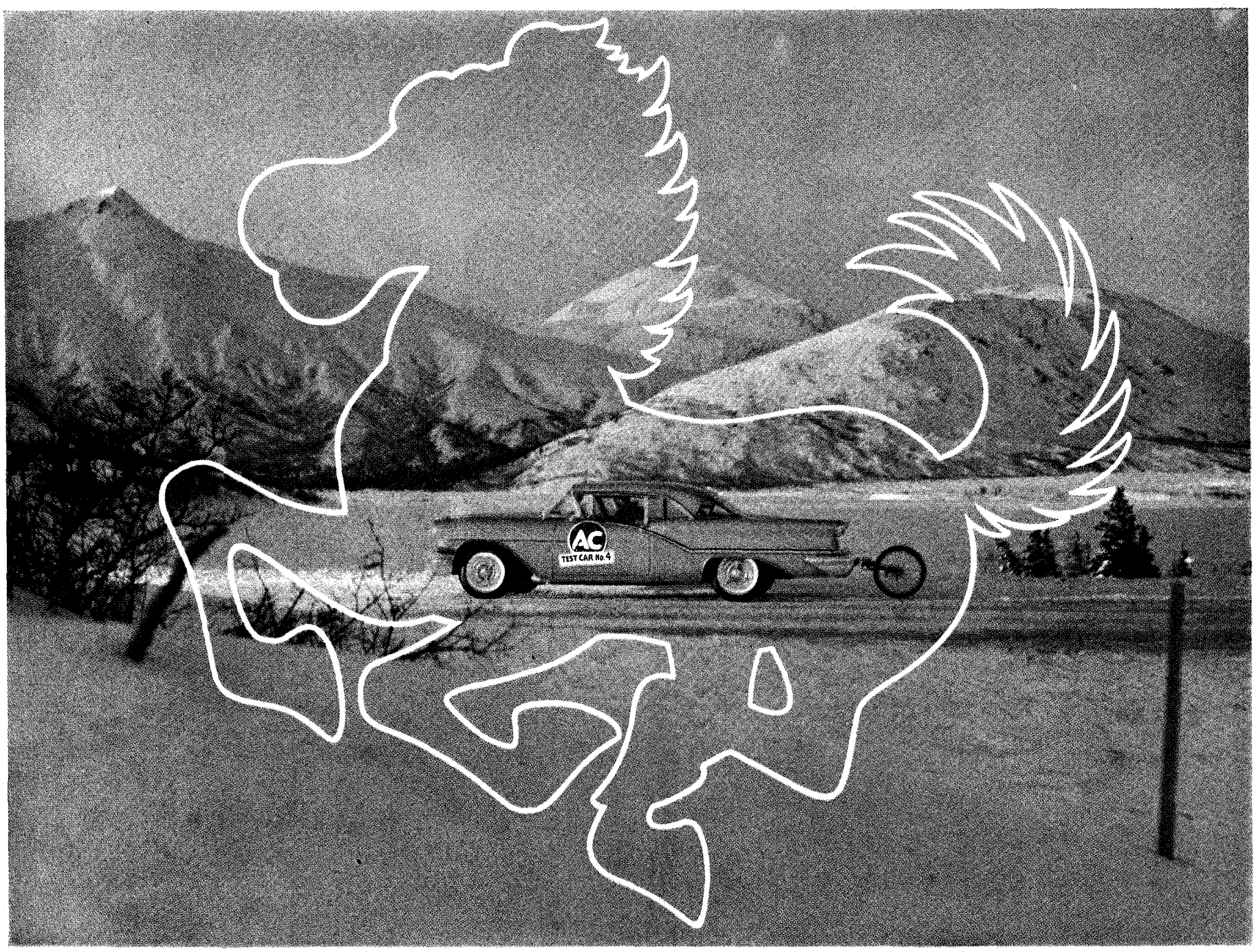

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. . . proves you can count on ACs for any kind of driving!

Fairbanks, Alaska. December 4, 1956. Altitude: 4,000 feet. Weather: moderate wind and snow. The thermometer hit bottom at 42° below the zero mark.

Today, in one of the most searching tests yet conducted by a spark plug manufacturer, the AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors made a series of trial runs under the most extreme climatic conditions to be found in North America. Here on the top of the world, winter strikes hard, and this winter is one of the hardest.

Against a backdrop of snow and ice, a 1957 Oldsmobile Holiday was put through its paces in temperatures almost too cold to believe. Tests were run with new AC Spark Plugs . . . then repeated under identical conditions with AC plugs that had already undergone a normal lifetime of use. These plugs received only the usual servicing according to manufacturer's recommendations.

RESULT: definite proof that AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs deliver plenty of power and efficient operation right up to recommended lifetime limits.

Ask your AC dealer to install a new set of AC Hot Tips. Get more power, better performance and greater economy for the kind of driving you do. See him today.

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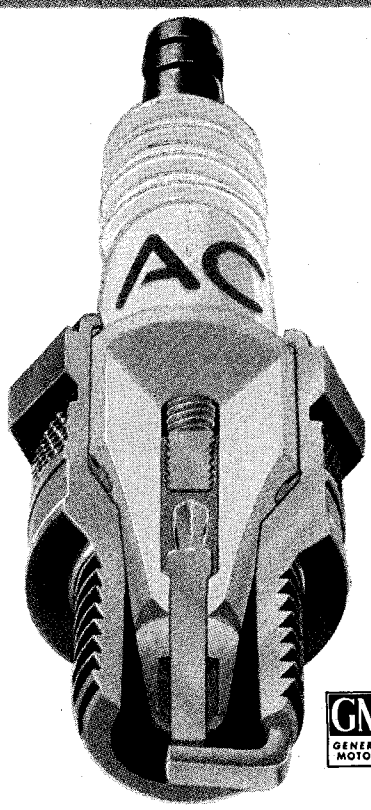

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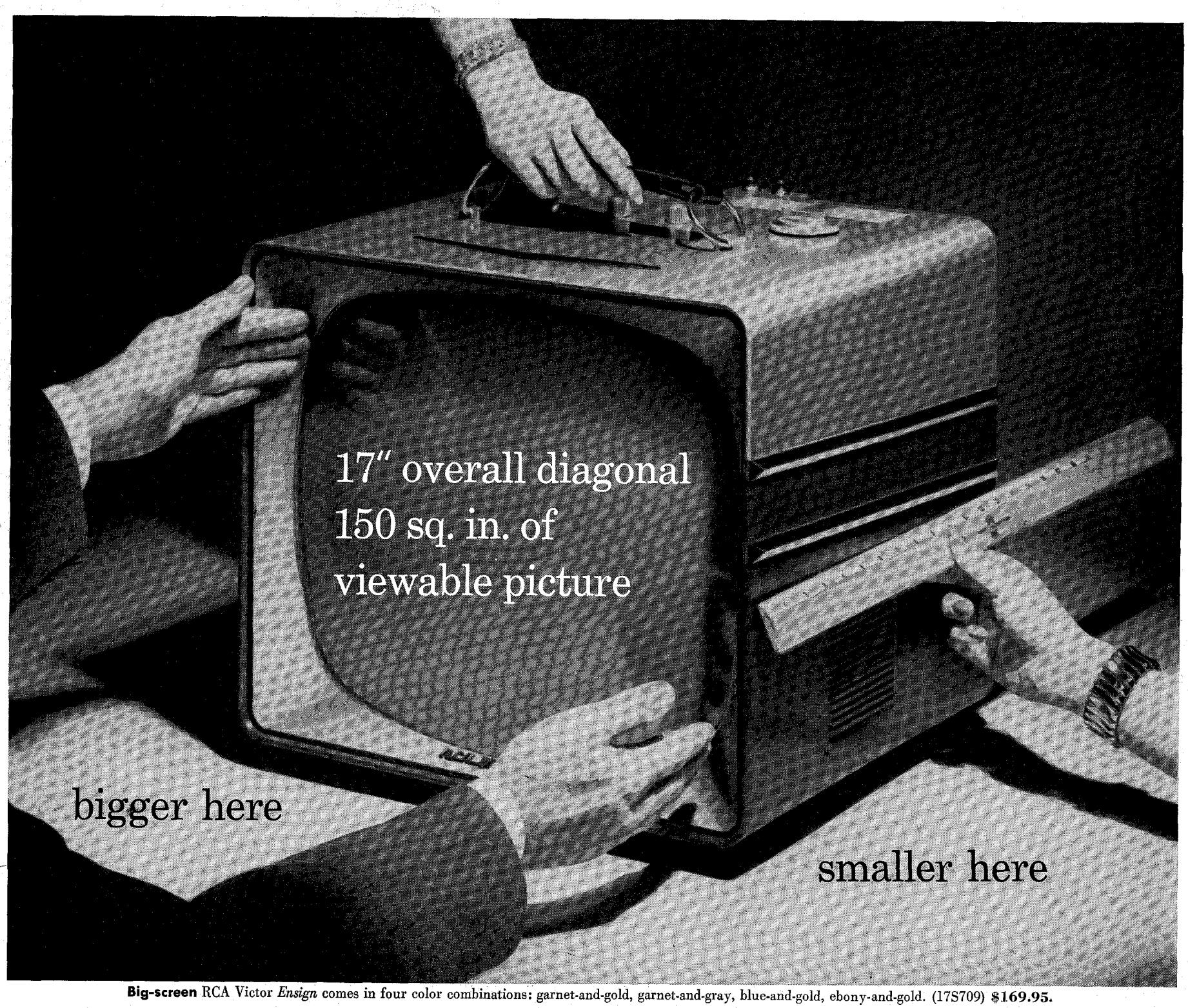


Big-screen RCA Victor *Ensign* comes in four color combinations: garnet-and-gold, garnet-and-gray, blue-and-gold, ebony-and-gold. (17S709) **$169.95.**

RCA VICTOR ANNOUNCES NEW HIGH-POWERED PORTABLE TV THAT'S REALLY EASY TO CARRY

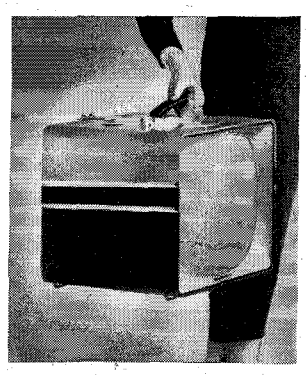
It's the perfect second set! Big-screen, lightweight and easier to put just about anywhere. And the new shorter RCA "Silverama" 110-degree picture tube gives you a larger picture, yet cuts inches off the cabinet! See it at your RCA Victor dealer's soon.

LIFT IT—you'll *feel* the difference. The light weight—and luggage-type leather handle—make it the easiest portable you've ever carried.

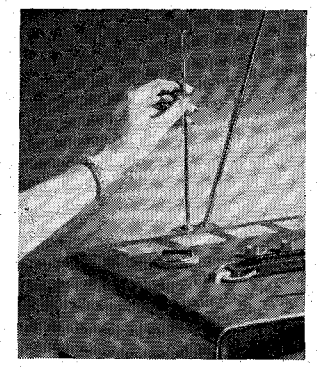
LOOK at the new compact design—*see* the difference. It fits even on a shelf, and its two-tone color styling makes it look good anywhere.

TURN IT ON—and *watch* the difference. The power transformer and cascode tuner bring you a brilliant "Living Image" picture. And you hear rich Balanced Fidelity Sound. Try it yourself first chance you get!

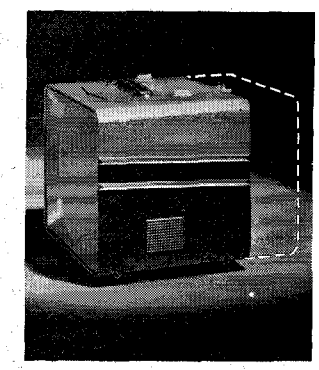
RCA VICTOR Tmk(s)® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Lightweight *Ensign* is easy to carry, has powerful cascode tuner for console-like picture. This new portable is a *full-performance* set built to last.



Telescoping antenna—built-in full-size V-type for excellent reception on all channels in normal signal areas. Another plus feature from RCA Victor!



Look how new RCA "Silverama" aluminized picture tube takes inches off the cabinet—makes this lightweight, compact set a cinch to take anywhere.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list price shown. UHF optional, extra. Slightly higher far West, South and Canada. Price and specifications subject to change. *At your service:* low-cost RCA Victor Factory Service Contract for maintenance of portable TV, only $14.95.

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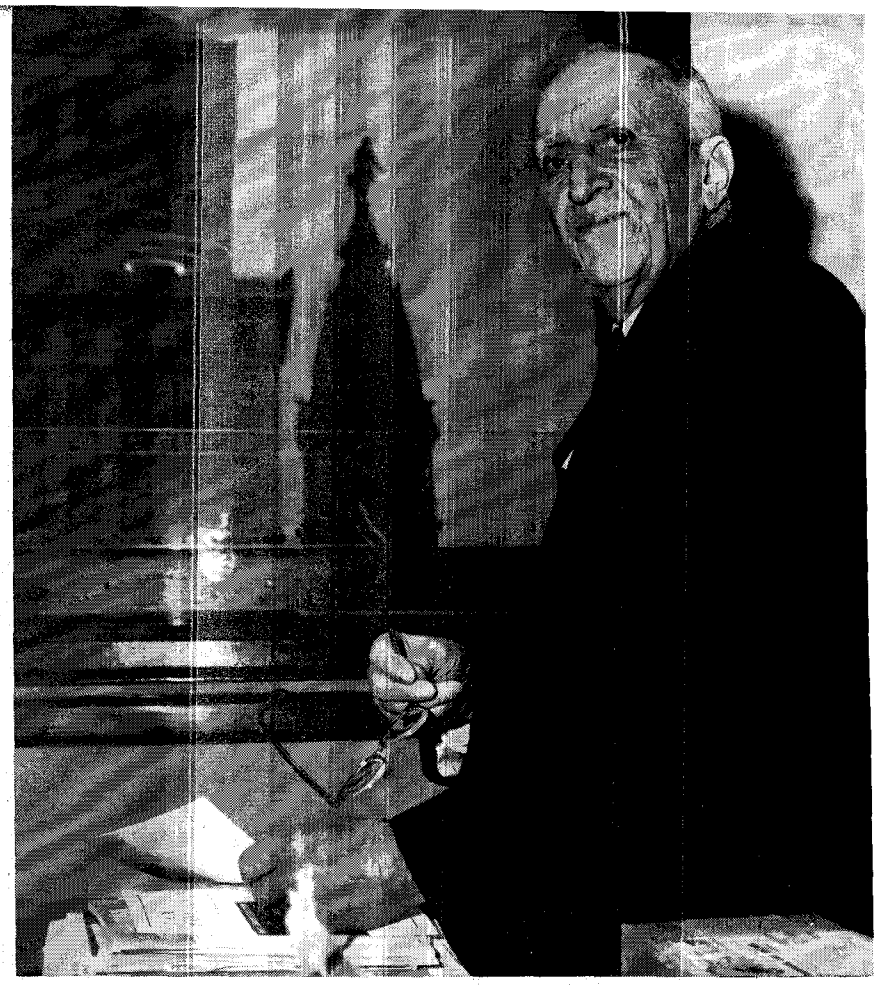
This group of bipartisan, nonpolitical Philadelphians stands watch over the city's elections and fights a continuous battle against corruption.

They Put the Arm on Vote Thieves



Thomas Raeburn White, Sr., at 81 is still active on the Committee of Seventy, of which he has been a member throughout its 52-year existence.

By SIDNEY SHALETT

Volunteer pollwatchers in training: Temple University students study voting procedures with their instructor, Dr. Gayle K. Lawrence (center), and a committee representative.

On the morning after the November-sixth election, an investigator for the Committee of Seventy, a civic-reform organization in Philadelphia, paid a visit to one of the city's boss-run wards, where voters are still herded like sheep. He approached the division (precinct) boss, a cynical vote broker whom we shall call Gyppo. Though he was a stanch Republican when that party was in the saddle locally, Gyppo, a practical politician, has been working lately for the Democrats, who now control the Philadelphia city administration.

"Gyppo," said the committee investigator, "you're either a liar or you're slipping. You told me you were going to throw your division to Eisenhower, but you gave him only a handful of votes."

"You got me wrong, pal!" Gyppo protested. "It ain't my fault; it's yours. All day long you got your watchers on my back. There's ten, twenty college kids standing around with pencils, notebooks, lawbooks, casing everything I do. They make me nervous; they make the voters nervous; I can't operate!"

Mopping his face, the division boss continued, "It's not easy to cross-vote on these voting machines, and my bums ain't no mental genies. You got to go in there with 'em and show 'em how to do it. I tell 'em, 'I like Ike'—but either they don't believe me or I got 'em so trained that they just pull the Democratic lever and vote the straight ticket. Your guys is on my back so steady I can't go into the machine with the voters to show 'em how to cross-vote. So how do you expect me to throw the division?"

The moral of this story is not that the Committee of Seventy wanted Gyppo to throw the election to Ike or to anyone else. The committee is nonpartisan. The point is that the committee made it difficult for Gyppo and his counterparts to be flagrant in their vote thefts. It accomplished this by flooding the polls with roving squads of college students as watchers; by mailing

(Continued on Page 95)

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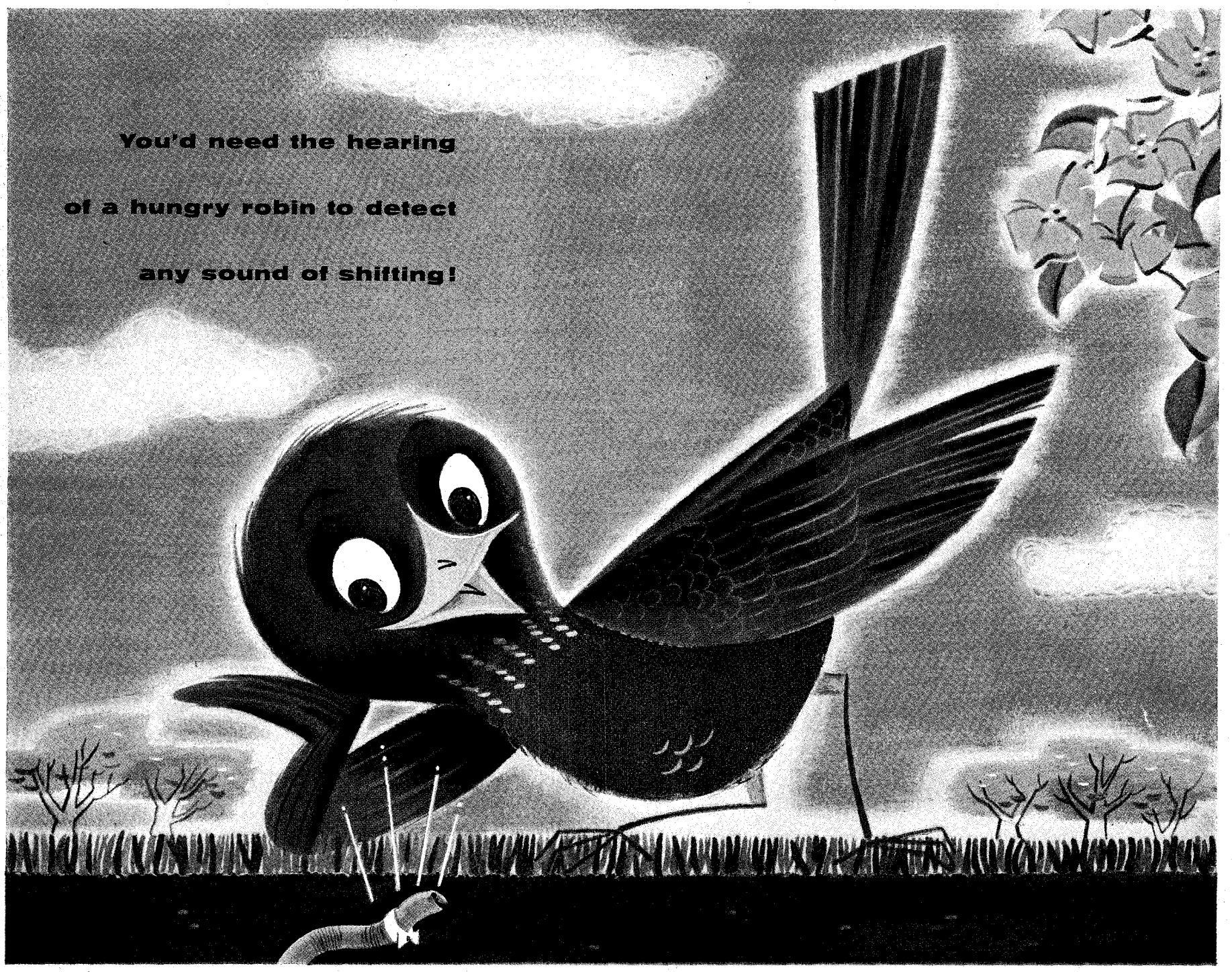

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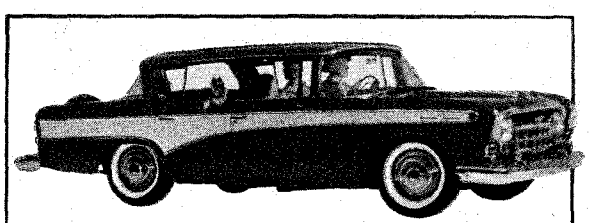

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THE GIRL FROM THE MIMOSA CLUB

His mother was as good as convicted of murder. How could a meddlesome neighbor help her?

By LESLIE FORD

"That's the black alternative I suggest you've given us here," said defense attorney Enoch Chew as he finished questioning Kerry O'Keefe, "the black, pitch-foul alternative. Your pound of flesh . . . a mother's head for the heart of the girl her son rejected."

Kerry was an undercover Baltimore policewoman who worked as a sitter in local night clubs in order to ferret out crime. While in this pose, she met wealthy young Johnny Brayton. He fell in love with her and won her consent to marry him. Kerry did not reveal she was a cop.

Johnny naturally didn't approve of Kerry's night-club work. One evening Kerry phoned him and sobbingly revealed that she'd lost her job. It seemed Camilla Anne, Johnny's sister-in-law, was to blame. Kerry told Johnny she was coming over to see him.

When she arrived at his place, she heard two shots. Inside the house, she found Doctor Brayton sprawled over his desk, apparently a suicide. His wife was in the room with him.

Only Kerry had heard the two shots. At first, she could not bring herself to reveal this, as it would be tantamount to accusing Mrs. Brayton of murder. Kerry decided to tell Johnny everything first.

He was already furious with her for the deception she had practiced. Kerry tried to explain, but Johnny refused to listen. He also broke their engagement.

When Mrs. Brayton went on trial, her lawyer, Enoch Chew, realized the only way he could save her was to discredit Kerry as a witness. He tried to convince the jury that Kerry had accused Mrs. Brayton of murder only to gain revenge against Johnny.

As the lawyer concluded, Kerry slumped forward in a faint. Sgt. Dave Trumper caught her as she fell.

VI

Monday morning in the Criminal Court of Baltimore City. It was at the conference on Friday in the judge's chambers that it had been agreed to postpone the State's redirect examination of Kerry O'Keefe until the fact of murder itself had been established. "The State's first obligation is to prove unlawful killing, not to defend the character or morals of a member of the police force," Judge Sansbury had said tartly.

Slipping in late with Dave Trumper, Kerry saw the greatly enlarged photographs of Doctor Brayton's body lying across the desk, propped up near the witness stand, facing the jury. She saw the three woman jurors sitting together in the lower row, and saw one nudge her neighbors, the three of them looking at her, their faces tight, eyes unfriendly.

Enoch Chew was finishing his cross-examination of the young assistant from the medical examiner's office.

"So that you had no hesitation in telling Lieutenant Caspari to tell John Brayton they could have his father's body the first thing in the morning. That sending it to the City Hospital was a pure formality."

"That's right, sir. But I ——"

"There are no buts about it, doctor. It's what you thought and what you said, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all."

The toxicologist from the chief medical examiner's office followed him to the stand.

"On the fourth of May of this year, doctor," Alec Dobson said, "you had occasion to examine the body of Dr. Pierce Brayton, whose death occurred on Friday, May the first. Why was there this delay?" (Continued on Page 78)

"Johnny!" Inga Remstad said urgently. "Look here, Johnny. I can help."

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The Pentagon Spy (Continued from Page 31)

Hortense Prince smiled. For twenty-two years she had kept the flag flying and the papers moving for young men off chasing young girls.

Pris Parker was Kitry's opposite number. It was her duty to liaison with the civilian agencies concerned with security, just as it was his duty to liaison with the military. So he liaisoned with her, and she with him. This should have been sweet duty, compensation for months of plodding paperwork, except that Kitry suspected—indeed, he was sure—that in the evenings her liaison was with others.

Walking down the ramp to the third floor, the peak of her cap bobbing even with his nose, he asked, "What's the scoop?"

"The scoop is," she replied in a low voice, "that R and D thinks we've got a spy—a real one, a dangerous one—right here in the building."

He looked down at her. *She means it,* he thought, his pace quickening. If he could lay hands on one bona-fide enemy agent, his chief, K. O. Cubbage, would be reminded of his existence. Kitry had been assigned to the Pentagon because, he having been an infantry sergeant in Korea, it was presumed he knew something of military procedure; and also to release a more seasoned man for fascinating counterespionage work in the field.

The Pentagon post was air-conditioned exile where nothing exciting could be expected to happen. In the Pentagon a man could lose his job by mislaying an envelope, but even faultless performance was unlikely to gain him a reputation as an investigator. Kitry needed a spectacular grab to win transfer from this granite-and-glass Siberia. They reached E Ring, where the departmental secretaries, undersecretaries, assistant secretaries and selected admirals and generals inhabited carpeted suites with a view of the world outside. M.P.'s passed them into the Research and Development restricted area, and finally into the conference room of H. Prentice Birne, Assistant Secretary, R and D. Three men, one in uniform, waited around the oval, polished table.

At one end sat Mr. Birne, a lean, fit man who usually was relaxed and affable, but this day was neither. Birne had been an eight-goal polo player in his twenties, a staff major in his thirties, an entrepreneur of electronics financing in his forties. He owned an estate on Long Island, a lodge near Warrenton, and a racing stable that had produced a Preakness winner.

He smiled at Pris, nodded to Kitry, and said, "Please sit down. I guess everybody knows everyone else."

They all knew one another. Colonel Rosboro, of Air Force A-2, was at Mr. Birne's right. At his left was Curt Salter, who wore tweed jackets and Argyle socks and was with Central Intelligence.

"I wanted the FBI in on this," Mr. Birne said, "because a very serious situation seems to have developed around ENIAP. You know about ENIAP, don't you?"

"ENIAP?" said Kitry. "No, sir, I've never heard of ENIAP."

They all glanced at him as if he had committed some embarrassing social blunder. Salter said, "I thought the FBI knew everything."

Kitry always felt ill at ease with Salter. Salter was Ivy League, while Kitry had completed a quickie law course, under the GI Bill, at a dusty plains college. Salter was neatly knit, Kitry considered himself awkward. Finally, Kitry suspected that Pris dated Salter often, while he himself had taken her dancing only twice in his three months in the Pentagon.

Kitry said, "Maybe the FBI knows all, but I don't."

"ENIAP," Mr. Birne explained, "stands for Evaluating Numerical Integrator and Computer. A giant robot brain, to use the popular lay phrase. She's down in the subbasement two floors under B Ring, on the Mall side. She—I don't know why everyone calls her 'she'—is highly secret. For one thing, we use her to determine the trajectory of the proposed Intercontinental Ballistics Missile to selected Eurasian targets. All sorts of factors must be considered if you are going to hit a target five thousand miles away with a rocket, including wind velocities and air density and fuel expenditure and the earth's rotation during time of flight. We feed all this information to ENIAP and she comes up with the answer."

"I see, sir." Anything connected with the Intercontinental Ballistics Missile was important.

"That isn't all," Mr. Birne continued. "At this moment ENIAP is refereeing a critical war game, a test against surprise attack. ENIAP decides how many enemy planes could get through. Right now she holds in her memory nodes the exact strength and state of readiness of all our continental defenses.

"Only five or six men in the country understand her innards. Only one, Felix Eggleston, works for us full time. He is the only man allowed to handle ENIAP when we tackle the most sensitive problems. Eggleston is a very gifted fellow, and has as high a security rating as anyone in this room. I must say I was shocked. I think the colonel had better take it from here."

Colonel Rosboro, a broad-faced man wearing thick spectacles, brought his notebook close to his eyes. "Our first tip," he said, "came from a neighbor, a woman named Agnes Catts, a retired archivist, and former air-raid warden. She said that twice a week Eggleston keeps her up all night operating a short-wave transmitter. She has overheard him talking to a man in Czechoslovakia—in code. She said that Eggleston recently acquired an expensive car and a pretty girl. Miss Catts put all this together and called the metropolitan police. The police called the provost's office. Since Eggy—everybody calls him Eggy—does Air Force work, principally, it was bucked up to me."

"Miss Catts sounds like a busybody," Pris said, "keeping busy."

"That was my first thought too," said the colonel. "But I've been wondering about Eggy for some time. He always finishes his Air Force chores by four or five o'clock, but often he sticks with ENIAP until (*Continued on Page 48*)

Ego

"Don't be so full of
yourself!" I said
To myself; then shook my
puzzled head.
For how could it otherwise
possibly be?
There's nobody else in
here but me.

By Sjanna Solum

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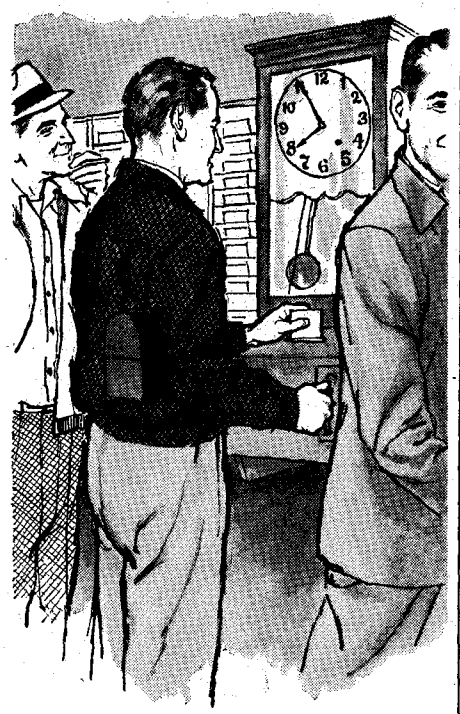

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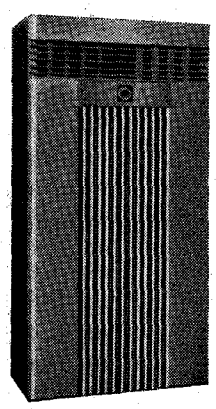

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DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

(*Continued from Page 46*) midnight or after. He doesn't get paid for overtime, but he tinkers with ENIAP anyway. This is very queer."

"What about the girl?" Pris asked. "Maybe she knows something."

"I'll come to that," the colonel said. "I thought it necessary to have one of my Special Investigations men take Eggy under surveillance. The results were interesting, although not entirely satisfactory. At noon yesterday Eggy came out of the subbasement and walked to the newsstand in the Concourse. There he was met by a man described as bandy-legged, squat and swarthy. Eggy handed this man a folded slip of paper, and the man handed Eggy a thick envelope. It was done quickly and surreptitiously. Then they parted. My SI man couldn't follow them both, so he followed Eggy."

Kitry said, "Too bad."

Colonel Rosboro nodded. "Yes. Forgot his training. My man always knew where to find Eggy, but he didn't know anything about the stranger, and let him slip away. Anyway, Eggy walked to Snack Bar Two Fifty-Six and had a cheeseburger and a vanilla malted. Then he went to the bank branch on A Ring, this floor, and made a deposit. He then returned to ENIAP. The deposit was for nine hundred dollars. In cash. Fifties and twenties."

Kitry sat up very straight. This did, indeed, sound serious.

"Eggy's balance," the colonel continued, "is fourteen thousand, almost all of it deposited within the past nine weeks. In addition, he has purchased four thousand dollars' worth of Government bonds and paid more than that for his new convertible. Eggy is a GS-Thirteen, and a P-Four mathematician. So his take-home pay can't be more than nine thousand a year. I have discreetly questioned some of his associates. They say he has no independent income, and out of salary is supporting his mother and putting his younger brother through college."

"And he can also afford a new girl?" Pris asked incredulously.

"Yes, and a very charming girl, Dolores Ragan. She's General Forrester's secretary."

Kitry considered this. Forrester was a two-fisted, three-star general, Deputy Chief of Air Staff in charge of rocket development. In all of Washington, a spy could tap no more profitable a lode of information if Dolores was careless. But why should Eggleston seek information from Dolores, if ENIAP knew everything anyway?

He felt compelled to speak his mind. "Let's not come down with Pentagon fever. There isn't any reason why Eggleston shouldn't know and date her, is there? They handle the same documents, and normally see each other every day."

"Perhaps," said the colonel, flipping a page in his notebook. "Now, as to the transmitter. It's in his apartment, all right. I checked with the FCC. He's a licensed amateur operator, just like an ordinary ham. He lives in a two-room-and-kitchen apartment in Georgetown, at Sixteen-eleven Kirk Road. Quiet neighborhood. The transmitter is in his bedroom. Up to the moment, that's all we know."

Mr. Birne twisted a fresh cigarette into his holder. "I'm no expert on security. Where do we go from here?"

"Grab him!" Salter said. "Grab him and sweat him!"

"I'm inclined to agree," said Rosboro. "With the information that man has in his head, and with a means of getting it out of the country, every minute he is at large he is dangerous. If he really is a traitor, that is."

A warning out of his training days echoed in Kitry's ears. He said, "A spy is never alone. Remember the man he met in the Concourse. And there must be others, probably a whole net. Grabbing Eggleston would only warn the others. We have to have them all."

"But ——" Mr. Birne began.

"Another thing. Suppose he's innocent?"

Mr. Birne seemed unhappy. "Is this a decision I have to make?" he asked.

"No, sir," Kitry said, a little startled by the authority in his own voice. "This is a matter of the internal security of the United States, and therefore the responsibility of my bureau. We will take charge now, but of course we will need your help. Yours especially, colonel."

They were all silent. Then Rosboro spoke, "What do you want me to do?"

"Can your technicians set up a receiver close to Eggleston's apartment to monitor his broadcasts?"

"Certainly. I'll have it in operation before he leaves this building. And you can have as many of my OSI men as you need."

Pris said, "What about me? You're not going to leave me out."

"No, lieutenant," Kitry said. "First thing, will you dig out Eggleston's Two-Hundred-One file and bring it to my office?"

"I would like you to keep me informed," Mr. Birne said.

"Of course, sir," Kitry said.

Trudging up the ramp to the fourth floor, he wondered whether his peremptory action had been correct, and decided it had, theoretically. This would not save his neck should there be a slip. If he blundered, CIA and Defense would blame the FBI, and, quite properly, Cubbage would hand him his head. But what he feared most was that Cubbage would send over a dozen senior special agents, and an inspector or two, and shunt him out of the play.

One of the phones on his desk connected with the FBI switchboard. He picked it up, asked for Cubbage, and told his chief what had occurred.

Cubbage was silent a moment and asked a question, "Do you believe this is the real thing?"

"I don't know. It looks bad, but if this man is being paid by the other side, I can't imagine him investing the money in U.S. bonds."

"Traitors aren't logical people," Cubbage said. "Treason is as illogical as suicide. What I want to know is, can you handle the job yourself? We're very shorthanded. I've just sent an eight-man team to Chicago, and, as usual, we're behind in our security checks."

"Yes, sir, I can do it myself. The Air Force has promised help."

"You're sure you can go it alone?"

"I'm sure." He thought, *At least I'll have my chance.*

"Well, don't miss."

Kitry leaned back in his chair. An operational plan was forming in his mind, but before he set it in motion he had to wait for Pris. When he thought of Pris he not only thought of a graceful, intelligent and desirable girl, but of how mysterious she was. At first, her uniform had been a barrier against liaison anything more than official. Then one day she appeared wearing a raw-silk sheath printed with frangipani blossoms, and jade and coral ornaments on wrists and ears. Her green eyes had been artfully slanted. She looked altogether exotic and not at all like a second lieutenant. He had, he often told himself, fallen in love at second sight.

But with one barrier down, another appeared—the barrier of her personal secretiveness. Almost always, when he asked for a date, she replied, "Sorry, I'm busy tonight." She never volunteered at what she was busy, or with whom. Once he had spotted her dancing on the Shoreham Terrace with Curt Salter. Another time he watched her walk into the Mayflower lounge wearing a mink cape, and on the arm of a man old enough to be her father. When not in uniform, she wore clothes not only vivid and chic but obviously expensive. And whoever heard of a rich second lieutenant? She was a mystery, all right.

Pris entered his office, carrying a folder. "Here's Eggy's Two-oh-one file," she said. In this file, presumably, would be his entire and authentic life history. Kitry began to read it. Pris sat quietly beside the desk, watching him.

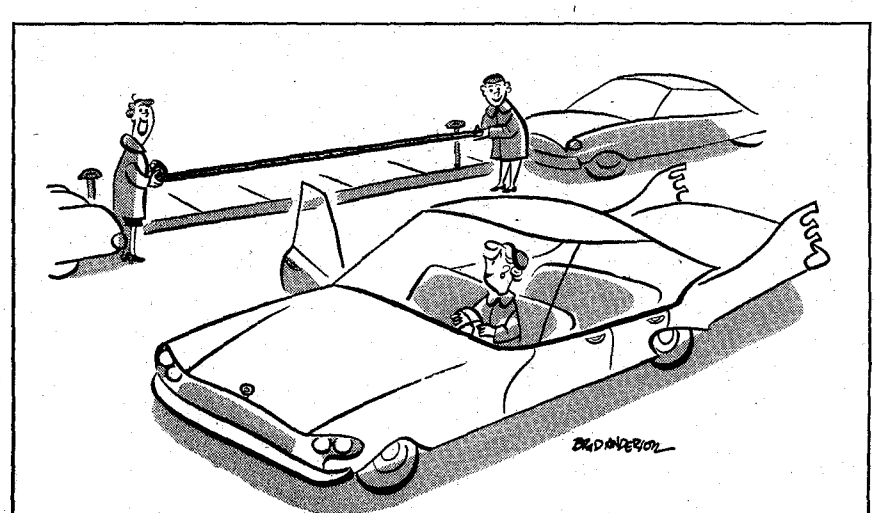
He skimmed through the first section: Felix Adams Eggleston, born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1923. Graduate of M.I.T., 1944. Kitry whistled, and reread aloud: "'Commissioned first lieutenant in U. S. Army, 1944, and worked on mathematical formulas for Manhattan Project. After the war returned to M.I.T. for postgraduate studies.

"'In 1950, recalled to active service with the rank of major. Sent to Korea to observe communist techniques in electronic fire control. Captured in 1952 when Chinese overran battalion command post to which he was attached. Repatriated at conclusion of Panmunjom Conference, 1953.'"

"So that's it," Pris said. "Brainwashed."

"Yes," Kitry agreed. "Could be."

He laid down the file and called Colonel Rosboro. He would need two men in the Pentagon, in addition to a constant plant outside (*Continued on Page 52*)



"Yes, you can make it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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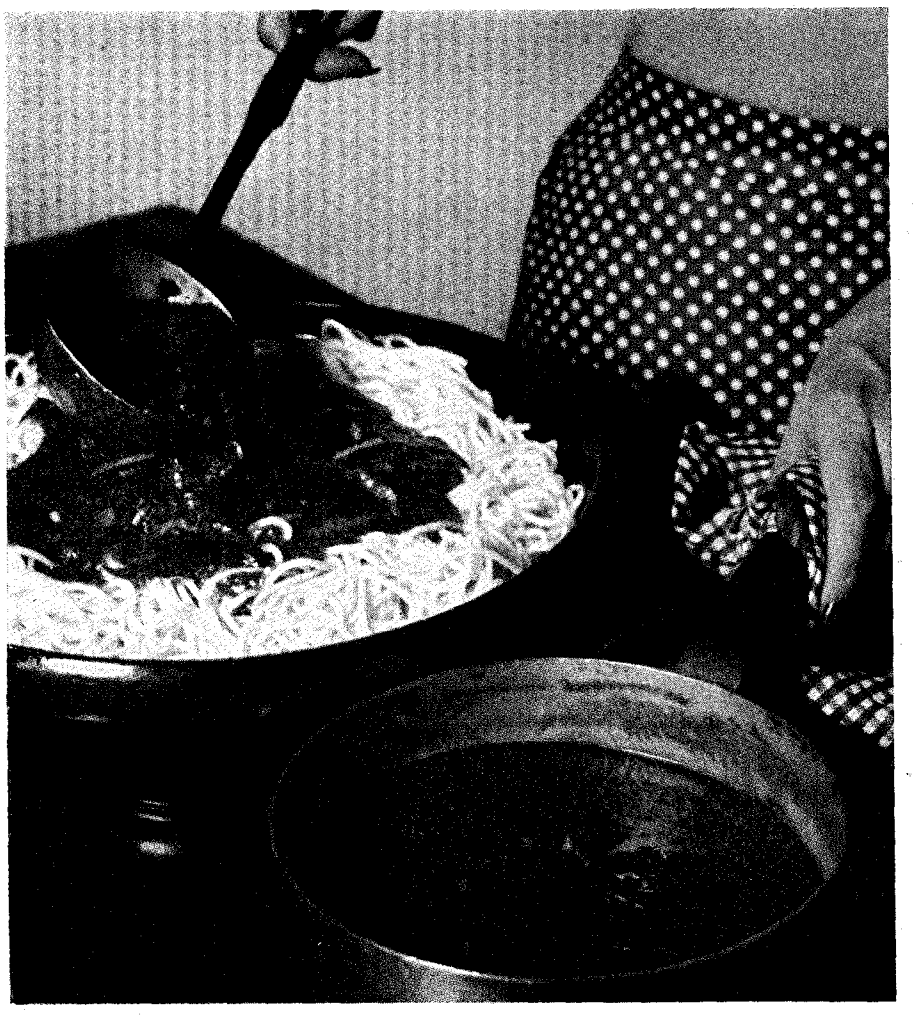
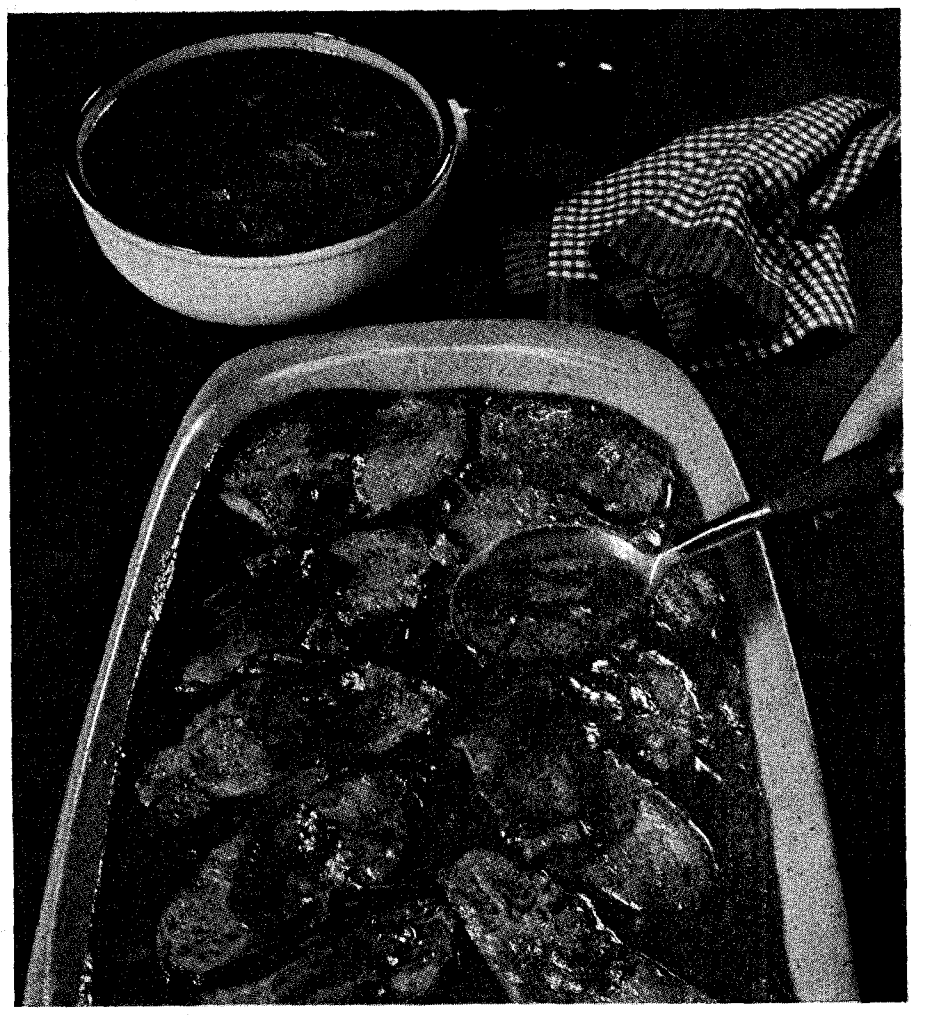


Spaghetti with Meat Sauce

Here's a neat trick for making real Italian-style spaghetti and meat sauce.

Just heat and pour piping hot Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Meat on spaghetti. Secret of this real Italian goodness is in the blend—tender, tasty beef and ripe red tomatoes seasoned to spicy perfection. Try Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Meat on other dishes, too. See—and taste—the difference it makes in the flavor!

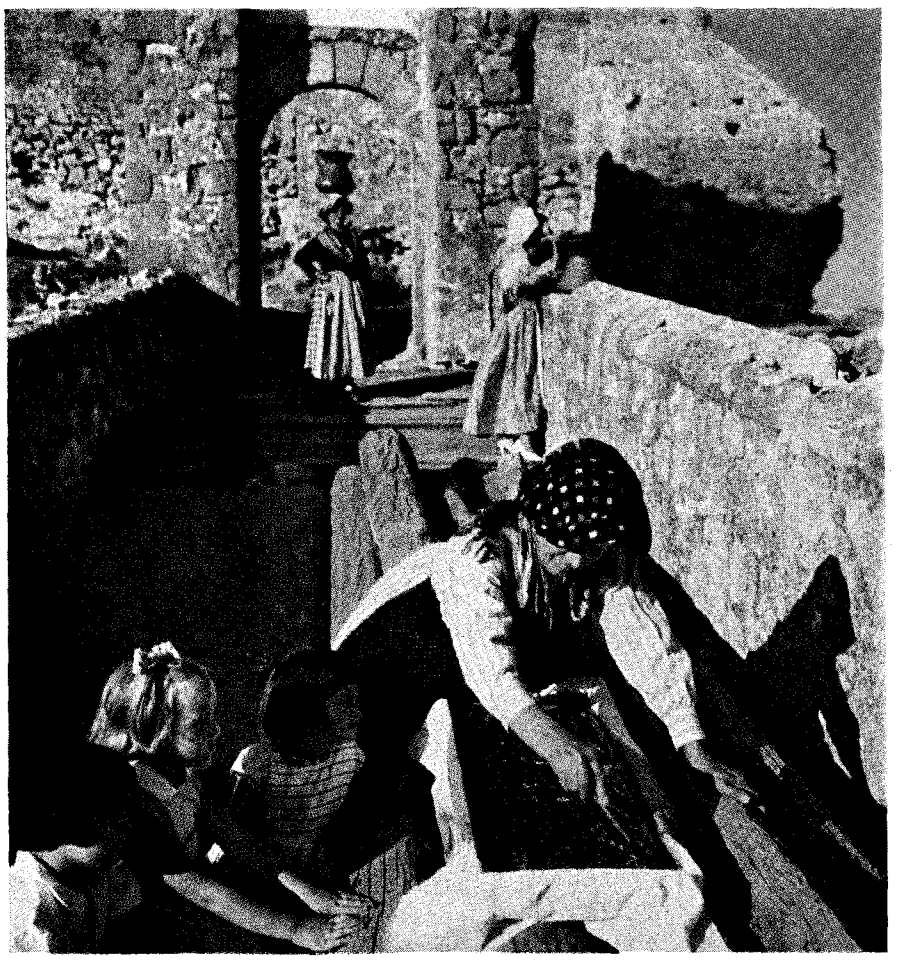


Chef Veal with Mushrooms

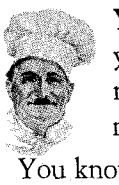
1 lb. veal cutlet, thinly sliced
salt and pepper **¾ cup water**
1 (15½ oz.) or 2 (8 oz.) cans Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Mushrooms

Brown veal cutlet in fat. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Pour combined Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce and water over the veal. Simmer for 45 minutes or until tender. Makes 2 to 3 servings.

"Perfect 'pour-on' sauces...stirred with a fine Italian hand"



ITALIAN WOMEN in Castello San Pietro make spaghetti sauce as their grandmothers did. But you can enjoy the same Italian flavor by just heating Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style sauces!



You enjoy an old Italian art—the art of sauce-making—each time you use Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat or Mushrooms. For these rich, tempting sauces are as truly Italian as those made in sunny Castello San Pietro in the hills outside of Rome. You know, the sauce is the secret of many a dish. So these are designed to add a tantalizing touch to meats and fish . . . eggs and rice. And, of course, there's no spaghetti like spaghetti with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce!

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee takes only the plumpest, sun-ripened tomatoes . . . cooks them for hours with juicy beef or tender mushrooms . . . adds a dash of this spice, a sprinkling of that, for real Italian flavor. And then, the sauce is ready for you to heat and pour on.

Make sure Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauces are on your shelf—and table—regularly. Try the economical family-size can.

real Italian-style
CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®
Sauces

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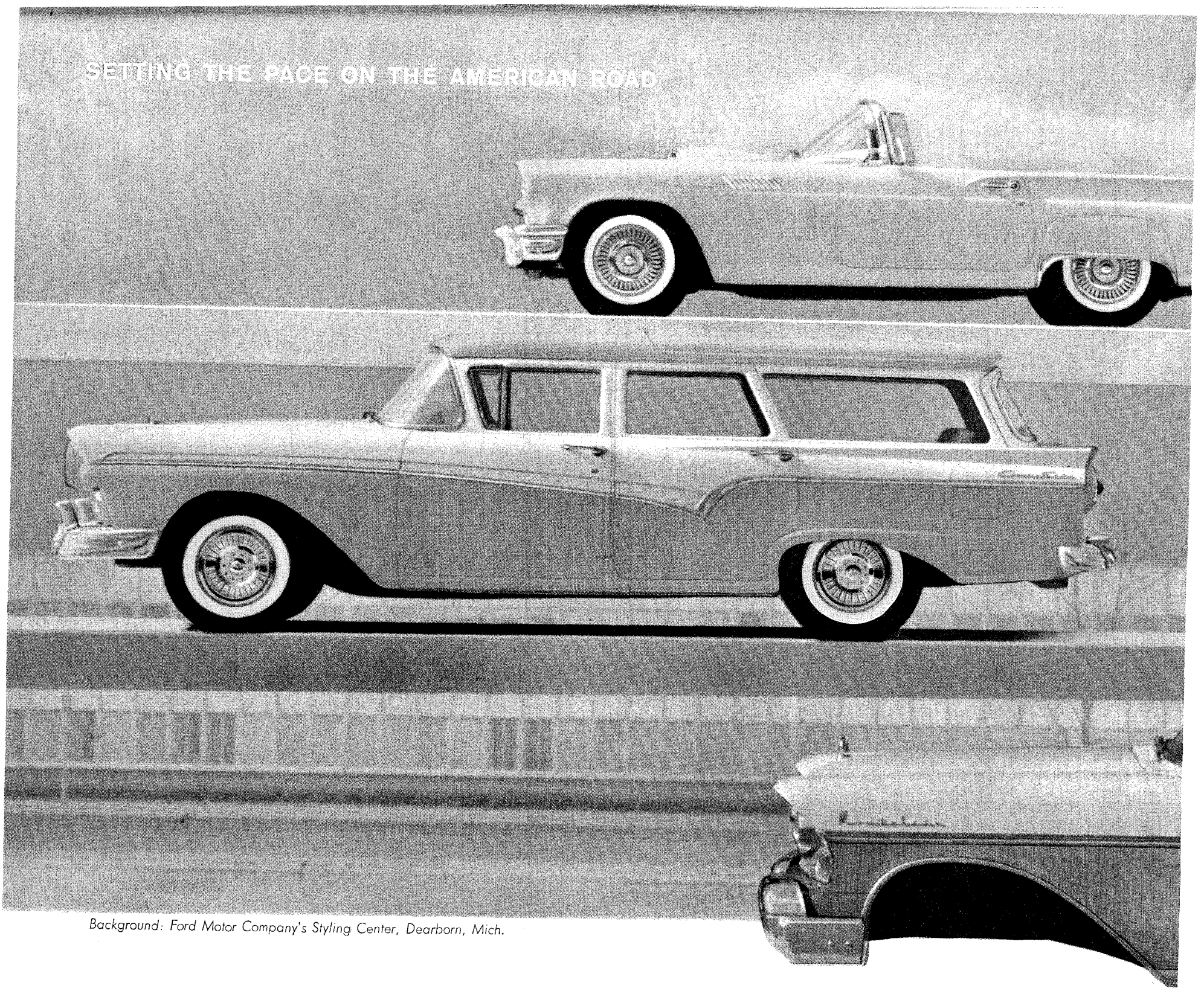


Background: Ford Motor Company's Styling Center, Dearborn, Mich.

Packages for people:

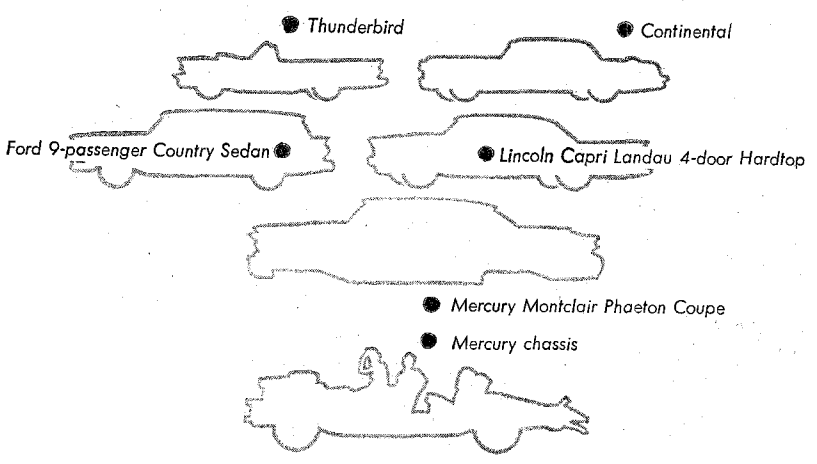
The Ford Family of Fine Cars

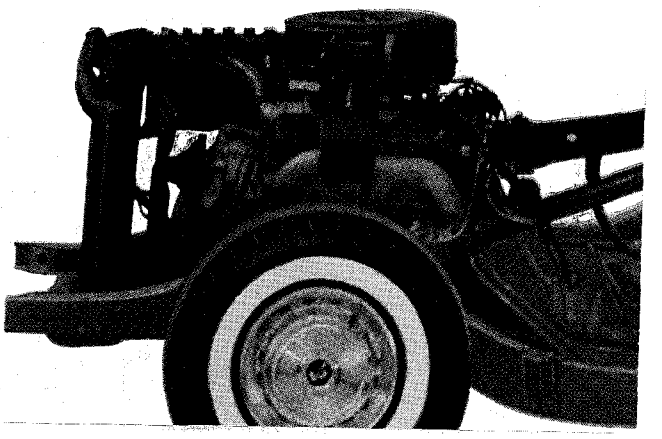
- **bodies built with you in mind**
- **built-in safety**
- **the wrap of comfort**

To our Ford Motor Company engineers car bodies are essentially packages to carry you and your family safely, beautifully, comfortably. In all, we have nearly 50 different packages with an infinite choice of colors, interiors and equipment for you.

Despite our 54 years' experience, we're the young-minded ones in the

FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY • LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL





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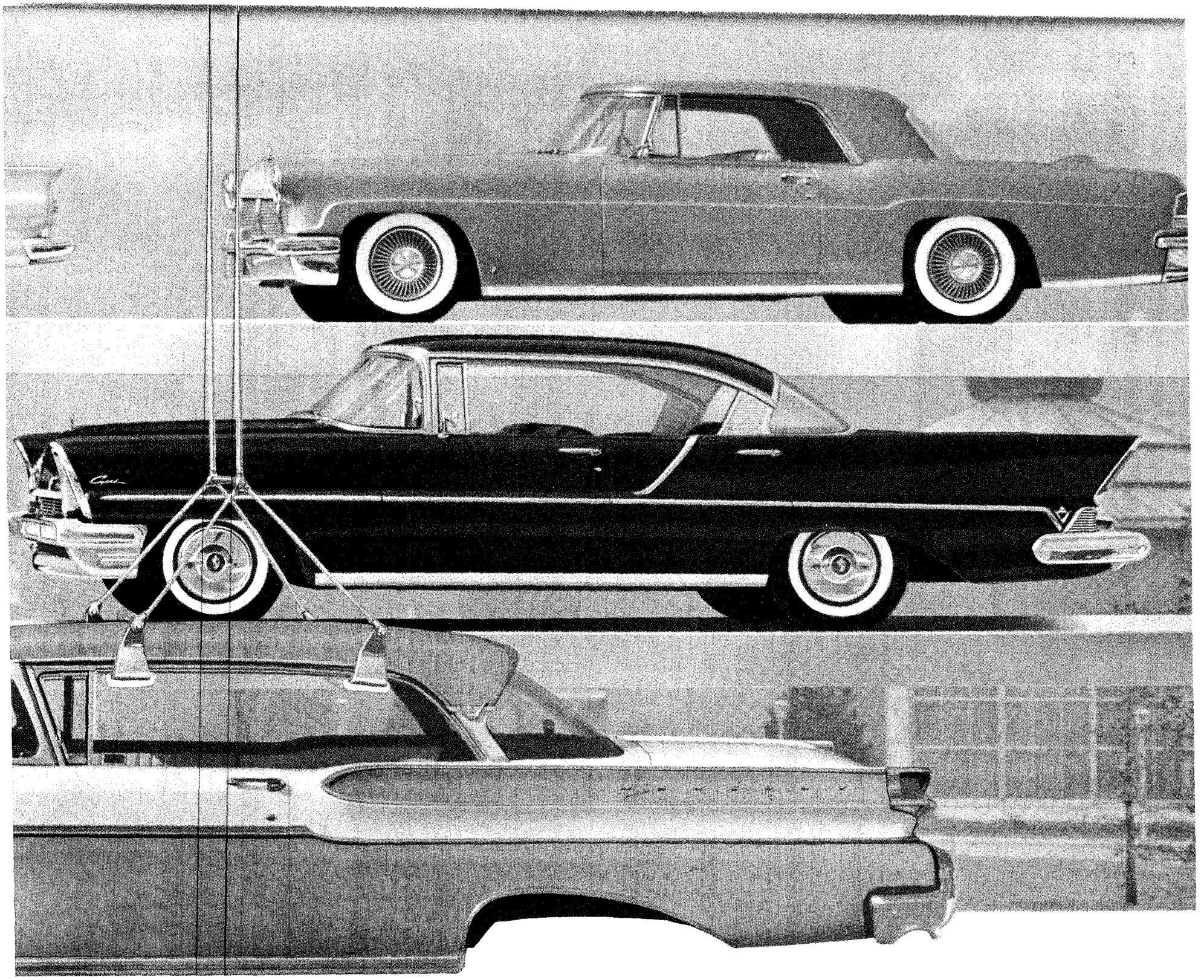

business. We know that each year we must keep building car bodies stronger, safer and smarter. And this is one of the big reasons why more and more people go places in Fords, Thunderbirds, Mercurys, Lincolns and Continentals.

BEAUTY PACKAGE At Ford Motor Company's new research and engineering center, experts are quietly destroying old-hat ideas about the making of cars. Engineers and stylists work side by side to create a new kind of car. This year, the stylists wanted a lower silhouette—but more room inside, too! They got both when the engineers devised a new kind of chassis. Result: your car looks better, has a lower center of gravity, hugs the road as though it loves it. Note, too, how the new slimmer roof lines give you a pilot-house expanse of glass—yet roof tops have even greater strength.

SAFETY PACKAGE As you know, we've been pioneering safety. In 1957 you'll find even greater protection in our Family: everything from bigger brakes to front-hinged safety hoods and double-grip door latches. Those doors will resist more than 2600 lbs. of fore-and-aft pull without springing open.

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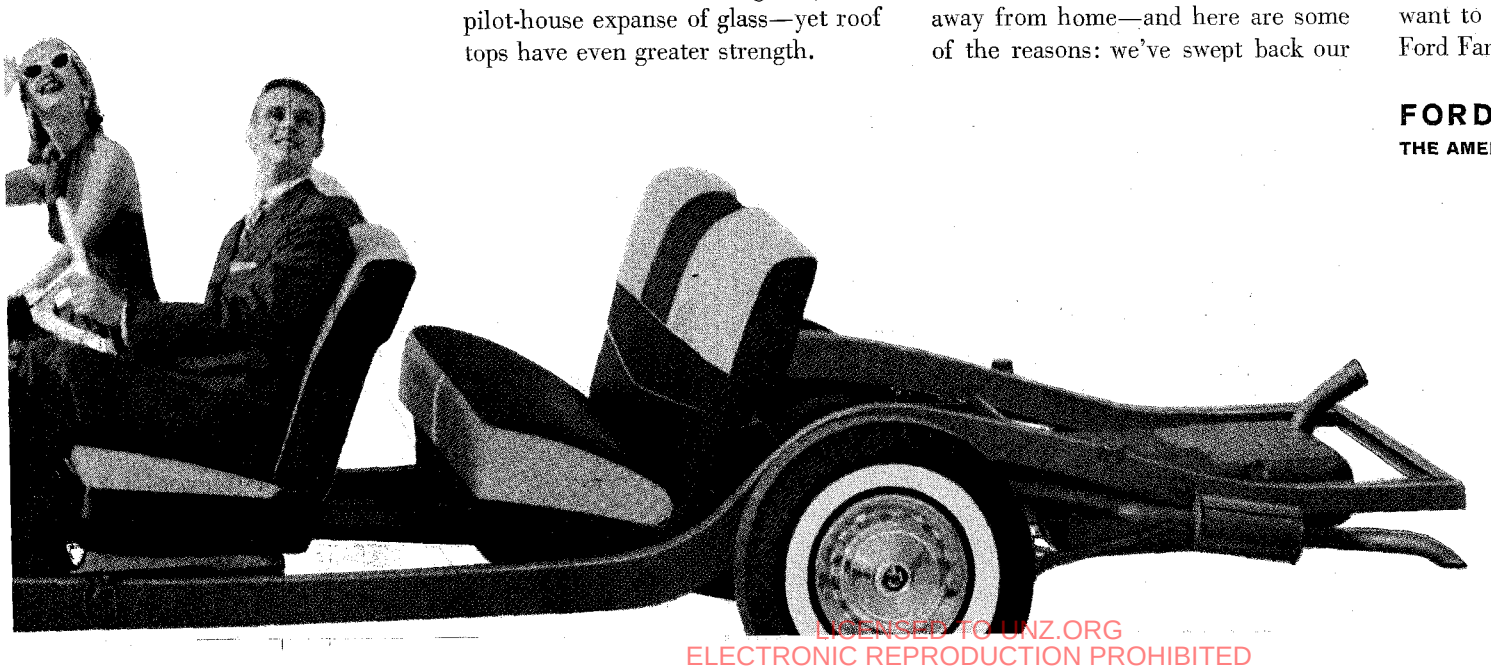
FAMILY RALLY By now you realize the result of our young-mindedness: the cars in our Family are built to surround you with a better package of beauty, safety and comfort. So if you want to move ahead, meet one of the Ford Family of Fine Cars soon.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.



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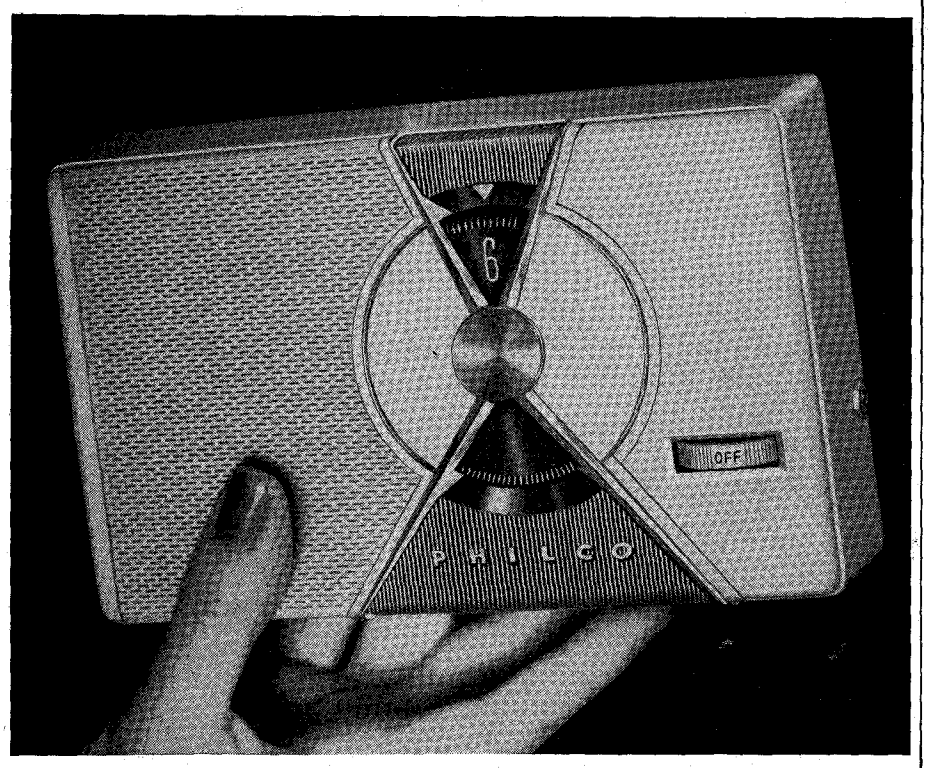

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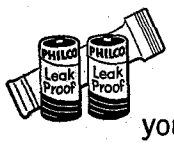
No batteries to buy for 1 year—GUARANTEED!



Plays on 2 regular flashlight batteries you can buy anywhere. No special batteries needed!

The new T-7 Transistor Radio is *so* dependable, *so* service-free, Philco guarantees its performance for *5 full years*. Any T-7 Radio part that fails in normal use will be replaced, *free of all costs for parts and service*. Even the batteries are guaranteed to bring you one whole year of radio entertainment. Hear the biggest advance in radio, at your Philco dealer's now.

Seven tiny Philco transistors, plus diode, for long-distance performance . . . and volume output. Carry from room to room — with no cord to plug in. Plays in trains, buses, planes. Operates on inexpensive flashlight batteries, with the fullest, richest voice in transistor sets.

And only **PHILCO** has it!

FIRST TIME IN RADIO!

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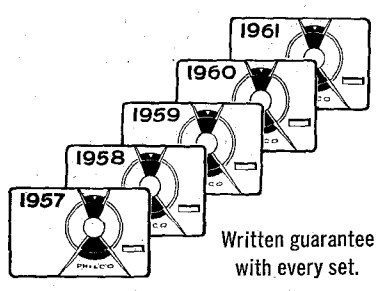
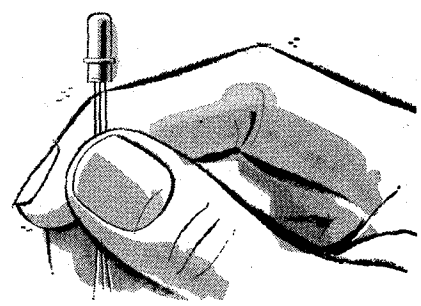
of service-free
performance
GUARANTEED!



Written guarantee with every set.



Patented surface barrier transistor developed by **PHILCO** makes guarantee possible!

Leather carrying case extra.

$69.95

Look ahead and you'll choose **PHILCO**

(*Continued from Page 48*) Eggleston's apartment. Rosboro said he would assign two captains, Cooper and Saks. They talked for a moment more, arranging details for shadowing Eggleston and his contacts.

"Now what?" Pris asked.

"Now," Kitry said, "I want to take a look at Mr. Eggleston, but I don't want him to take a look at me."

In the Pentagon, the walls of each floor are painted a different color, as an aid to navigation. They walked down, past the third floor's red, the second's green and the first's tan. A more narrow ramp carried them to an area of white, where Kitry had never been before. Then Pris located a circular stairway to a subbasement corridor where the walls were black and sweaty, and hummed with machinery. At the end of this corridor they came to a steel door. On it was stenciled: ENTRANCE FORBIDDEN—AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

Pris pushed open the door. Two big men—one a marine, the other with an Air Police brassard on his arm—both armed, blocked them. The marine saluted Pris and inspected their I.D. cards.

"Mr. Kitry," Pris explained, "is new here. I'm showing him around."

The marine nodded at an inner door with an eight-inch square of glass at eye level. "I guess the FBI has a right to look," he said, "but don't go in. Eggy doesn't like to be disturbed."

Kitry peered through the glass. He had expected to see a machine, but all he saw was a wall studded with hundreds of tiny bulbs, winking red, blue, green and yellow. Seated at what looked like the console of a great organ, facing this wall, his eyes lifted and intent on the lights, was a tall, spare, white-haired man with a face startlingly youthful.

Kitry realized that the wall was ENIAP's face only. Behind the wall was a body composed of hundreds of thousands of tubes and transistors, like cells of the human brain, linked by miles of wire and printed metal circuits, like the human nervous system.

They watched a moment more, and then left quietly, and without feeling it necessary to speak their awe.

During the rest of that day, Eggleston's movements were normal. He lunched alone, and made no contact with the squat, swart man or anyone. He left the Pentagon at five, after turning over ENIAP's findings, recorded on tape, to a top-secret controller. He drove directly home. At 6:30, having changed clothes, he called for Dolores Ragan at her apartment near Dupont Circle. They dined at a water-front restaurant. At nine he dropped Dolores at her home and returned to his apartment. He came out in a moment, carrying an attaché case, and drove to the Pentagon. There, he bought an early edition of the Post, and then descended into his concrete-and-steel fortress under B Ring. For two hours he operated ENIAP, and then he left the building and went home. He took his attaché case with him. Everywhere he was shadowed, and all this information was relayed to Kitry, sitting in his office consuming coffee.

At midnight Kitry returned to his utility apartment in Alexandria. He drank a glass of milk and went to bed. His aching leg muscles relaxed, and he was drifting into sleep when the phone rang. It was Colonel Rosboro.

"Listen carefully," Rosboro said. "I'll give it to you once. Our boy opened up his transmitter an hour ago. He called a party in Prague. It took him thirty minutes to raise this party, whom he called 'Doctor Kafska' or sometimes only 'Doctor.' They talked technical radio for a while, like a couple of short-wave hams. Then our boy said, 'All right, here it comes. (*Continued on Page 54*)

The Perfect Squelch

The office manager was a martinet and a sesquipedalian. He never used a short word if he could think of several long ones to take its place. In displaying his knowledge, he continually gibed at his handiest underling, the office boy, as an ignoramus.

One morning he posted on the bulletin board over his signature:

"Certain of the personnel under my jurisdiction have recently evidenced a tendency toward habitual tardiness. Such chronological carelessness is not conducive to the highest efficiency in office routine, and persistence in the practice can only result in termination of employment."

Before the day was over, the office boy quietly added in big red letters:

"He means, you come late—you get fired."

Harvey Reid

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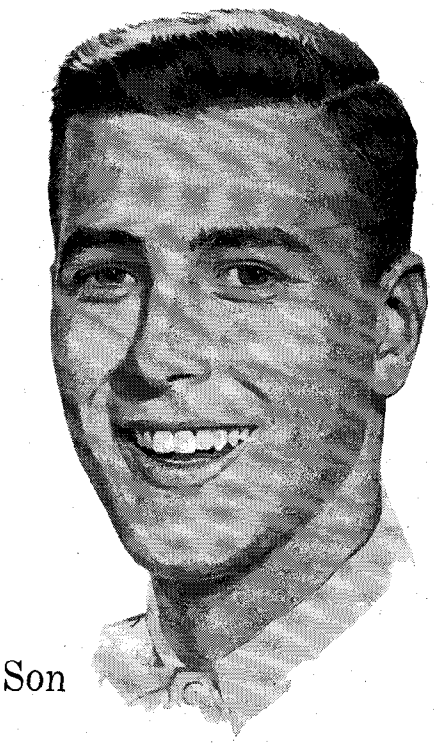
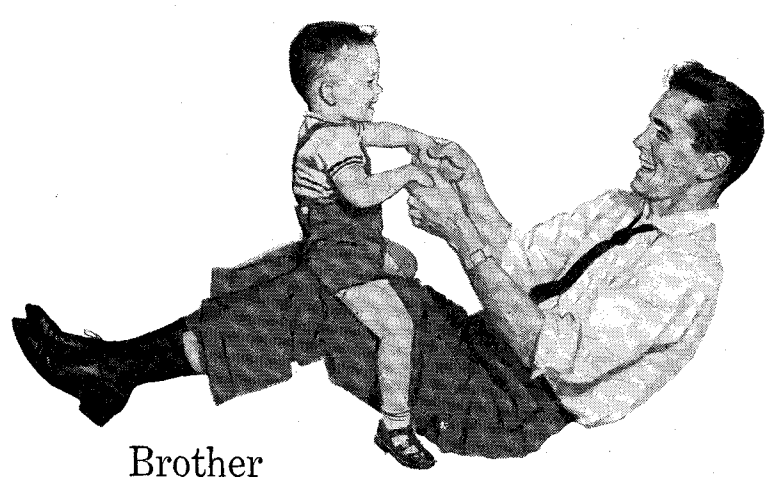
Mother

Dad



Son

Daughter



Brother

Sister

How long since they've heard from you?

It's so easy to telephone them

Sweetheart

There's nothing like a telephone call to keep family ties close . . . to let someone know you remember . . . to renew an old friendship, pass along good news.

It's easy to telephone out of town. And you can talk as long as you like. The cost is low.

Somewhere, right now, there is someone who would like to hear your voice.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

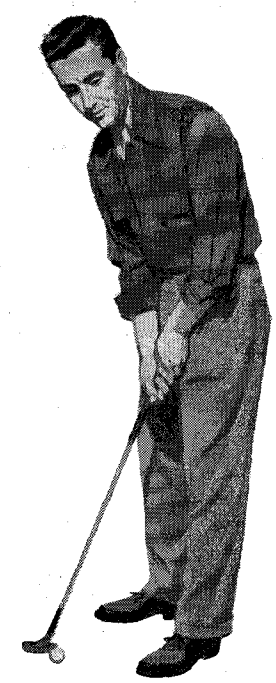
Station-to-Station Calls

For example:	First Three Minutes	Each Added Minute
Boston to New York	55¢	15¢
San Francisco to Reno	55¢	15¢
Pittsburgh to Detroit	60¢	15¢
Chicago to Dallas	$1.20	30¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.



Friend

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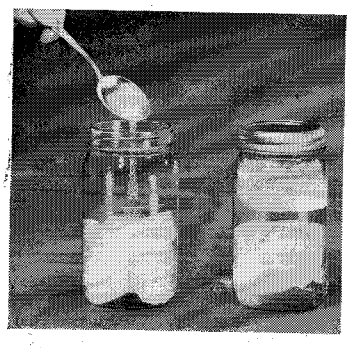
NO MORE YELLOW...NO MORE GRAY...NO MORE LINT!
YOU PRE-LOAD WITH RINSE CONDITIONER WHEN YOU LOAD WASHER!
Dispenser Wheel automatically adds conditioner when rinsing begins
Calgon

New NORGE Dispenser Wheel Washer Gets Clothes Up to 39% Brighter, Cleaner...Lint-Free, Too

AUTOMATICALLY MAKES BRAND NEW KIND OF RINSE WATER TO BANISH DULLING SOAP FILM FOR GOOD!

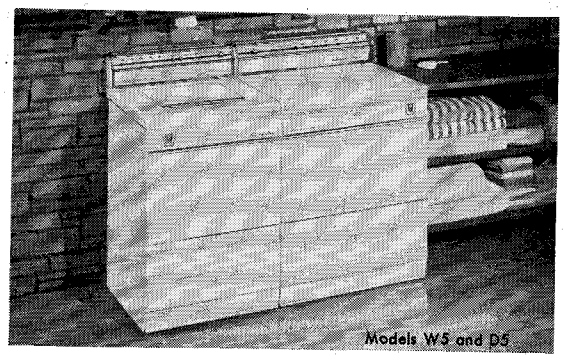


Prove it to yourself! Drop a clean handkerchief into a jar of water. Add a spoonful of non-sudsing Calgon. Shake. Note how the dulling soap film suds itself away. The same thing happens to all your wash in the new '57 Norge—first and only washer to add Calgon to the rinse automatically. White things come out shades whiter. Colors come alive. Clinging lint is floated away.

LOOK AT THESE OTHER BIG NEW FEATURES!

- Hot or Warm Wash Selector
- Warm or Cold Rinse Selector
- Two Automatic Cycles
- Automatic Suds-Return
- 5-Year Warranty on Transmission Components
- 30-Day Satisfaction Guarantee

See this amazing new washer demonstrated at your Norge Dealer's today!



MATCHING LAUNDRY PAIR. See the '57 Norge Washer with Dispenser Wheel and new Norge 4-Way Dryer with 3-Position Hamper-Dor.

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(*Continued from Page 52*)

KT-KB Three, KT-KB Three.' The man in Prague acknowledged, and said, 'A smart move. I will call you back at the usual hour in two days.' Got it?"

Kitry's stomach muscles tightened, but all he said was, "I've got it. Thanks. See you in the morning."

After that, he had trouble sleeping. Prague was the new hub of espionage on the other side of the curtain. Eggleston might as well have been talking to Moscow. And KT-KB 3 was obviously code. Too short a message for the cryptoanalysts to break and read, but long enough to be dangerous. Kitry felt he would have to act swiftly.

He was in his office at eight on Wednesday morning. Almost immediately his phone rang. The Assistant Secretary wanted to see him at once. Kitry raced for the ramp. Mr. Birne was waiting. Birne said, not attempting to hide his irritation, "You're a little late, Kitry."

"Sorry, sir. Didn't get much sleep."

"I'm not speaking of this morning. I'm speaking of yesterday. We were all a little late. We were too late to prevent Eggleston getting off a code signal. I want him arrested. Now!"

Kitry saw that the situation could get out of control, perhaps was beyond his control already. He drew a chair to the desk and seated himself. "If I arrest Eggleston," he asked, "what can I charge him with?"

Birne hesitated. "Receiving money? Communicating with the enemy?"

Kitry shook his head. "That won't stand up, sir. Receiving money from whom, and for what? And how do we know this Doctor Kafska is an enemy? I'm afraid I'll have to have a better case than that. I need time. We have to trap the payoff man."

"What do you intend to do?"

"When Eggleston gets together with his contact, we'll grab them both. Meanwhile, I want to find out how much Dolores Ragan knows about him."

"You don't think General Forrester's secretary could be implicated, do you? That'd be frightful. I'd feel that this whole building was penetrated."

Kitry shrugged. "Right now, I'm not going to think anything. I have to know. I have to have facts. With Dolores Ragan, Lieutenant Parker can help us. They're friends. And we ought to be able to dig out background on that Doctor Kafska. That seems a job for Salter and CIA."

"All right, Kitry," Mr. Birne said, "go ahead your way. But if you haven't produced something by tonight, this will have to go to the Secretary."

"Right at the moment, sir," said Kitry, "I wouldn't let it go anywhere."

Pris Parker was waiting when he barreled into his office. "Trouble?" she inquired.

"Big trouble."

"Brace yourself," she said. "Last night I thought it would be a good idea to talk to Dolores Ragan. I dropped in on her. She had just come back from dinner with Eggy, so it was perfectly natural that we talk about him."

Kitry wanted to kiss her, right there, but of course he could not, not with Mrs. Prince sitting a dozen feet away. All he could say was, "You're a honey. What'd she have to say?"

"Dolores says he's very strange. He bewilders her. She says she's in love with him, but their dates often end like last night, with Eggy dumping her and racing for the Pentagon. He pretends he has to work nights. We know that isn't so. Dolores knows he's lying too."

"What else?"

"She says he's very shy, and sensitive about his white hair, and scars you cannot see. Dolores thinks she's the first girl Eggy has dated since the Korean war. She thinks—this may sound incredible—that he loves ENIAP more than he loves her. She feels that something is wrong with him. He won't talk about Korea or himself."

"He's hiding something, all right," Kitry said.

Remembering what else there was to do, he dialed Salter's office. Salter said that the Czech desk in Central Intelligence was already at work, searching for information on a Doctor Kafska in Prague. Languid as he seemed, Salter was on his toes.

Kitry turned to Pris. "If Eggleston will just make his contact at noon, maybe we can wrap this thing up."

"I'll be watching," she said.

Kitry went into the subbasement and located Cooper and Saks, the OSI captains on the ENIAP stake-out. "When he starts out for lunch," Kitry said, "call me and Colonel Rosboro. Then follow him. If he meets our fat man and there is any physical exchange between them—papers or money—take 'em both."

"Suppose they only talk?" Saks said.

Kitry was thoughtful. No matter what Birne wanted, he couldn't risk a fiasco. "If they only talk, leave them alone. But tail the contact man."

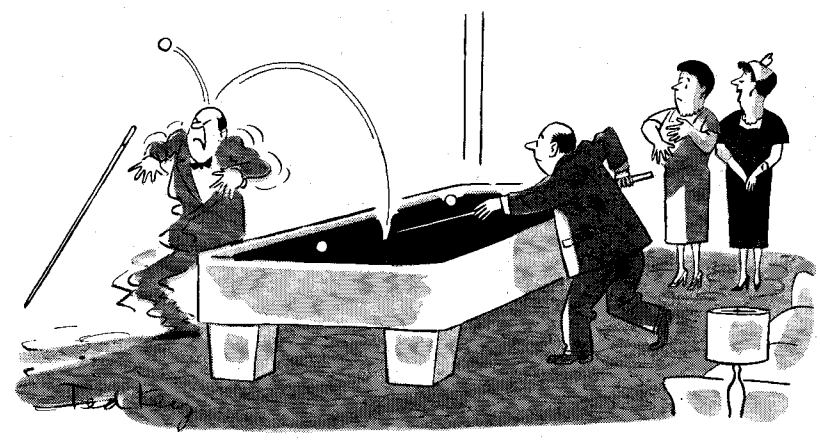
Saks nodded. "Suppose we take 'em. Then what?"

"Ease them up to Colonel Rosboro's office. Try to avoid a fuss."

Kitry returned to his office and called Rosboro. Then he waited, fidgeting.

At 11:46, Saks called and said, "He's on the way. 'By."

Kitry hurried to the Concourse, as long as two football fields. Into it converged a hundred human streams from bus and taxi loading platforms below, and ramps on every side. Noon-hour shoppers eddied around drugstores, airline and railway ticket offices, snack bars, book stalls and



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hasn't played since college."

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shoeshine boys. Kitry's eyes focused on the newsstand, where early editions of the afternoon papers were being stacked. All at once, he saw Eggy's contact.

There could be no doubt of it. The man was shorter than five-six, with sloping shoulders and bandy legs. A double-breasted blue suit tented his ponderous belly. Sauntering closer, Kitry saw that he was dark-haired, olive-skinned and blue-chinned. "Squat and swarthy" was an accurate description. Kitry stopped in the shadow of a column, twenty yards short of the newsstand. He saw Pris nearby, ostensibly fascinated by a jewelry-shop window.

The squat man looked at his watch and impatiently paced a ten-foot arc. Then Eggleston, much taller than he had appeared at the console of ENIAP, brushed past Kitry's elbow. Behind him drifted Saks and Cooper.

Kitry saw Eggleston and the contact come together. The exchange between them was so quick, so brief, that had he not been watching intently he would not have seen Eggleston give the other a white slip of paper, and seen it pocketed. Instantly, they began to separate. They had taken no more than three paces when Kitry and Rosboro closed in from one side, Cooper and Saks from the other.

Kitry put his hand on the squat man's arm and said, "Federal Bureau of Investigation. Please come with me." At the same time he saw that Eggleston had been stopped by Saks.

Kitry felt muscles bulge, and then relax, under his fingers. "What's the beef?" the man said, voice high-pitched to issue from such bulk.

"Tell you soon. Just come along."

At that moment perhaps five thousand men and women were in motion in the Concourse. Dozens witnessed the incident, but it was as if acquaintances had met and were chatting. In two minutes they had Eggleston and the contact in Rosboro's office and the door shut behind them. It was cool in there, and very quiet.

"Mr. Eggleston," Kitry said courteously, "will you please sit down over there? . . . And you," he addressed the contact, "right here." They sat down. Kitry saw that Eggleston's lips and hands quivered. Whatever the mathematician might be, he felt vaguely sorry for him. Kitry knew the stories from Korea. Chinese torture was more than a phrase in the language. So it was compassion, as well as training, that led him to be gentle with Eggleston. "My name is Kitry. I'm with the FBI," he said. "I have to ask you some questions."

Eggleston was silent. The other man said, "What's the beef? What's the charge? You got no right to hold me."

"All you have to give them, Packy," Eggleston said, "is your name, rank and serial number." He laughed, a little wildly.

"Sure. My name is Pasquale Glatz. I got no rank and I got no serial number."

"What you have got," Kitry said, "is a piece of paper in your right-hand coat pocket. Let me have it."

"So why shouldn't I have a piece of paper in my pocket?" Packy said. "Is that a Federal offense? I'm a citizen and taxpayer. Wanna see my tax stamp?"

Kitry felt this jargon was meant to be confusing. He said, "All I want is that piece of paper." He held out his hand.

"O.K., O.K." Packy shrugged. He brought out the paper.

Kitry snapped it from his fingers and unfolded it, while Colonel Rosboro leaned over his shoulder. They read, carefully penciled in a precise hand, "Saratoga—Third—Jet Flyer—100—50—50."

"Code," the colonel said. "Cipher."

"No," Kitry said. "I think it may be plain language. The Saratoga is a carrier, of course, and the rest may have something to do with aircraft performance." He turned on Eggleston. "Do you admit giving this note to this man?"

Eggleston was behaving queerly. He seemed to be choking, and his hands gripped his stomach. Finally he managed to speak. "Of course I admit it."

"Admit receiving it, Mr. Glatz?"

"I don't admit nothin'," Packy said. "I take the fifth. I wanna talk to my lawyer."

This, at least, sounded like a normal answer. Communists, traitors and spies could be expected to seek refuge in the Fifth Amendment. Yet Kitry sensed that something was very wrong. "Mr. Eggleston," he said, "treason is no laughing matter."

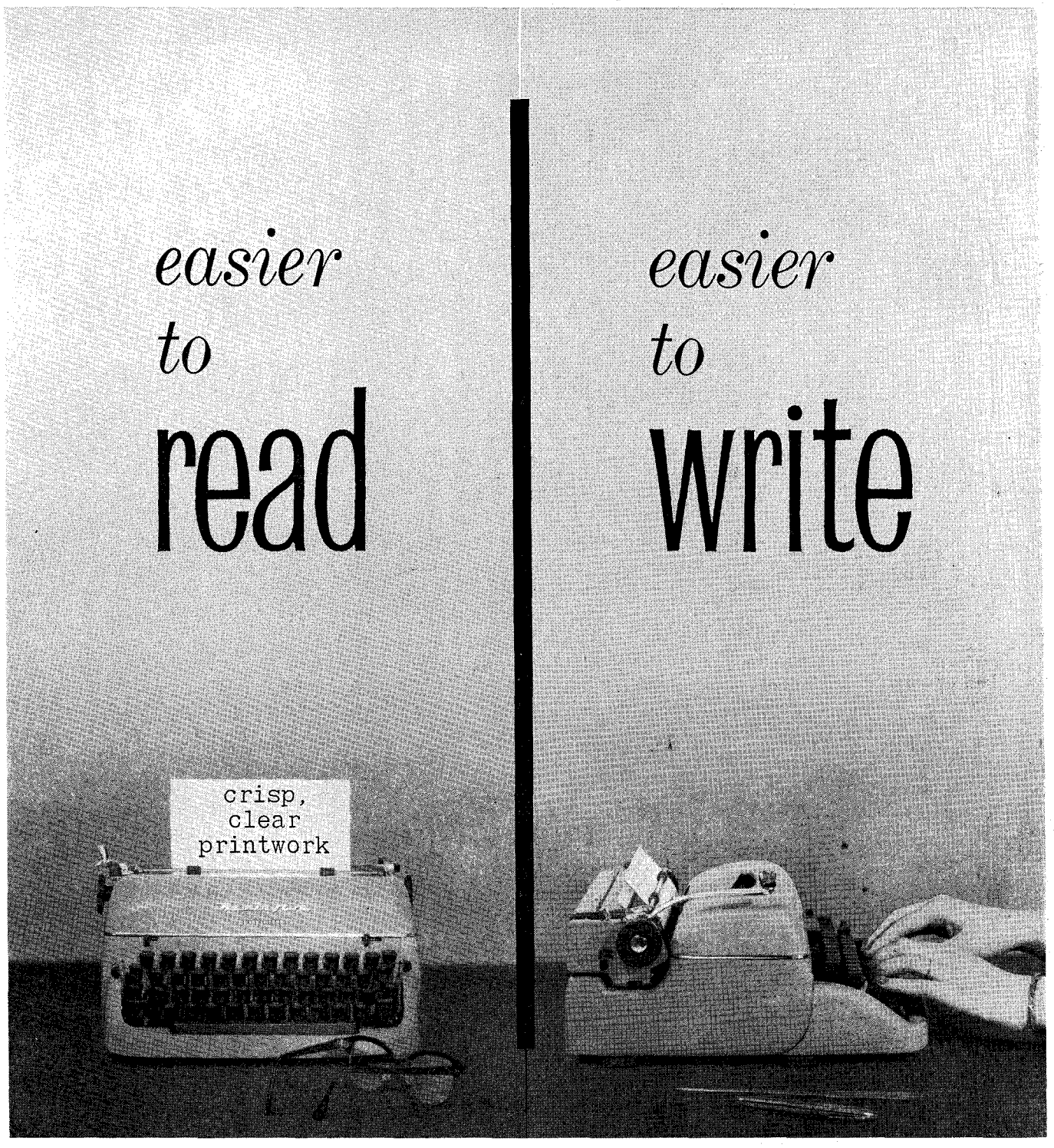
Eggleston wiped his eyes and stopped laughing. "Treason!" he said. "You people must be mad. Packy's a bookmaker, not a spy! That's a betting slip you've got there in your hand. A code, I guess, after a fashion. It means that I wish to bet on Jet Flyer, running in the third at Saratoga. A hundred to win, fifty to place and fifty to show."

"Sure," Packy said. "Eggy's the luckiest better in the Pentagon. I don't even hold his bets no more. I lay 'em off with the big boys downtown."

Colonel Rosboro fumbled his way to his desk and sat down. "I don't believe it," he said. "No man can beat the races. Not the way you have."

"You're right," Eggleston said. "But ENIAP isn't precisely human. ENIAP is the greatest handicapper who ever lived—I mean existed."

Kitry was aware that Mr. Birne had entered the room, and now pressed close



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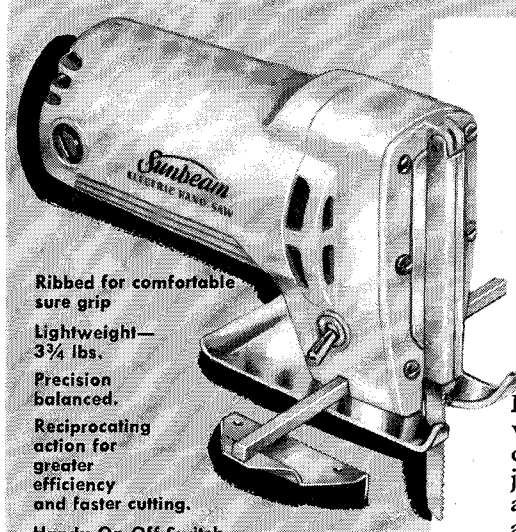

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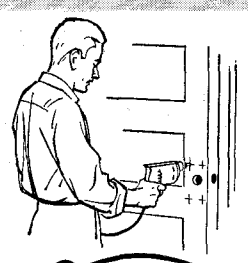

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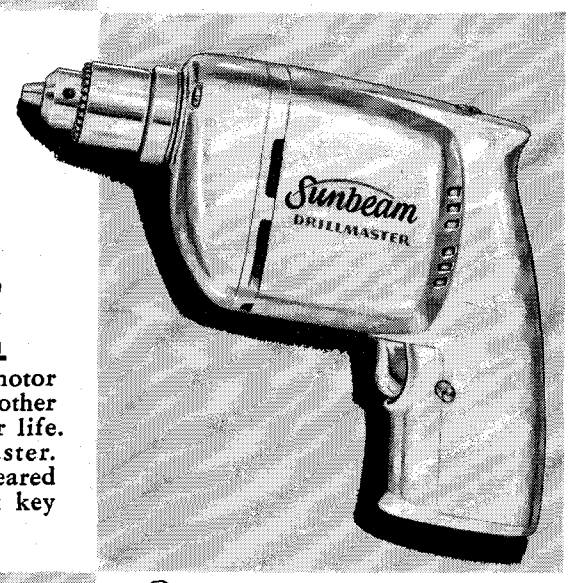

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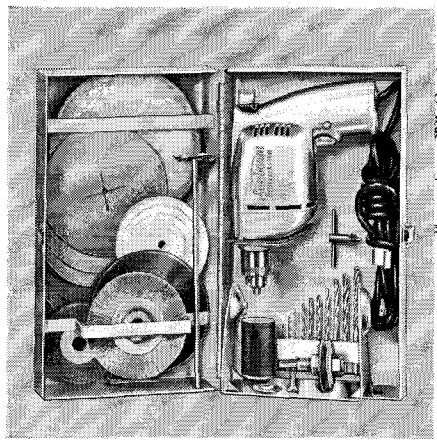

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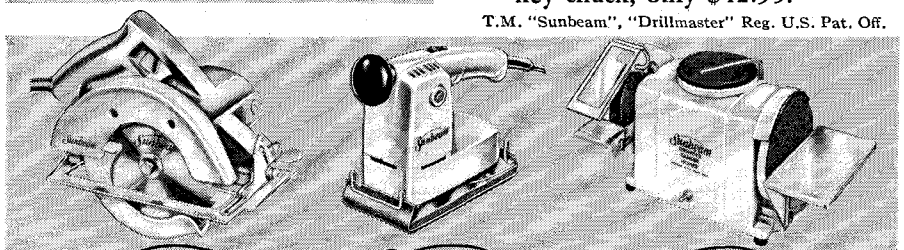

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at his shoulder. At the same time, Packy saw the Assistant Secretary, and grinned with relief. "Tell 'em, Mr. Birne," he said. "Tell 'em I'm a bookie."

"Yes," Mr. Birne said. "That's what Packy is, a bookie."

"Mr. Birne," Packy said, "is a good customer, although not so lucky as Eggy."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said Mr. Birne. "I place a small bet occasionally, especially if one of my own horses is going. But I want to know how ENIAP does it."

"It's very simple for her," Eggleston said. "I feed ENIAP all the past-performance data, just as I feed her the speed and endurance of a rocket. I give her weights and distances and times and all the rest of it. She then predicts a winner. Oh, ENIAP isn't infallible. The human element—the jockey, for instance—is unpredictable. And a horse can always trip or swerve. But there's one thing about ENIAP. You can't tout her off a winner."

"When did you start this?" Mr. Birne asked.

"Several months ago." Eggleston looked around at the ring of faces. "This is rather personal and embarrassing, but I might as well tell it. I have a girl—a very lovely girl. My finances and family obligations did not permit me to ask her to marry. One Saturday this girl asked me to take her to the races at Bowie. I couldn't afford to lose, but I couldn't turn her down, either, and that's when I thought of using ENIAP. On my own time, of course."

Packy looked at his watch. "If you gentlemen don't mind," he said, "I will leave. I wish to lay off that bet."

Kitry said, "I have no objection. Like you say, it's no Federal offense." He turned to Eggleston. "I am afraid to ask, but can you explain your short-wave conversations with a Doctor Kafska, in Prague?"

"Certainly. He's a well-known Czech mathematician. He's also a short-wave ham, like me. More than that, he's perhaps the greatest chess player in Central Europe. For several years we've been playing via short wave."

"Last night," Kitry asked, "did you make a move?"

"Yes. I moved a knight to the King's Bishop's third. I suppose someone monitored our frequency, and thought it code."

"Mr. Eggleston," Kitry said, "I want to apologize. I am happy that I am a dope and you're not a traitor. Tell me, do you often beat Doctor Kafska?"

"Always," Eggleston said. "Sometimes ENIAP helps me, of course."

Jet Flyer was first by three lengths that afternoon, but Eggy never again used ENIAP to handicap the races. Mr. Birne ruled that such use of Government property was not in the public interest.

K.O. Cubbage read Kitry's report with great care. In thirty years with the FBI he had read nothing quite like it. He held a private conversation with Mr. Birne, and it was agreed that such a report, if ever discovered, would be embarrassing to all concerned. So it was consigned to a burn bag. Cubbage, however, was so impressed with Kitry's initiative and industry that he offered him an assignment in Hawaii.

When Kitry asked to be allowed to serve out a full two years' tour of duty in the Pentagon, Cubbage said, "I suppose you've found a girl there?"

"Maybe," Kitry replied. "I'm not sure of anything any more."

That Friday, Pris came to Kitry's office to liaison with him. He asked, as he often did, "How would you like to go out to dinner tonight? There's a new place on H Street that features spaghetti and progressive jazz."

She hesitated. "Sorry, Jim; I'm busy tonight."

"As usual!" He was exasperated.

"As usual."

"Tell me, Pris. Do you date Curt Salter often?"

"No, I've been out with him just once—the night you saw us at the Shoreham. Curt has another girl. Or didn't you know?"

He asked a direct question. "Then who do you go out with when you say, 'I'm busy'?"

She was sitting on the edge of his desk, one leg swinging. Mrs. Prince was quietly working in the files, and intently listening. Pris laughed. "You're a real silly guy. When I say I'm busy, I mean I'm busy. I'm working."

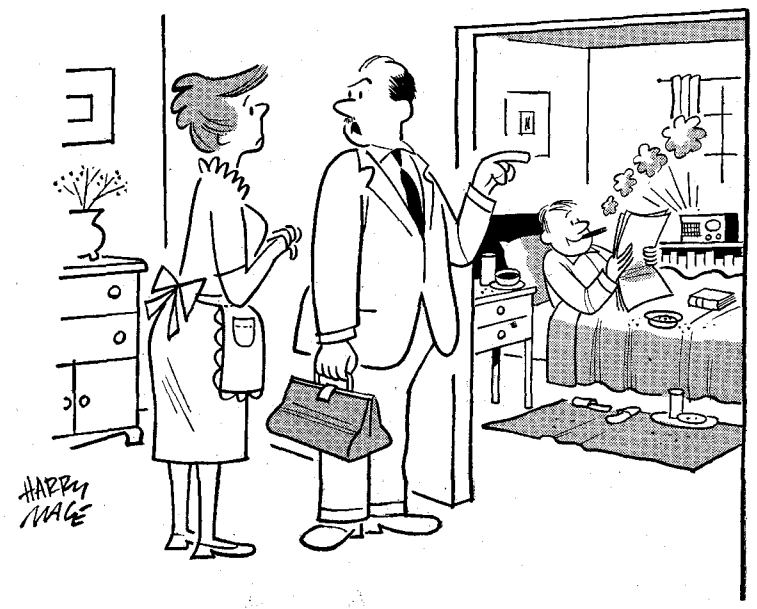
"Working? At what?"

"I model. Almost every night I work at a hotel, or an embassy, or a fashion show somewhere. The pay isn't much, but I'm able to buy my clothes at cost. On a second lieutenant's salary, uniforms used to be all I could afford."

Kitry got out of his chair and walked around the desk and kissed her, not noticing whether she was in uniform or not. Mrs. Prince dropped a steel file case. They didn't hear it.

Pris said, "You see, dear, when you want to find out something, all you have to do is ask."

"That's what I'm learning," he said, "the hard way." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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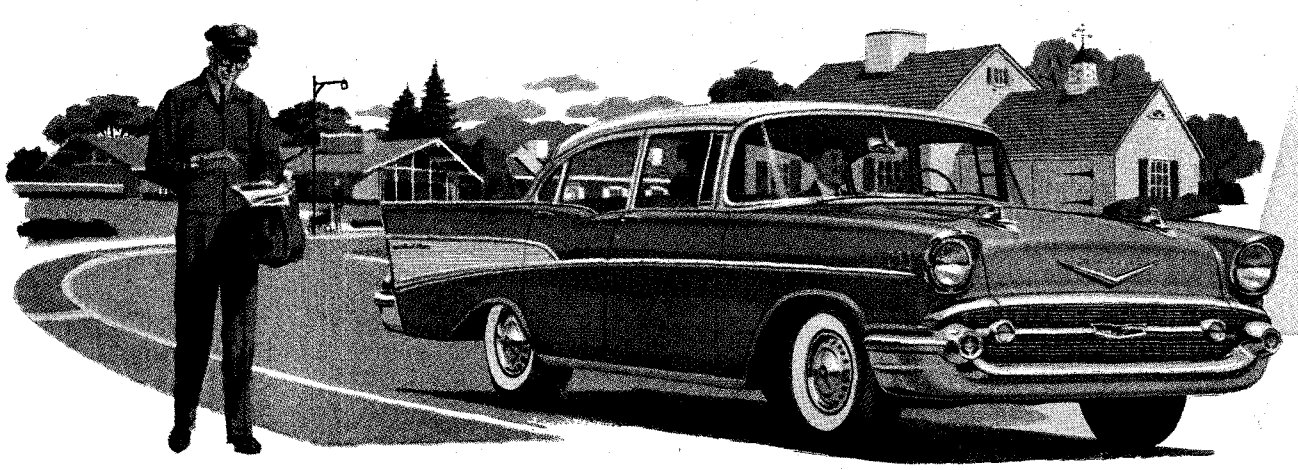

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The Deciding Vote (Continued from Page 26)

believe that Matt Forrest would desert them and the administration party to vote for the cow tax in return for a lifetime judgeship on the state supreme court which the opposition-controlled senate could give. But when a man didn't answer what they were saying about him, when a man consorted openly with the opposition senate leader Ray Dunphy—well, it looked funny.

Saul puffed at his pipe. He and Matt had talked politics since Matt was a judge in Madison and Saul a courthouse reporter. They talked without preambles or apologies.

Matt shoved his hands into his pockets and looked at the ceiling. "I don't understand the governor," he said. "He ought to be bigger than vengeance against a senator of his own party. What eats Heald?"

"You being modest or ignorant?" Saul asked.

Matt looked at him. "If you mean that business about me running for governor in 'Fifty-eight ——"

"That's just what I mean!" Saul snapped. "Why did the party lose the senate in 'Fifty-four? Because the people knew what every reporter in this town knows—that Heald's had both front hoofs and his snout in the trough ever since he became governor, and I don't give a hang if he is a member of your party. He knows that if he doesn't stop you this year, Matt, they'll nominate you instead of him in 'Fifty-eight. You were on the Executive Investigating Committee last year ——"

Matt shook his head. "That committee's report was shelved. I won't use it. I'll just tell 'em what I believe."

"Then tell 'em about how you'll vote on the cow tax."

"I don't know myself yet."

Saul shrugged. "Heald's been all over the county in the past six weeks. He's nailed you on the cow tax, Matt, unless you do something. The people don't believe in you any more. You won in 'Fifty-two because every farmer from Elden's Grove to Jeffersonville voted for you. This year the country people won't vote for anyone, and Heald has the towns sewed up."

"Heald and Ed Russell have been promising the country people an irrigation system," Matt said.

"The people don't believe them. Heald promised the same thing in 'Fifty-four when he campaigned down there."

The senator was silent, a thoughtful expression on his face.

In the tense moment, Saul asked, "Is it true, Matt?"

"That I've been seeing Dunphy? Yes, that's true."

"Is the rest true?"

Matt looked up. "We've been friends for a long time, Saul. You know that I do my business in my own way. I'll answer that when I'm ready."

Saul pushed himself off the windowsill and paused at the door. "Want a ride down to the party rally Monday night?"

"I'll let you know," Matt said. "Thanks, Saul. Love to Marty."

This was the silent hour—the burning noon in which capitol secretaries ate their lunches on the statehouse lawn by benevolent decree of Gov. Luther Heald, who liked to gaze down on suntanning legs as much as the next man. This was the hour in which administration senators and representatives ate at the New Prairie House Hotel, where potted palms hid their bad manners from the ogling electorate. Opposition senators and representatives lunched at Bianchi's, where there was air conditioning. This was the hour in which Sen. Matthew Forrest stayed in his office and indulged himself in the luxury of uninterrupted thought.

Matt was forty-five and looked it. His crisp black hair was gray at the temples from worry about money. Matt had none. He lived on his state senator's salary plus a small law practice. His deep-set blue eyes held a touch of sadness left over from the deaths of three baby boys, all buried in the sandy soil of Eugene County. Two of them had never lived to see the light of day. One had lived a week. The Lord, in His infinite wisdom, had not seen fit to give Minnie Forrest the proper gear to produce sound babies.

Matt's nose was straight and unbroken. True, a few hotheads in senate debate had threatened to break it, but the size of the rest of Matt made them change their minds.

In the silent hour, Matt thought back twenty-five years over some of the debates. They had been rich in fury and partisanship because in this state men had always taken their politics and religion straight, without the chaser of compromise. Of late, politics had changed. With Luther Heald and a dozen others, the talk was of machines, organizations and deals. Matt couldn't define the newness except to say that it was politics without belief; there were no issues save victory and defeat. Now, in Matt Forrest's own county, his own party was calling him a traitor, accusing him of deserting to the opposition in return for the security of a lifetime job. Matt couldn't explain because he had pledged himself to silence to protect Dunphy, opposition leader of the senate.

In his quiet office, Matt picked up the telephone. "Call Senator Dunphy," he told his secretary. "I want to see him."

In 1932, twenty-one-year-old Matthew Forrest did two things. He was elected county assessor and he married Minnie Aldington. Minnie was tall, wildly blond and opinionated. A grocery clerk whom she gently turned down said that she was a saint anyway, and stole four thousand dollars to run away to California because he couldn't stand living in the immediate vicinity of a saint and not being married to her. A more insistent cattle buyer who got dumped in a horse trough said that Minnie was a splendid woman anyway.

Matt Forrest, being unskilled in the ways of courtship, simply told Minnie she would marry him, and she did. Matt was a man who worked with his head instead of his hands. The Eugene County Association of Experts on Everything that gathered in the courthouse square at Madison to chew tobacco and tell lies prophesied that Matt wouldn't amount to much. They were still working on the same prediction ten years later, when Matt took his seat as judge.

And so it went for twenty-five years, with Minnie always at his side; Minnie driving three hundred miles a day when he went campaigning, managing to be the most popular hostess in the state capital on nothing with taxes taken out; Minnie, tall and handsome, turning gray, wearing six-year-old tweeds and flat shoes, brightening a dull room with her earthy laughter, listening to him, talking to him, loving and believing for twenty-five years. And in those twenty-five years Minnie had learned that Matt Forrest was a man who kept his own counsel, a man bound by his word. But this time she was worried. Minnie read the newspapers too.

The old, rented house on North Columbus Street was quiet; by nine-thirty the telephone usually quit ringing. Through the open windows they could hear people walking in the evening's cool.

"Matt?"

"H'm?"

"Did Saul come see you today?"

"M'm-h'm."

"How's Marty's cold?"

The newspaper still held Matt. "Saul didn't say."

Minnie closed her checkbook and turned around in her chair. "What did he say?"

Matt put down the paper and looked at her. "You know, don't you?"

Minnie smoothed her skirt. "He called me and said he couldn't get anywhere with you. Saul doesn't think you'll be renominated."

"So he told me."

"Heald's campaigning hard for Ed Russell. They're saying some pretty rotten things about you."

"Things that are lies."

"But the people are beginning to believe them, Matt, because you don't answer back. The country vote may not come out."

"That doesn't change the fact that what Heald says is a pack of lies," he said, picking up the newspaper again.

"Matt," Minnie said quietly, "even the Standard has been wondering out loud."

Matt's newspaper came down again. His deep-set eyes looked at Minnie. "They'll just have to wonder until what's done is done. Then I'll tell you, Saul, everyone. But I promised Dunphy I'd keep my mouth shut until then." He paused. "Even Sarah Dunphy doesn't know, if it's any comfort to you."

"It's no comfort at all," Minnie retorted. "All I can see is twenty-five years going down the drain. All I can see are headlines day after day—the big front-page stories about the senator who won't commit his vote on the cow tax. And they say ——"

"Do you believe what they say, Minnie?"

A clock ticked in the old house and the scuff of tired heels sounded on the sidewalk. Somewhere, a boy called his lost dog.

"I've never doubted you," Minnie said quietly. "But we've shared most things, Matt, and ——" She shrugged.

"Yes, Minnie?"

"A man can get tired of fighting for nothing," Minnie said. "I'm sure that's what the country people of Eugene County are thinking. And I'm pretty sure they won't vote for you, because you don't answer when Heald accuses. And if they don't vote for you they won't vote for anyone, because they don't believe in anyone else. It's as simple as that."

"Then it will have to stay that simple for a while," Matt answered.

"I don't want you to lose!" Minnie cried bitterly. "I want you to expose Heald with the ——"

"Investigating-committee report?" Matt asked. "No. The committee voted to shelve that report. And I won't fight Heald with mud."

"Thought about what you're going to do when you lose?" she asked bitterly.

"No. Not much."

"Well, I'm thinking about it," she said. She turned and walked into the hall, scooping up her raincoat from a chair.

Matt rose. "You stay put. We're going to do this my way."

Minnie paused in the darkened kitchen door. "Your way," she said, anger in her eyes. "You refuse to see it any other way. They're out to get you, and the only issue here is win or lose. Well, if you can't tell me and Saul, maybe you can tell the country people at the party rally next Monday night. They'll be there, Matt; so help me God, they will!"

"Minnie!" Shocked and angry, Matt strode into the hall. But she was walking fast—perhaps even running. The kitchen door slammed and a car motor roared in the darkness.

He stood and listened to the silence of the summer night. It had never happened to them (*Continued on Page 64*)

"Hello, Mr. Gordy—this is Mrs. O'Toole. I want a dozen eggs, loaf of bread, bacon . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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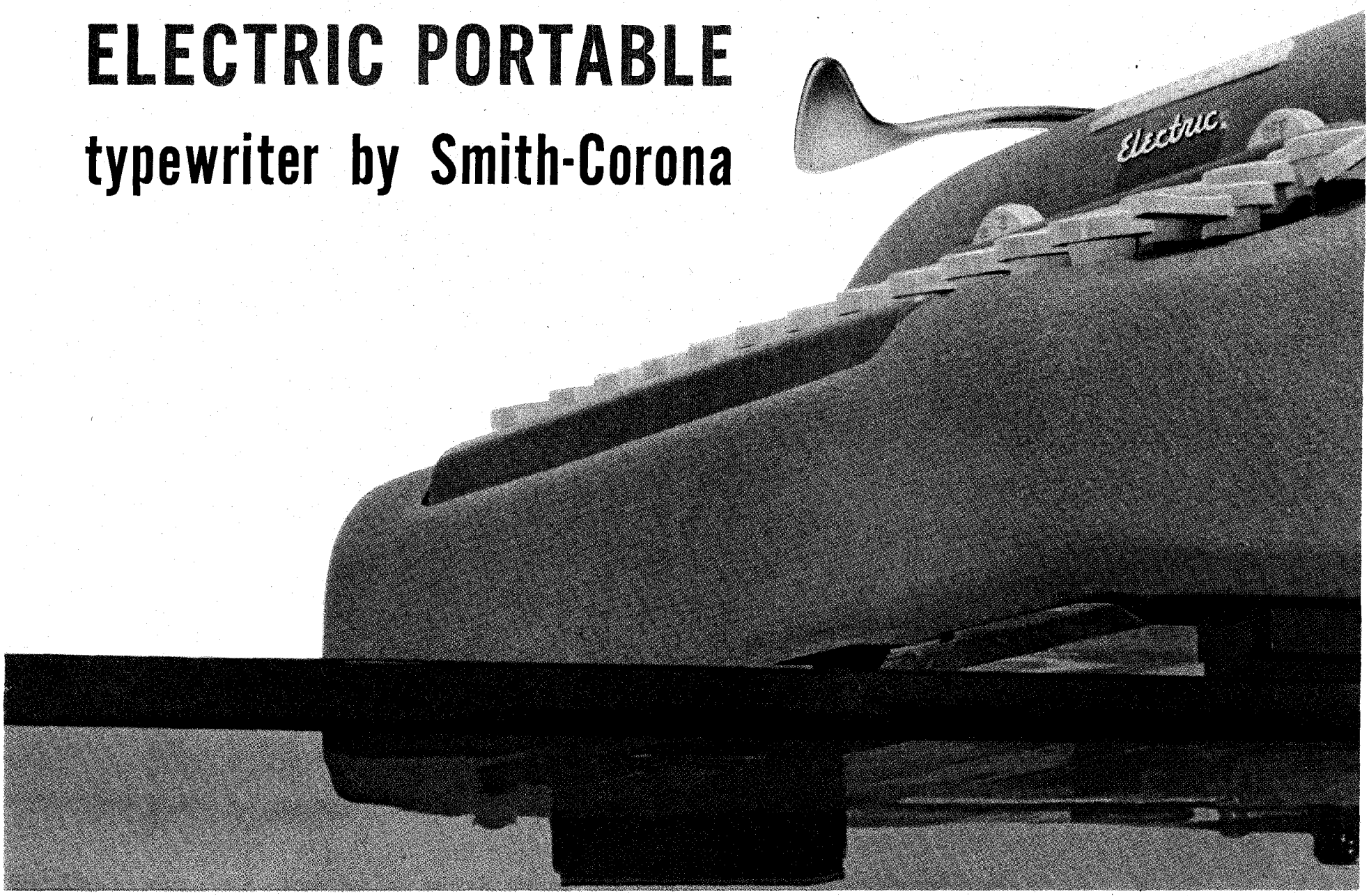

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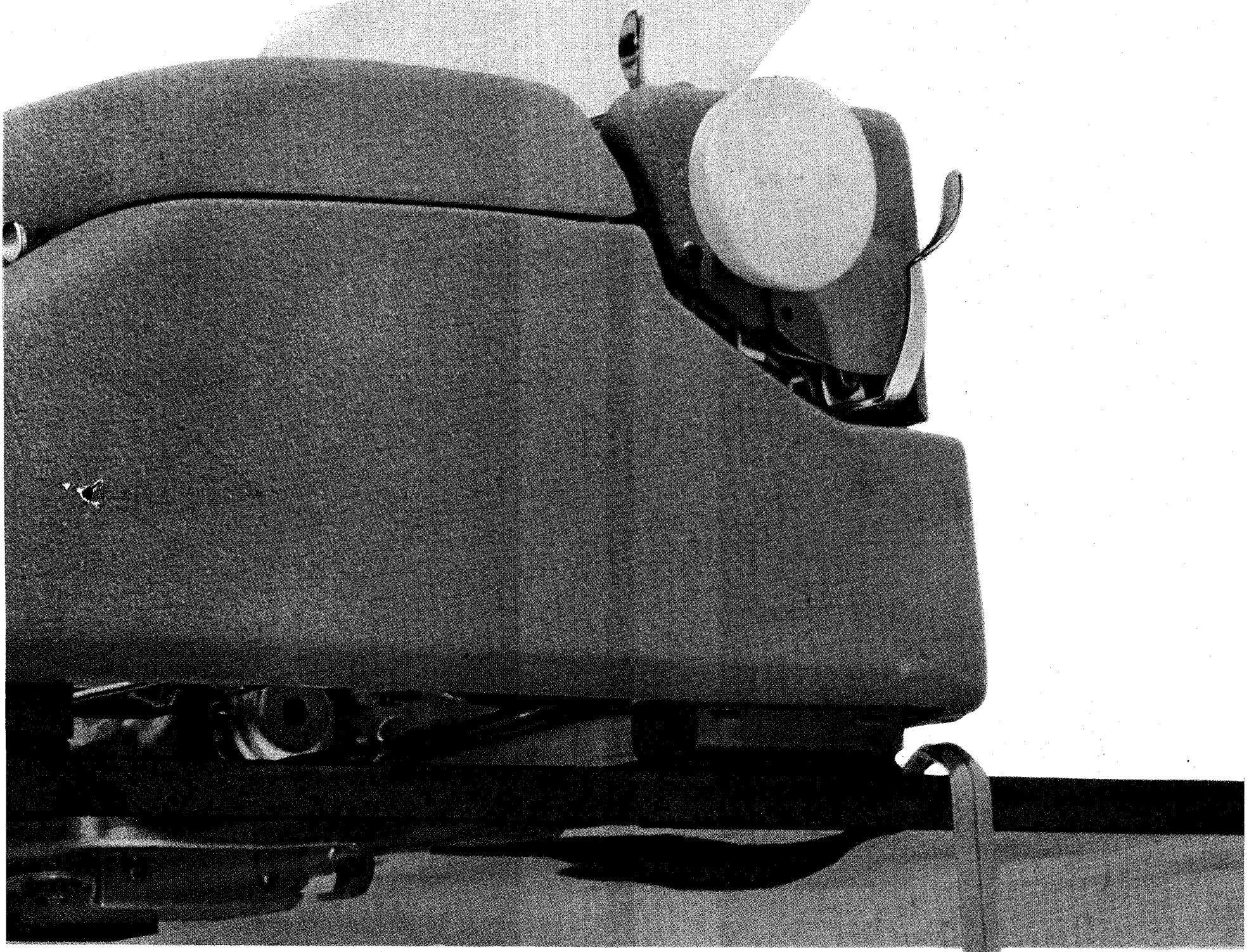

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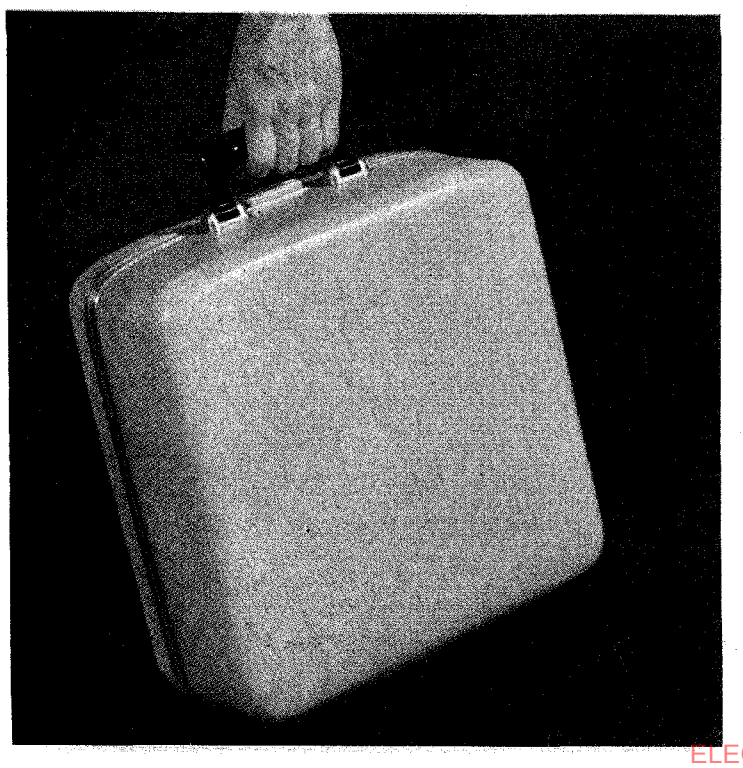

Smith-Corona

ELECTRIC PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

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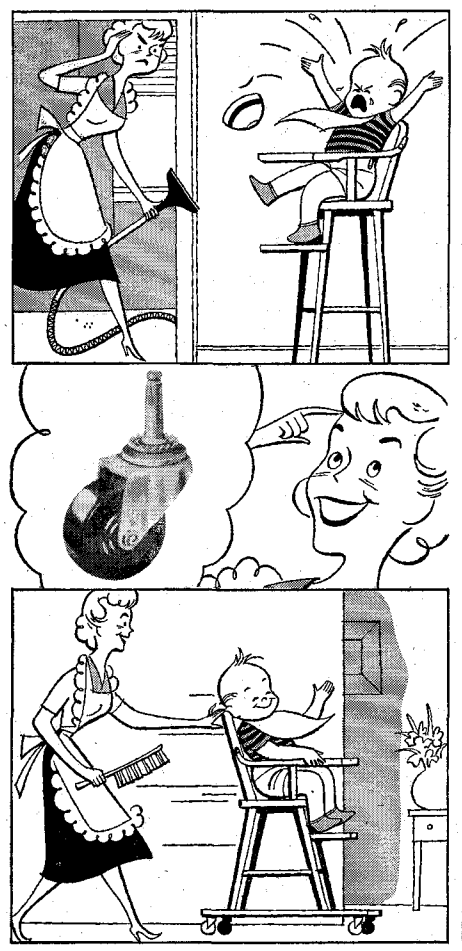


Bring baby along on Bassick casters

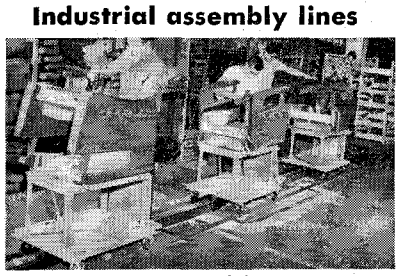
Here's one more way Bassick casters can help around the house.

Put them on baby's high chair—then, if he starts to cry at being left alone, it's easy to wheel him into kitchen, living room, wherever you're working.

Bassick casters roll smoothly, safely on hard rubber, plastic or rubber-tired wheels. They swivel easily on ball bearings. They won't harm the finest carpet nor scuff floors or linoleum. There are the right sizes and types for beds, tables, chairs—any piece of furniture you want to move.

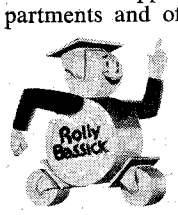
Ask for Bassicks at hardware counters everywhere. They're the best money can buy. And they save you many times their cost in floor and furniture protection. Bassick casters make housework easier, too.

Industrial assembly lines



Industry, too, uses Bassick casters on many jobs. Here, they're speeding assembly line production of famous lounge chairs. These are grooved-wheel Bassick casters on inexpensive angle-iron tracks.

Other types of Bassicks are widely used in industrial shipping, testing, production departments and offices. Ask your industrial distributor about them. THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport 2, Conn. *In Canada:* Belleville, Ont. 7.2



Bassick
A DIVISION OF
STEWART SW WARNER

MAKING MORE KINDS OF CASTERS... MAKING CASTERS DO MORE

(*Continued from Page 60*) before—the bitterness and unfamiliarity.

And somewhere in the evening, a boy called sadly for his lost dog. To misplace something dear is to cripple the spirit, said Sen. Matthew Forrest to himself.

Among the peculiarities of Eugene County and its seat, Madison, are extraordinary heat in summer, blinding blizzards in winter, cattle ticks, chiggers, flat uninterrupted geography, low incomes, and the fact that a political rally outdraws far gaudier events such as fairs, cattle auctions and murder trials. Eugene County is a one-party county. Its people have voted the straight administration ticket since the first settlers decided the place was habitable.

"If they don't vote for you," Minnie had said, "they won't vote for anyone, because they don't believe in anyone else."

The shadows were long at the end of a broiling day by the time Saul maneuvered his car through the streets of Madison, past the courthouse and out to the fairgrounds west of town. Madison had taken on a carnival air; posters were everywhere, bearing the picture and name of Ed Russell, state treasurer and Heald's choice in the primary against Matt. A huge streamer spanned Main Street from the bank to the telephone-company building. It read: PUT ANOTHER WINNER ON A GREAT TEAM: RUSSELL FOR SENATOR! Occasionally Matt saw one of his own 1952 campaign posters bearing his picture and one word: FORREST.

They had to park nearly a quarter of a mile from the fairgrounds. Crowds of people swarmed along the dirt road lined by bumper-to-bumper-parked cars. Children lapped at free ice-cream cones and carried balloons labeled RUSSELL. Their mothers mopped perspiring foreheads, plucked at print dresses that clung to shoulder, bosom and hip. Somewhere in the distance a band was playing, a nasal tenor howled a campaign song through a public-address system while fireworks whooshed and popped in the darkening sky.

As Saul and Matt were swept along by the slow-moving crowd, a few hands were pushed out to be shaken, there were nods of recognition, embarrassed grins as a man tried to hide his child's RUSSELL balloon or discard a Heald ice-cream stick.

The fairgrounds were strung with colored lights, packed with people over whom the deafening barrage of joyous, professional welcome was sprayed like the love bellow of a thousand mechanical monsters. "'Lo there, senator!"

"Hi, Matt! Fight, boy!"

A curt nod. "Senator."

Handshake, false greeting, genuine good wish. Through the blur of lights and sounds, Matt looked for Minnie. Mad or not, she would be here this Monday evening. He waved when someone cheered, and tried to smile at faces that had no smile for him this year.

A tall, hollow-cheeked man in stained hat and patched overalls stood in the tent entrance. Matt held out his hand. "Hello, Bob. Glad you came."

The man's eyes narrowed. "Didn't figure on coming, senator."

"No?" Matt answered easily. "Why'd you bother, then?"

The man spat. "Minnie said I owed it to listen. Would'n'a' bothered."

Matt started. "Minnie said that?"

"Saturday. She didn't tell me direct. Came by my brother Tom's place and minded Tom of how you brought his boy home from service when Grace took sick. Minnie said the least Tom could do would be to come hear you, and bring his folks. So we come."

Matt's anger rose from a hot, tight ball in the pit of his stomach. "How many others came for the same reason?"

"You count 'em, senator. All the ones with cows and no money."

Matt moved on. Inside the tent, spotlights glinted off the tubas and trombones of the band; over the stage the battle of posters was more equal; huge portraits of Russell and Forrest stared down on the packed, sweating, babbling crowd that filled the jammed seats, aisles and sides to the back, left open to the night. Hundreds more milled about loud-speakers set up on posts in the fairgrounds. A thrill of expectancy hung in the air. Scattered applause greeted the tall, tired, familiar figure of Eugene County's senior senator.

Suddenly someone blocked the way. Minnie wore a dark green summer dress, white hat, shoes and gloves. Her eyes, on Matt's face, were exhausted.

"The country people are here," she said. "Tell them."

He looked down at her for a moment. Then, gravely, he kissed her cheek and they moved through the crowd to the platform.

Almost in a daze, Matt went through the ritual of shaking hands, even with Heald, who, reeking of cologne, in a summer suit, was beaming and charitable in the hour of his triumph.

"Can't win 'em all, Matt!" he bawled over the din. "No hard feelings, boy!" Then the ritual was over and the carnage was about to begin.

It was all there—all the familiar sights and sounds of a thousand political rallies. The county chairman banging for silence, the deafening crash of applause. And then Luther Heald, in all his Corn Belt majesty, was speaking in the style that had already begun to draw even national attention: "The arrogance of an English duke! He knows his good friend, Ray Dunphy, will pay him off handsomely! So this Judas—this betrayer of his own people—is willing to break the back of every farmer in the state to fix himself for life!"

The searchlights burned down with merciless intensity and from the looming, swaying figure of Heald came the roll and timing of ageless style. In him, natural orators from Bryan to F.D.R. spoke; in his phrases and modulations, the ghosts of Huey Long, Borah and Gene Talmadge were resurrected in the sweltering evening. "And they'll vote the cow tax if Forrest sides with them! They'll make bankrupt lands and shatter years of sweat with the help of Forrest and his gang of traitorous senators who have peddled their duties for a judgeship—one man's judgeship!" Heald paused, perspiration gleaming on his florid face. "Oh, they know my veto of the Forrest judgeship would do no good! They can repass it *over* my veto! Thus it becomes a crime to own a cow! A sin to farm! And why? Why? Because Matthew Forrest aspires to the bench he could never earn honestly through years of service in the courts!"

Eugene County sat rapt and silent, listening. It was now clear that Matthew Forrest was truly a servant of corruption.

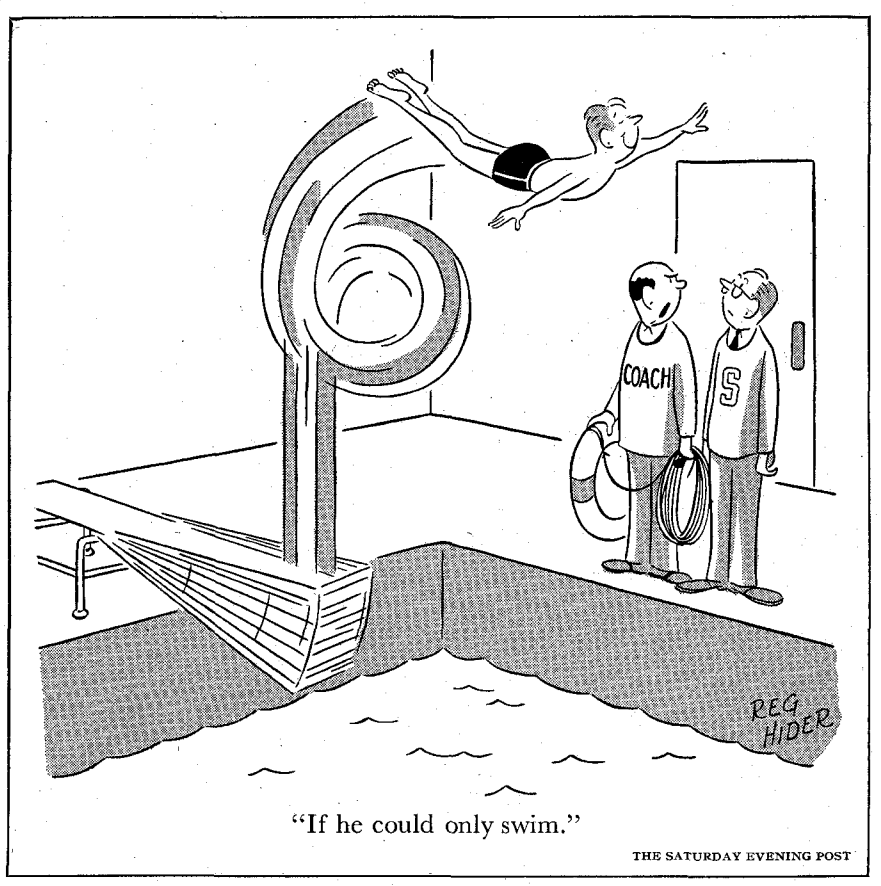
"I have but one choice," Heald was saying, dropping his voice to a sorrowful tone, "one choice. I must challenge Matt Forrest to stand here tonight and tell his fellow Americans how he will vote on this monstrous tyranny! I must ask Forrest to be a man and state his views! And then I shall place before this great rally the name of a real man, a man who always states his views! Ed Russell!"

And there was more—an hour's worth, a perspiring, shouting, righteously angry hour's worth while the searchlights glared, Eugene County listened and Matt Forrest's political life ticked away.

And then the applause—thundering, cheering, whistling. And then, silence, the introduction, fair play, both sides, the American way—Sen. Matthew Forrest.

He looked once at Minnie, rose, tall and alone, and walked to the podium. There he paused, both hands on the narrow table and looked out across the vast audience. Silence hung like an unexploded bomb. Then Matt Forrest spoke.

"Governor Heald," he said slowly, "Chairman Stillman, Ed Russell, voters of Eugene County." He took a deep breath. "I won't be taking much of your time. The governor has used up a lot of that and a lot of his own words, and I think we've had about enough. I think also," Matt said, sweeping his gaze steadily across a thousand faces that stared back with grim hostility, "that a lot of you came here tonight for a false reason. You came (*Continued on Page 67*)



"If he could only swim."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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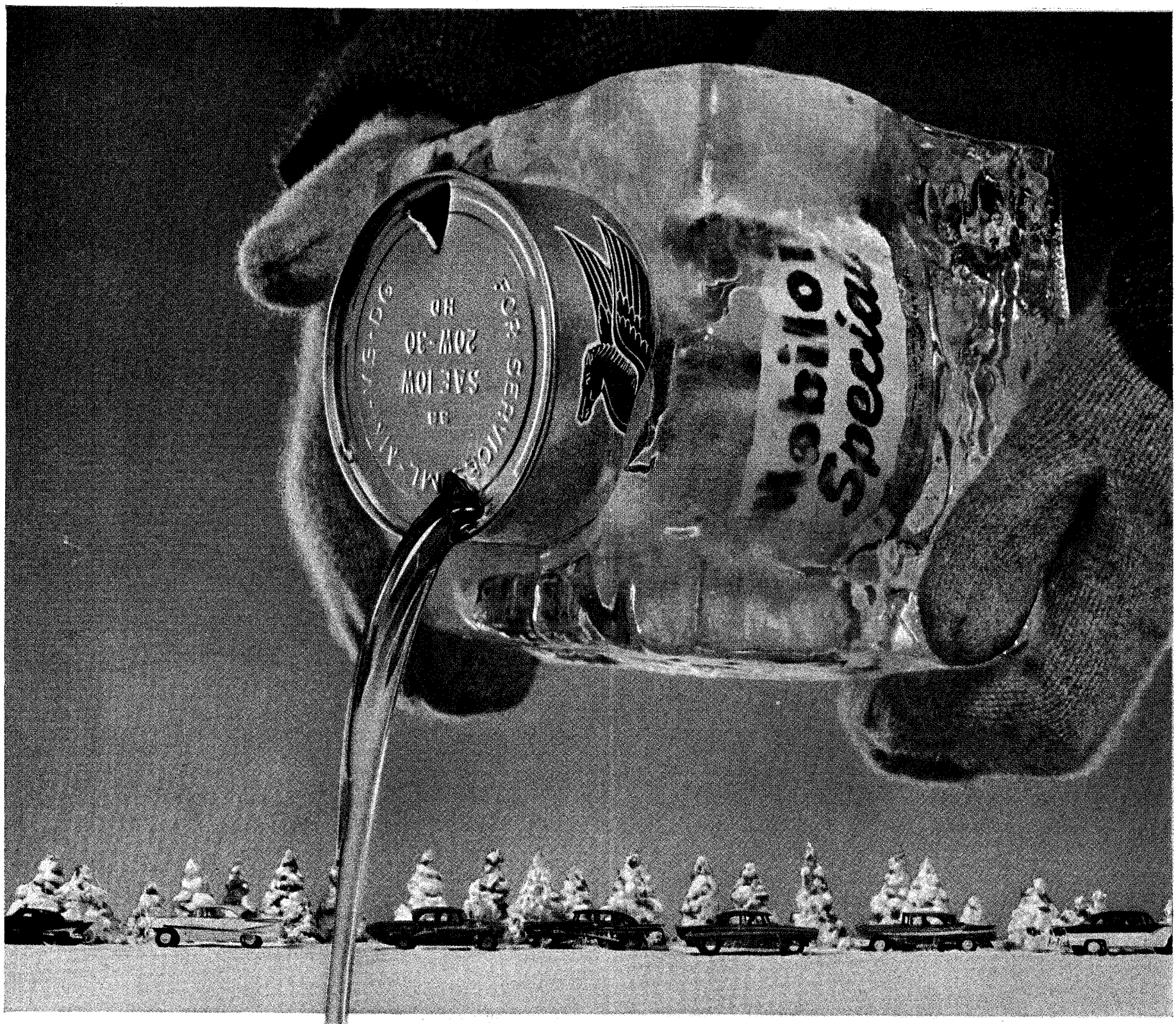

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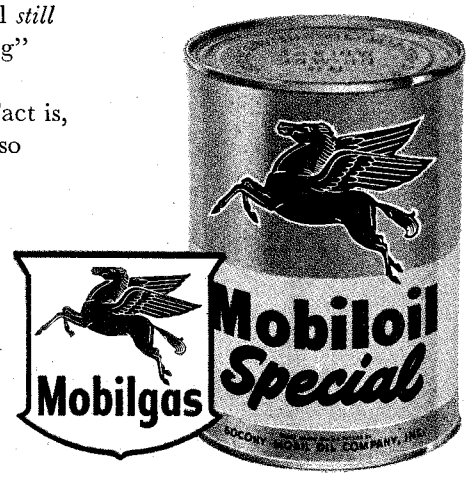

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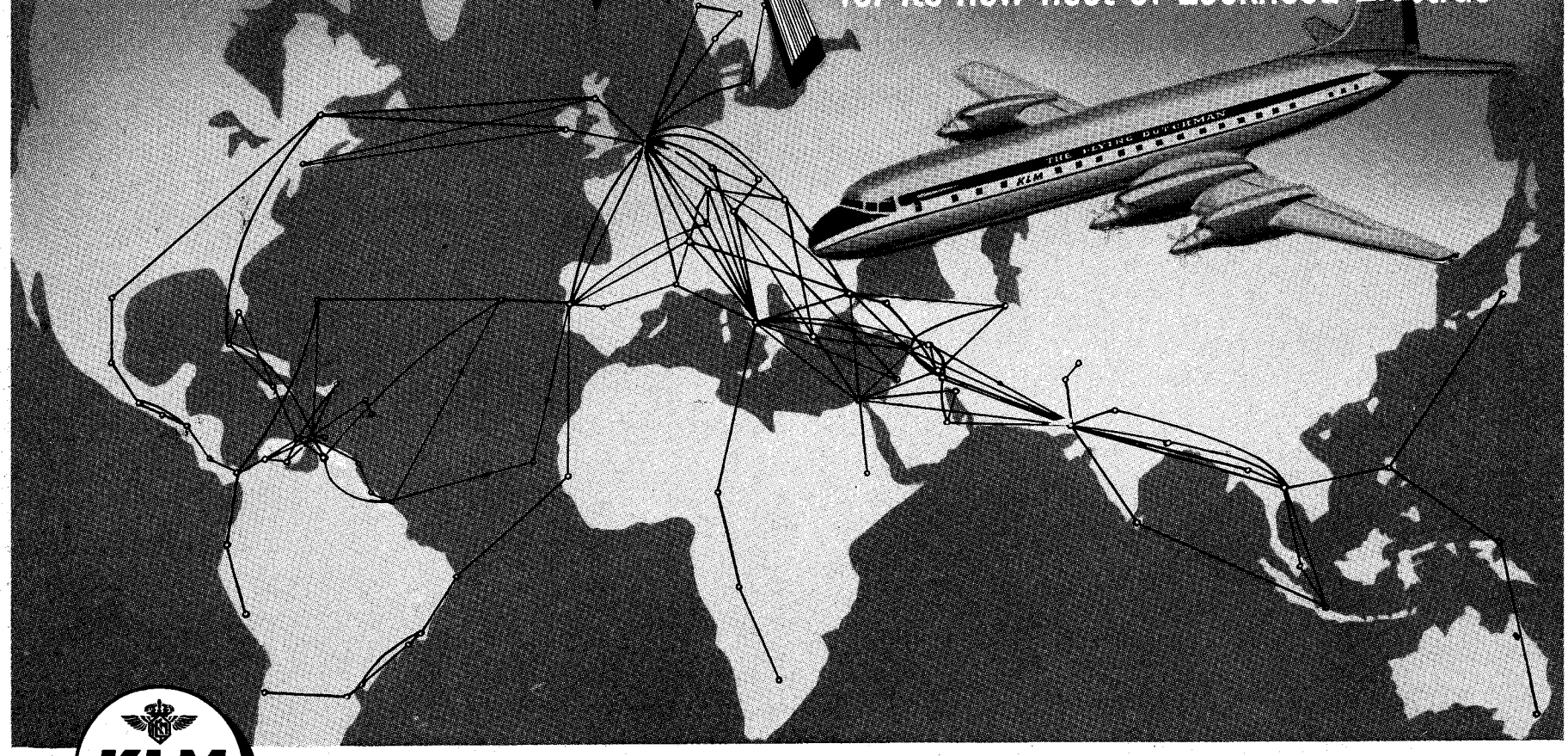
A powerful turbine coupled with the high-propulsive efficiency of a propeller. Now setting new records in military transport, the Allison Prop-Jet will be backed by two years of flying before entering commercial service.



KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

A new "Treat to go Dutch" for world air travelers

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, the world's first airline, steps into the jet age of world air travel by ordering a brand-new fleet of 7-mile-a-minute Lockheed ELECTRAS with Allison Prop-Jet power.

KLM made this selection *after careful evaluation of all propeller-type aircraft power plants now built, or soon to be available.*

The 15,000 horsepower of the four Allison Prop-Jet engines will wing the Lockheed ELECTRA through the air at well over 400 miles per hour, cutting KLM's time schedules by 30% and providing new smoothness and quiet comfort over KLM's 152,000-mile air network.

What's more, it can operate out of "short-hop" airports with runways shorter than those required by today's four-engined transports.

In selecting Allison Prop-Jet power, KLM has demonstrated the same foresight that has marked the purchase of Allison Prop-Jet engines and Aeroproducts propellers by 5 major U. S. airlines—American, Eastern, National, Braniff and Western.

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ALLISON PROP-JET POWER

AMERICAN-BUILT FOR THE JET AGE IN AIR TRAVEL

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(*Continued from Page 64*) because my wife asked you to. You came because, at one time or another, I did things for you—a brother, a cousin maybe. Apparently you and Minnie Forrest don't understand what public office is all about. The people give a man a job and the man gives back service. You and I did that for many years. You don't owe me anything. I don't think I owe you anything."

From the rear of the tent a harsh voice shouted, "Tell about the cow tax, Forrest!"

Matt raised his eyes. His face was calm. "Stand up," he said.

There was no movement from the back of the tent.

"Stand up so we can see you, man," Matt repeated. "I'm standing here in full view. If you have anything to say, you stand too."

A long-torsoed young man in blue jeans and khaki shirt rose from the audience. He stood, hat on the back of his head, thumbs hooked into his belt. He stared a moment and then grinned and reddened.

"Charlie Davidson," Matt said quietly. "You always did run off at the mouth a lot, Charlie. . . . No, stay there. I want you to hear this."

The farmer's grin vanished.

Matt lifted his hands from the podium and straightened up to his full, tired height. "I knew your father, Charlie. He was a good man. He came out here in 1904 and staked off that seven hundred and eighty acres you farm over in Libertyville and got down to work. He worked hard, and if he wanted something extra he worked harder. When he died in 1939 everyone knew that Luke Davidson had done his best." Matt paused, focusing his steady gaze on the angry man in the audience. "There are a lot of people like you in this world, Charlie. When things go badly, you complain. You sit on your tail and watch the crops dry up and gripe because the politicians don't do anything. But your father wasn't like that, Charlie. He knew that the politicians can't do a thing about those dead fields, but you can."

"You're off your head, Forrest! Go soak it!"

"Eugene County needs water," Matt continued without changing his expression. "For years now, politicians have gone up and down this county promising irrigation systems. Governor Heald here promised one connected to the Tuckalhoosac when he campaigned through here in 1954. Now the governor makes the same promise, but he and Ed Russell know we can't afford an irrigation system because this state is bankrupt. I don't know why it is, but maybe Treasurer Russell can tell us.

"Last February, Senator Ray Dunphy—not a member of our party—came to me and said that he was going to propose a cow tax so that the state could pay some of its debts. He asked my support for this bill. I thought of men like you, Charlie. I thought of how hard you've worked, how little you have. I knew this tax would be just another burden. But then I had another idea. In March I went back to Senator Dunphy and said that I would vote for this tax if Eugene County's share were used to build an irrigation system. I said that this was the only way that I could vote for the tax. And I knew it was the only way we'd ever get our irrigation. I decided this, Charlie, not because of you, but remembering men like your father who sweated for what they wanted.

"Senator Dunphy said he would see what he could do. This sort of thing is extremely delicate to arrange. Ray Dunphy worked a long time, lining up approval in his own party to amend the cow-tax bill. He asked me to keep quiet until he could give me an answer. I got my answer last night. Eugene County can have its irrigation system if it wants to pay for it."

The audience was absolutely silent. Somewhere in the steaming, sweating tent a baby wailed and was instantly hushed.

Matt leaned on the podium again, still fixing his eyes on the lone figure that stood in the audience. "So there it is, Charlie—a choice for you and every man in this county who farms and owns a cow. If you renominate me, I'm going to vote for the cow tax. If you nominate Ed Russell, you won't have to pay it. But then, judging from the governor's past promises, I don't think you'll get an irrigation system either." Matt paused. "I think I know what your father would have done, Charlie. I think he would've stirred himself and bought what he needed, without charity. What you will do, I don't know. But that's all the campaign I've got, all the speech I've got. And I'm only a candidate for one thing—senator from Eugene County. I'm not interested in any other job. Now it's up to you to decide what you and I will do."

He stood a moment longer and then turned away from the rostrum. In the vast, shocked silence, Matt's footsteps rang on the platform boards. Minnie rose to meet him, the exhaustion gone from her eyes, replaced by the indefinable thing that is the pride of woman in the man she loves. Her arm slid through Matt's and together, tall and unashamed in the gaze of a thousand eyes, they descended the steps and went out into the evening.

It was hot in Eugene County that night, broiling, breathlessly hot, the kind of heat you feel must contain the genesis of thunder and rain.

Matt and Minnie walked through the crowd of farmers, tired women and dirty-faced children, who parted to let them pass. They walked beneath the strings of dancing, garish lights, past the sobered sandwich men, the hot-dog venders who sold in return for votes for Luther Heald.

Then, in the breathless, unmoving heat, the thunder began; it was touched off by a hoarse shout, lost in the wilderness of heat, tent and darkness. Then a hundred voices were yelling, calling a name, shouting it back to recognition. The storm grew in lightning stabs of yells while the thunder of foot-stamping swelled. And then, at last, the deluge of applause like sudden rain, washing away the county chairman's futile cries for order.

They were yelling Matt's name, chanting: "Forrest! Forrest! Forrest!" in rhythmic roars. But as Matt and Minnie paused and stopped, they both knew that it wasn't Matt that Eugene County was shouting for; it was something out of the past, the deep belief, the pride of men who are beholden to none, the sense of rugged independence that had made Eugene County what it really was.

How're you going to vote, Ed Bailey?

Ed Bailey sits on his low porch in the evening. A light from the kitchen shines out across the unpainted boards, on the dust of the barnyard and the stain of Ed Bailey.

In the evening, the kitchen radio plays softly—news, ball scores, the weather forecast. It will be hot tonight and hot tomorrow, and maybe it'll never rain again.

I figger a man's got to make his own way. I figger a man's lucky to get a chance to make his own way. When a fella does something for you, that fella usually wants something back—something you maybe don't want to give. And you never know what that fella's likely to want until after he's done for you. I've heard promising and I've heard lying too. I guess Heald's a good promiser because I've heard him do it before. I figger he's a fair liar because what he promised didn't get here. And maybe we wouldn't'a' liked it if it did. I'd rather pay money and know what I'm gettin'.

Ed Bailey spits again and thinks about going to town to see if the banker will be fool enough to give a loan on five hundred turkeys that may live until market time if they don't just sit down and quit.

I reckon I'll vote for Matt Forrest. That's what Ed Bailey says.

THE END

"Manicure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

New Spray Clears Away Even Worst Head Cold Distress!

Wonder Drug Medication Spreads Where Ordinary Sprays May Not Reach

Shaped to work like a doctor's atomizer

Now—when a cold-stuffed nose makes you miserable—you can enjoy more effective relief with new Vicks Medi-Mist.

Just two squeezes up each nostril. Almost instantly, you feel the swelling go down, feel the air coming through. Your nose opens, your head clears—you *breathe* with relief!

You get such fast effective relief because Medi-Mist contains Cetamium, a remarkable penetrating ingredient that spreads soothing medications deeper. Medi-Mist opens up your nose, kills germs, relieves allergic distress, sneezing.

It is so pleasant, children use it without urging.

For faster, more complete relief from even worst head cold distress, try New Vicks Medi-Mist today.▸

New VICKS® Medi-Mist NASAL SPRAY

Antihistaminic Antibiotic

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Westinghouse Sand Test

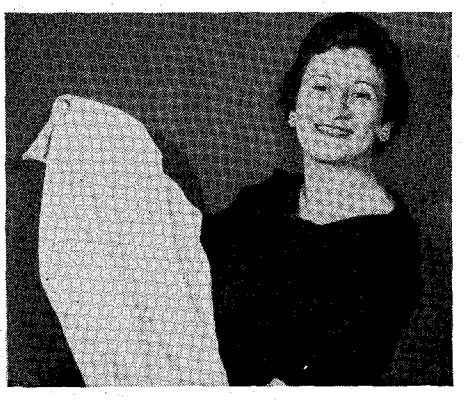
proves that the Laundromat® washes cleaner, rinses better, cleans itself

ABOVE, ACTUAL SCENE FROM "LIVE" TV SAND TEST on Westinghouse "Studio One," Monday, November 12th. Shown with Betty Furness are people who wrote Westinghouse they could hardly believe the difference in washing action when they saw the first Sand Test on television. Westinghouse invited them to New York November 12th to make the same test themselves. Here they are in the CBS studio with their husbands and wives during the sand test.

Center-post Agitator X,
operated by Mr. Albert W. Schmidt
of Cedar Rapids, Iowa,
failed to remove sand from the towels.

Center-post Agitator Y,
operated by Mrs. Robert George Davey
of Indianapolis, Indiana,
failed to remove sand from the towels.

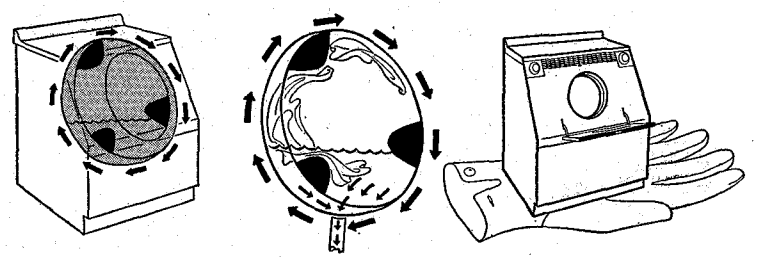
Center-post Agitator Z,
operated by Mrs. Robert J. Begasse
of New Milford, Connecticut,
failed to remove sand from the towels.



Westinghouse Revolving Agitator,
operated by Mrs. Ben R. Gilbert
of Canton, Ohio,
removed all the sand from the towels.

Eight cups of dirty sand cleaned up all the confusion about automatic washing machines in a live TV test—proving, beyond any doubt, the superiority of the Westinghouse Laundromat. The sand was added equally to four 1957 automatic washers loaded with clean white towels. Three of the washers were well-known makes with center-post agitators. The fourth was a Westinghouse Laundromat with patented Revolving Agitator. All machines completed their full wash, spin and rinse cycles. What were the results? Just look above!

HERE'S WHY THE REVOLVING AGITATOR LAUNDROMAT IS BEST



WASHES CLEANER!
No old-fashioned center-post. Clothes go *inside* new Revolving Agitator which lifts, plunges clothes 50 times a minute, washes each piece thoroughly.

RINSES BETTER!
Revolving Agitator lifts clothes, drains dirty water away from, never back through them. Center-post machines strain it back through clothes.

CLEANS ITSELF!
Laundromat cleans itself automatically. White glove rubbed inside machine comes out spotless, free of soil, sand, lint, scum.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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Ambush at Blanco Canyon

(Continued from Page 39)

"I'm looking for Miss Maragon, sir," McKay said.

"What reason do you have to think anything has happened to her?"

"She started from Ladder around noon yesterday, but never reached town. Both Patricia and Ramon, coming later, saw nothing of her. Ramon found her glove by the roadside. We thought it worth investigating, and found she met three riders and accompanied them south. The other glove had been dropped along the trail. This is as far as Ramon had followed the tracks when we saw you coming."

"Well, I can tell you the tracks lead straight into Blanco Canyon," the major said. "A man stumbled up to Ladder in the middle of the night with the news. It's an outrage, sir, a foul and dastardly crime, and this time we will not hold back. We'll wipe this den of wolves from the face of the earth!"

McKay asked, "Just what did the man say about Miss Maragon?"

Steve Leech answered, "It seems Buck Hannesey and two friends brought the girl into Blanco last night. She'd been roughed up more than a little, I reckon. Jackman, who used to work for Lazy M, got an attack of conscience and sneaked out for help." Leech's pale blue eyes considered McKay mockingly. "For a tenderfoot, you cover a lot of territory, Mr. McKay. What were you planning to do when you found her? Ride up to Buck Hannesey and ask him please to let her go?"

"Well, it's one approach," McKay said. "I'll keep it in mind." He glanced at Ramon, sitting stolidly to his left, and turned to the major. "What's your plan, sir?"

"Plan?" the major said. "Why, we ride in and rout them out of there, of course!"

"That could be hard on Miss Maragon, if there's any shooting."

Steve Leech said, "She might welcome a bullet, after a night in Buck Hannesey's hands."

The thought was unpleasant, and the Ladder foreman's expression of it more so. McKay said sharply, "I'll lend her a loaded pistol and let her make her own choice—after we get her back safely. If we all ride in together, there's bound to be a fight."

"That's right, Mr. McKay," Leech said softly. "You don't like fights. I forgot."

McKay did not look at him, but spoke to the major. "My suggestion, sir, is for one man to ride into the canyon and see just what the situation is; talk to the Hanneseys and hear what they have to say; maybe get some notion of where Miss Maragon is being held. Being less involved in local affairs than anyone else here, I'm the logical person for the job; besides, if I can once get to speak to Rufus Hannesey, I have reason to believe I'll be perfectly safe."

The major was staring at him, disconcerted. "You're volunteering to ride in there alone? Don't you realize that what happened last night makes them outlaws? They'll know every man's hand is against them!"

Steve Leech said softly, "For a man who's been going out of his way to avoid trouble, you're very brave all of a sudden, McKay."

"Steve!" the major said sharply. He glanced at McKay. "This is all a waste of time. I appreciate your offer, Jim, but I see no reason at all to parley with the scoundrels."

McKay felt his patience break, and spoke sharply, "Sir, did you come here to save a girl's life or merely to settle a private grudge?"

The older man's breath caught. The muscles of his jaw tightened, and, ignoring McKay, he raised his gloved hand, held it aloft for a moment, and swung it down sharply to point at the gateway in the cliffs ahead. There was a sudden yell from the cowboys, and the whole outfit surged into motion with the sound of thunder.

Then a voice cried, "Major! Major Terrill, rider coming hell-bent from town!"

The major's arm went up again, and the charge ground to a halt amid a swirling cloud of dust. Steve Leech shouted, "It's Miss Pat!" and galloped off to meet the approaching figure. The rest of the group followed more slowly. When they reached the girl, the foreman had already helped her from her lathered horse, which stood head down and spread-legged in the last stages of exhaustion. Patricia herself was in little better condition, barely able to stand with Steve Leech's support. Her father dismounted and hurried to take her into his arms. Presently she raised her head.

"Thank God I reached you in time!" she gasped. "It's a trap! They're waiting in there to wipe you out!"

Gradually they got the girl's story. Waking early, she had started back to the ranch, only to be stopped outside of town by a rider whose face was vaguely familiar. He was drunk and reeling in the saddle; there was a bottle in his hand.

"Going home to Ladder, honey?" he had asked, leering at her. "Nothing for you there; they all rode out last night. Come along with me; I'll show you a good time."

He had thrown the bottle aside and reached for her and tried to drag her off her horse; she had fought him off with her quirt, crying that her father would run him out of the country for his presumption. The man had laughed harshly, riding away.

"You won't be so high and mighty long!" he had shouted back. "Your dad ain't running nobody nowhere after today. He's riding on Blanco Canyon, thinking to rescue Miss Maragon, and Rufus Hannesey's got a surprise all ready for him. There won't be a man come back to Ladder alive. Maybe you'll sing a different tune after the Hanneseys take over this country."

The major listened to this; when his daughter had stopped talking, he frowned. "I'll take care of Jackman later," he said. "But I don't quite see why you broke down a good horse to tell me this, my dear! Naturally I expect Hannesey will put up some resistance, but I've dealt with him and his kind before ——"

"But, dad, that man knew something!" Patricia cried. "Rufus Hannesey has something up his sleeve; I know it!"

"Well, what would you have me do? Leave your friend, Julie, in his tender clutches?"

"How do you know that isn't where she wants to be?" the blond girl demanded. (*Continued on Page 74*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Junior, a nine-year-old terror, defied teachers until his school was in an uproar. After all, he shouted, what could they do about it? He found out when an old-fashioned teacher doubled him over her knee and gave him a half-dozen hard spanks. Smarting, Junior fled home. His parents sued the teacher.

"Some children can't be taught without an occasional well-meant spanking," the teacher said. "If you won't discipline your child, his teacher must. The spanking I gave him didn't even break the skin."

"That kind of discipline went out years ago," counsel for Junior retorted. "Children are people and anyone who hits them is just as liable as if he or she hits an adult."

If you were the judge, would you make the teacher pay damages?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The teacher did not have to pay. The court ruled that teachers, standing *in loco parentis*, or in place of the parents during school hours, may mete "moderate correction" as long as it is not done with malice and does not inflict permanent injury.

Based upon a 1954 Alabama decision.

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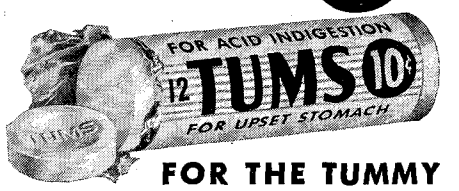

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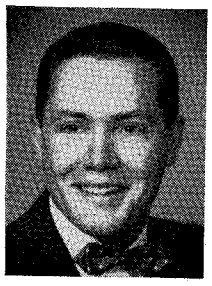

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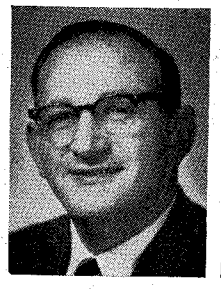

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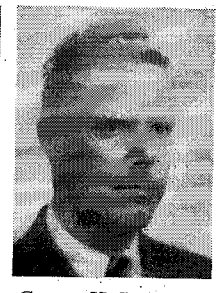

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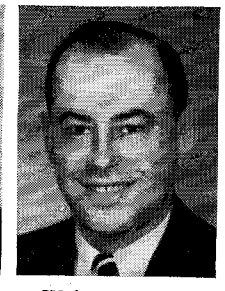

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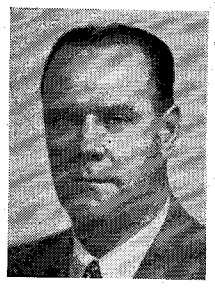

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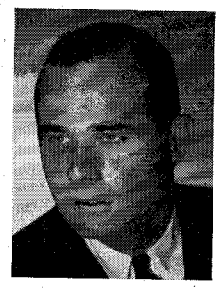

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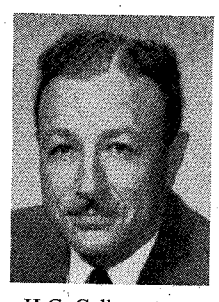

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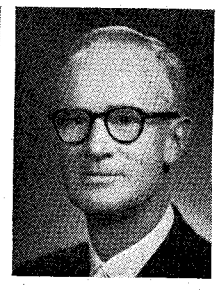

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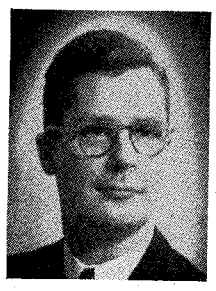

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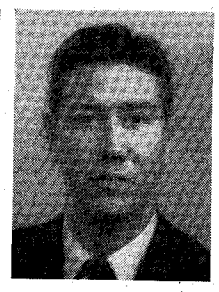

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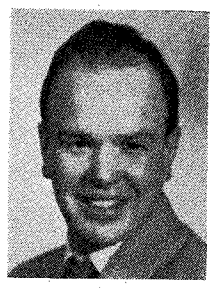

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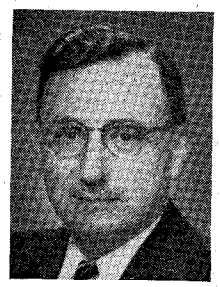

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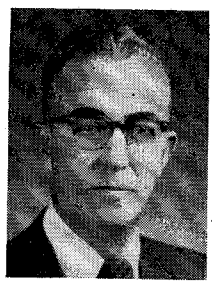

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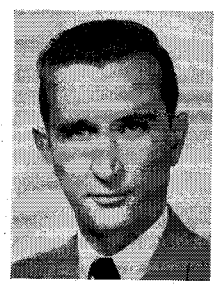

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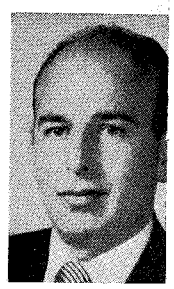

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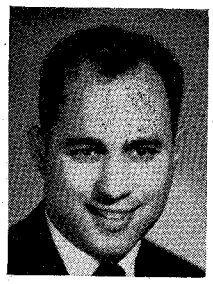

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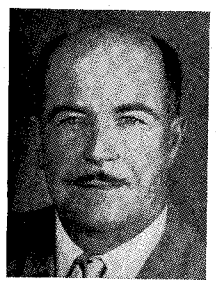

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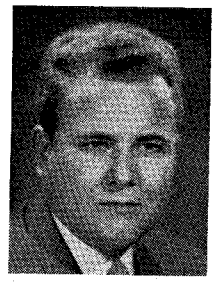

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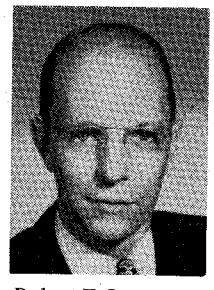

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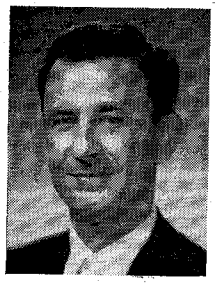

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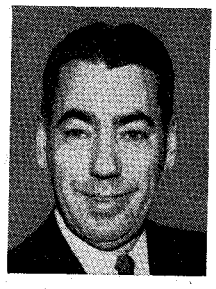

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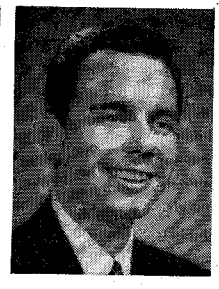

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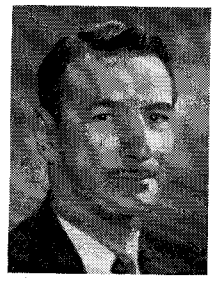

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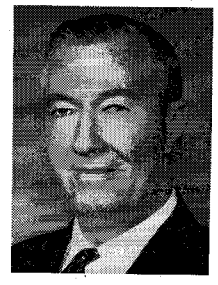

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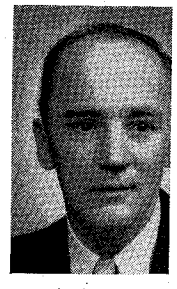

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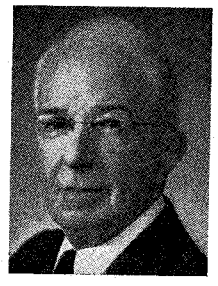

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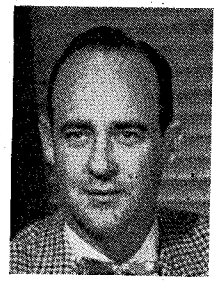

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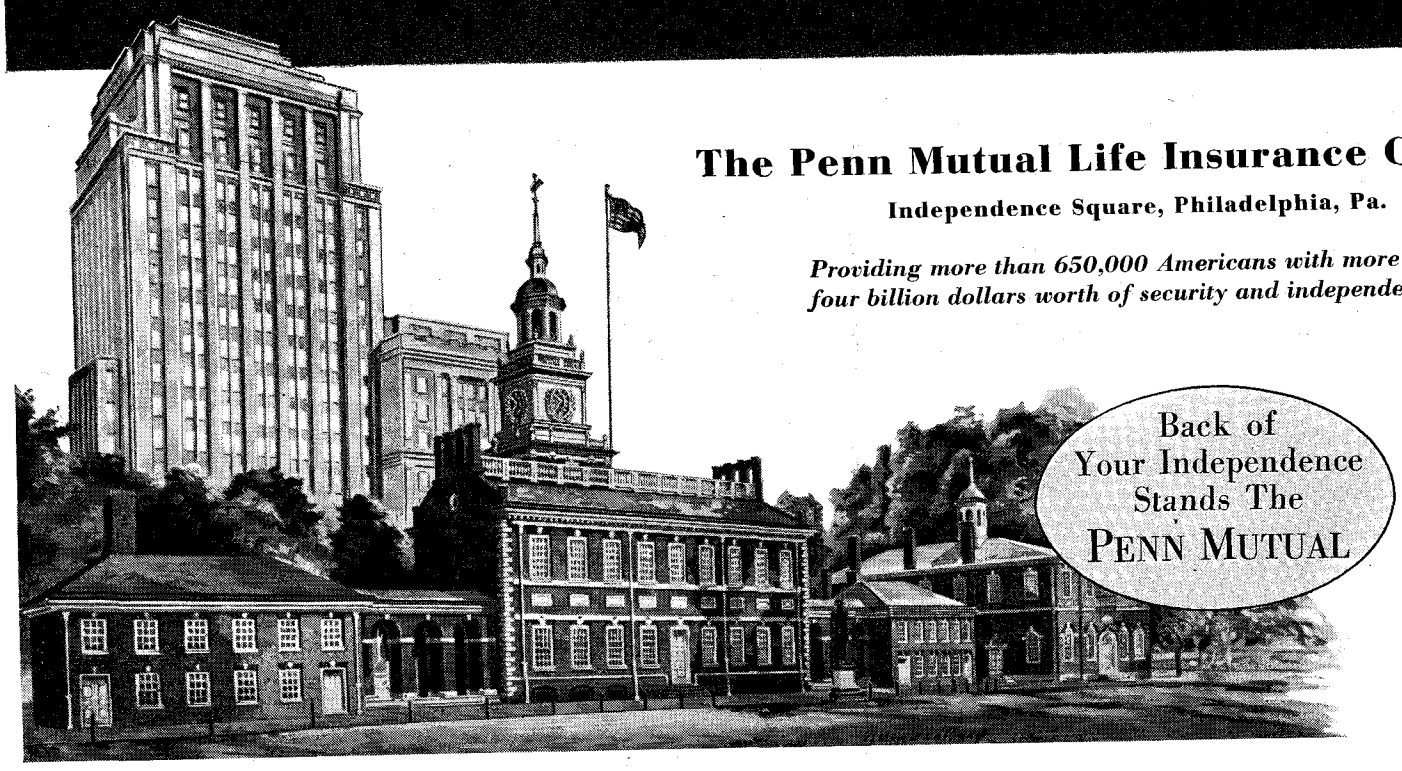

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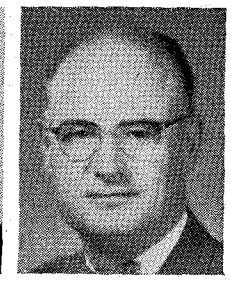

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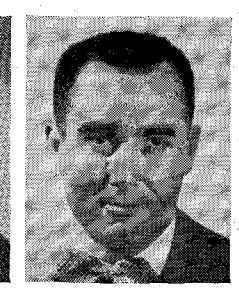

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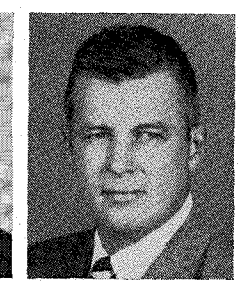

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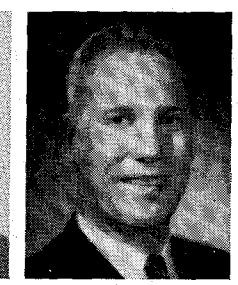

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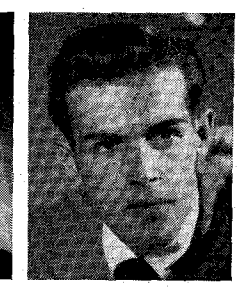

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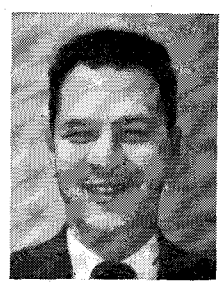

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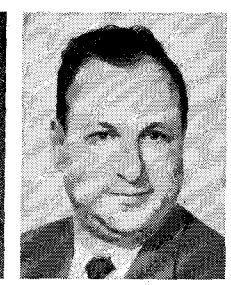

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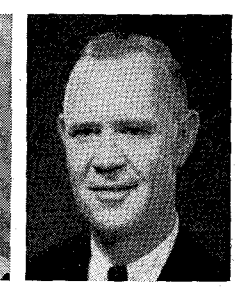

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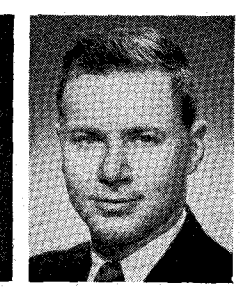

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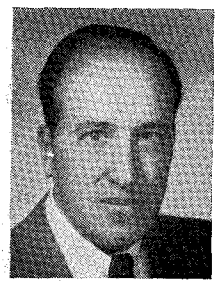

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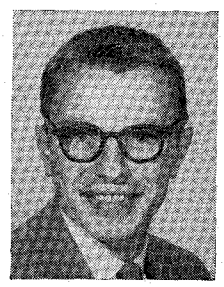

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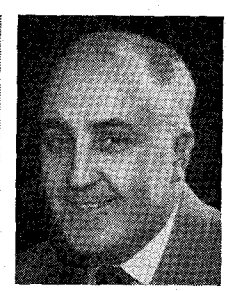

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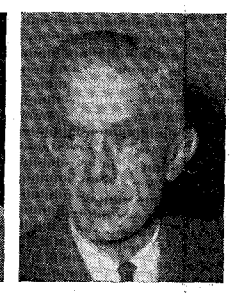

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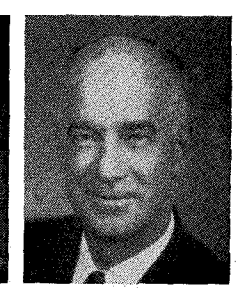

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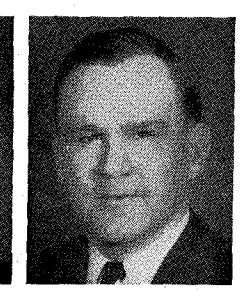

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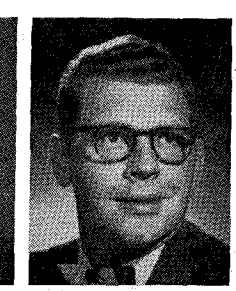

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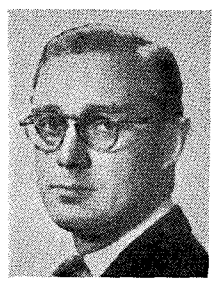

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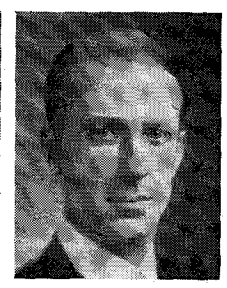

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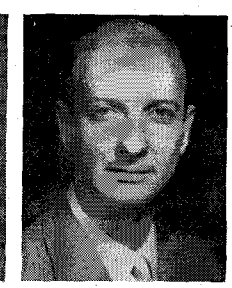

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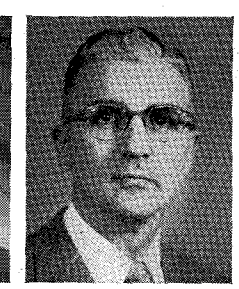

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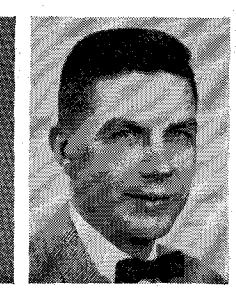

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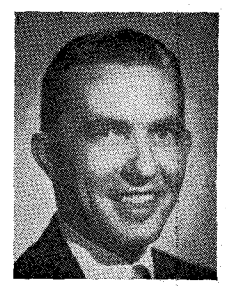

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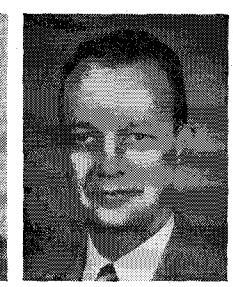

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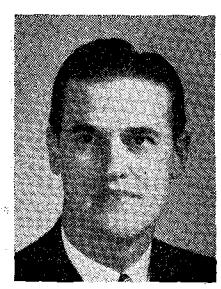

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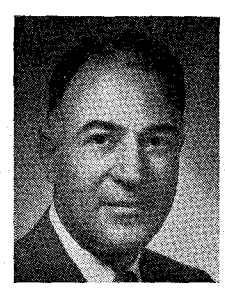

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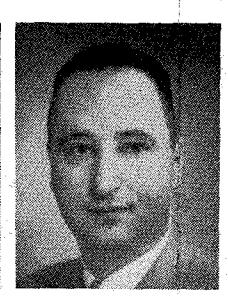

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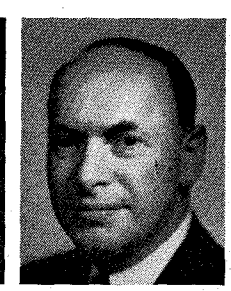

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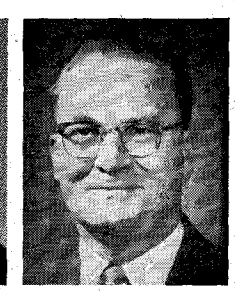

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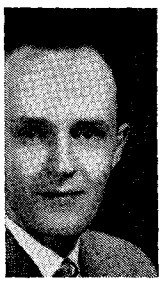

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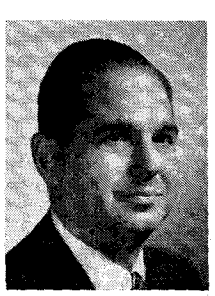

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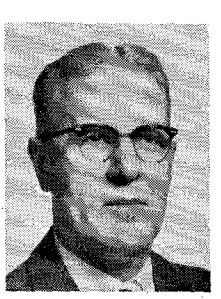

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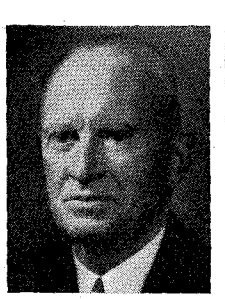

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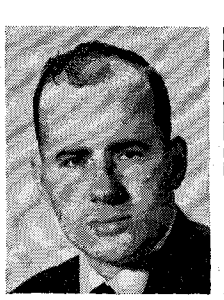

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(*Continued from Page 69*) "Dad, I'm tired and hot and dusty; please take me home!"

McKay, at the outskirts of the group, felt an odd kind of unbelief as he listened; he turned away and walked a little distance and stopped to look at the gateway in the cliffs and the opening beyond. He could see a house with smoke rising from the chimney; it was a peaceful scene. He found himself remembering the way the sunlight had thrown reddish glints from Julie Maragon's primly arranged dark hair. This seemed like an irrelevant thought, and he dismissed it—after all, he was a man with a broken heart.

"Ramon," he said.

"*Sí, señor.*"

"Take this. Keep it for me. If I shouldn't come back, it goes to Miss Terrill." He opened his shirt and unbuckled and drew out the money belt he carried.

"If you go, I go with you," Ramon said. "I knew the little señorita long before you. Her grandfather was my friend."

McKay looked at him for a moment, nodded and walked over to the major. "Here, sir," he said, putting the money belt in the older man's hand. "Hold this for me while I ride in and have a look. Give me an hour."

He noticed Patricia looking up quickly from the blanket on which she sat, aware of his presence for the first time. He did not look at her, but climbed into the saddle and rode off with Ramon at his side. Somebody called after him, but he did not turn. It seemed a long ride across the open plain to the entrance of the canyon; then they were riding between the towering white cliffs. He heard a peculiar, soft whistle from the right, high above, answered from the left, and glanced at Ramon, who grinned, his teeth white in his dark face.

"They are ready for visitors, *sí*? What are you thinking, señor?"

"I'm thinking," McKay said, "that this is a hell of a place for a sailor. Well, they're coming out to greet us; that's nice of them."

Ahead of him, a big man in a grizzled red beard had come to the edge of the porch of the largest house in this small and grubby village, which was dominated by the white cliffs and the steep rubble slopes along their base.

Ramon said, "Don't look up, señor, but I saw the glint of a gun barrel up there.... There's another! There are men all through the rocks up there, Señor McKay. The major would have had a fine time wiping out this den of wolves!"

McKay had never seen the red-bearded man before, but there was no doubt of his identity. Two other figures came out on the porch; for a moment his eyes, accustomed to the glaring sunlight, could not make them out in the shade; then he recognized the rawboned figure of Buck Hannesey and, standing close, the small shape of Julie Maragon. He heard Ramon's breath suck in audibly. McKay checked his horse six feet from the house and, having learned this much of the customs of the country, waited for the invitation to dismount, which came.

"Light, stranger," said Rufus Hannesey. "By your clothes, you'd be this fellow come from the East to marry Major Terrill's girl—McKay. I'm Rufus Hannesey. I think you've met my boy, young Rufus, and Miss Maragon; and that's Reverend Beemis in the doorway. Yes, sir, we have a man of God with us today. What brings you here, Mr. McKay?"

McKay, having swung to the ground, threw the reins over the nearby rail and walked up to the edge of the porch. He looked for a moment at the girl in the shadow, and transferred his glance to the big, bearded man directly above him.

"There's some question as to whether Miss Maragon is here of her own free will, Mr. Hannesey," he said.

"If Major Terrill has a question to put to me, why doesn't he ask it himself?"

McKay said, "I'm not asking for Major Terrill; I'm asking for myself."

"Then you have more nerve than sense, boy, that's all I can say. There are a dozen guns on you this minute."

McKay said, "That seems like an excessive number, sir."

"You're accusing me of abducting a girl? Does she look like she's been abducted, standing there all demure and smiling? Don't ask me your questions, young feller, ask her!"

McKay studied the older man's face for a moment longer, and caught a gleam of amusement in the deep-set eyes. He nodded and stepped up to the porch,

... ...

Love in a New Light

By Richard Wheeler

Lovers have always, with spirits in tune,
Embraced by the light of the silvery moon;
But only just lately are sweethearts aware
That people may one day be rocketing there.

This isn't decreasing the charm of the sphere.
Indeed, gentle reader, the time may be near
When lovers will make it a honeymoon berth
And spoon by the light of the silvery earth.

... ...

and, ignoring the presence of Buck Hannesey, walked up to Julie Maragon, noting that she was wearing the brown riding skirt in which he had last seen her, and a boy's wool shirt, open at the throat. The heavy masculine shirt seemed, perversely, to emphasize the grace of the small body beneath more than the feminine shirtwaist had done. The girl watched him steadily. Her left eye was bruised and discolored. With the freckles, it gave her a tomboy look, but there was no corresponding gaiety in her glance.

"I appreciate your concern, Mr. McKay," she said, "but I'm really quite all right. . . . Oh, this bruise? Why, that's how I happen to be here. My horse shied at a rattlesnake and threw me. Buck—Mr. Hannesey found me unconscious and brought me here."

"San Rafael would have been closer, wouldn't it?" McKay said, watching her as steadily as she was watching him. "And it seems strange that Ramon, who's quite a good tracker, found no sign of an accident along the road."

She smiled. "Lots of people use the road, Mr. McKay. Somebody probably erased the marks, riding by. It's not as if I'd shed a quart of blood."

He said, "Well, since you seem to be fully recovered, perhaps I can escort you home."

She shook her head. "Why, no, I'm staying here for a while. You see, Buck and I —— Well, it was a very romantic thing, being rescued like that; and finding Mr. Beemis here to perform the ceremony—why, it seemed unnecessary to wait. We are to be married this afternoon. Naturally, we'd love to have you stay for the wedding, Mr. McKay."

He looked at her for a long moment, and she returned his look without a tremor; then, suddenly, her glance fell away. He saw her throat work. He said, "Well, in that case, there's nothing for me to do but offer my congratulations to Mr. Hannesey. Naturally you don't want to be bothered with business matters now."

She looked up sharply, her eyes suddenly wide and frightened. Buck Hannesey stirred and started to speak, but his father, close behind McKay, broke in upon his words, asking gently, "Business? What business would you be having with our girl, Mr. McKay?"

"Why," McKay said innocently, "hasn't she told you? I bought the Lazy M ranch from her a few days ago—the place you people refer to as Big Muddy, a disconcerting name. There are a few legal details to be taken care of, but they can wait." Julie Maragon's eyes were pleading with him; he turned away from her and looked at Rufus Hannesey. "I thank you for the invitation to the wedding, but Major Terrill will be getting impatient out there; I'd better get back and tell him everything is all right."

The big man did not move aside. "This sale," he said softly, "you have proof of it, of course?"

"Of course."

"Where?"

McKay said, "Mr. Hannesey, I'm not quite as big a fool as I apparently look to some people. The bill of sale is in a safe place. Furthermore, I'd like to point out to you that I came out here to be married, and arranged my affairs accordingly before leaving the East. Naturally I made a will, and naturally that will was in favor of the lady I expected to make my wife; it has not been changed. Therefore, if anything should happen to me, the result would be that all my property will go to Miss Terrill—including my recent purchase, the Lazy M ranch."

Color came into the portions of Rufus Hannesey's face visible through the beard, and the man's big hands closed into fists at his sides; then he laughed, a short, sharp clap of sound.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he murmured. "Three years of waiting and I'm a day too late!"

"Two days," McKay said.

"The boys told me you'd dropped in at Big Muddy; that would be when it happened, I reckon. They said she took you for a ride over the place, but I thought nothing of it." He turned sharply. "Girl, why didn't you say something of this last night?"

Julie did not speak. McKay glanced at her quickly; she did not meet his look. He said to Hannesey, "I have no proof with me. But I made a down payment of two thousand dollars and gave a note for the balance. If Miss Maragon should have ——"

Julie stirred. "They're on my saddle," she said.

The big man stared at her for a moment, wheeled and strode off the porch. Minutes passed. It was cool in the shade, McKay noticed. Buck Hannesey leaned against the wall by the door, keeping watch through hooded eyes, his hand resting on the butt of the revolver at his hip. McKay saw that three parallel scratches ran across the back of that hand; the man's face was also scratched. McKay glanced at the girl's bruised face, and looked away; it was no time for rage, and he forced the emotion down. Out in the sunshine, Ramon squatted on his heels before the horses, drawing pictures in the dust with a dry stick.

Rufus Hannesey came back. "All right," he said. "All right. I'll give you your price and five thousand more."

McKay said, "Let Miss Maragon leave and we'll talk about it."

"Without her, what club have I got to hold over you?"

"None," McKay said. "That's the chance you take."

Rufus Hannesey chuckled. "You play a strong game with a weak hand. If I hold you both a little longer, the major will come riding in to look for you. We're ready for him. Once he's out of the way, I don't need a legal paper to take Big Muddy. I just take it. And Ladder too."

McKay said, "If you want a fight, why are you standing here talking? I think I know why, Mr. Hannesey—because you know that you can't turn this place into a battlefield without losing in the end. We're not that far from law and order. If you want to keep living here yourself, you've got to solve your problem without a massacre."

"All right," Hannesey said. "All right. Give me a bill of sale for Big Muddy at the price I offered, and I'll give you my word you can all ride out of here and the money will be paid." His face darkened when McKay hesitated. "What's the matter? Do you doubt my word, boy?"

"Not yours," McKay said. He gestured toward the younger man by the door. "His."

Rufus Hannesey said sharply, "I run this place. If I say you go out of here safely with the girl ——"

"No!"

They turned to face Buck Hannesey, who had taken a step forward. His father said, "Don't be stubborn, young Rufus."

Buck said angrily, "I've been standing here listening! Don't you go trading off what don't belong to you; hear?"

"You're asking for trouble. For all of us."

"You didn't mind as long as you got your wants out of the deal!"

Rufus Hannesey studied his son's face for a long time. Finally he turned to McKay with a shrug of defeat. "Well, he's right, I reckon. I promised him something. He did his part; it's not his fault if the plan went wrong for me. It looks like the bargain's off, Mr. McKay. I wish you luck on Big Muddy; when you go broke, I'll be there to pick up the pieces. Don't sell to the Terrills unless you want blood on your conscience. Now you'd better get on your horse and make tracks."

McKay said, "You'd force a girl to ——"

"Nothing's been said about force, not even by her," the older man said; adding deliberately, "She's nothing to me, son. Do you expect me to fight my own flesh and blood for her?"

McKay faced him for a moment longer, trying to read a meaning into the grim half-smile on the bearded lips. Then he glanced at Julie Maragon. She shook her head minutely, warning him to go. He sighed; everything was suddenly very sharp and clear in his mind; and he turned to Buck Hannesey, who was watching him with a curling lip.

"I've owed you something for several days, Hannesey," McKay said. "This seems a good time to collect."

He reached out without haste and struck the taller man across the face with the flat of his hand.

The blow was not hard; nevertheless, the sound of it seemed to carry through the canyon like a gunshot. Buck Hannesey made (*Continued on Page 76*)

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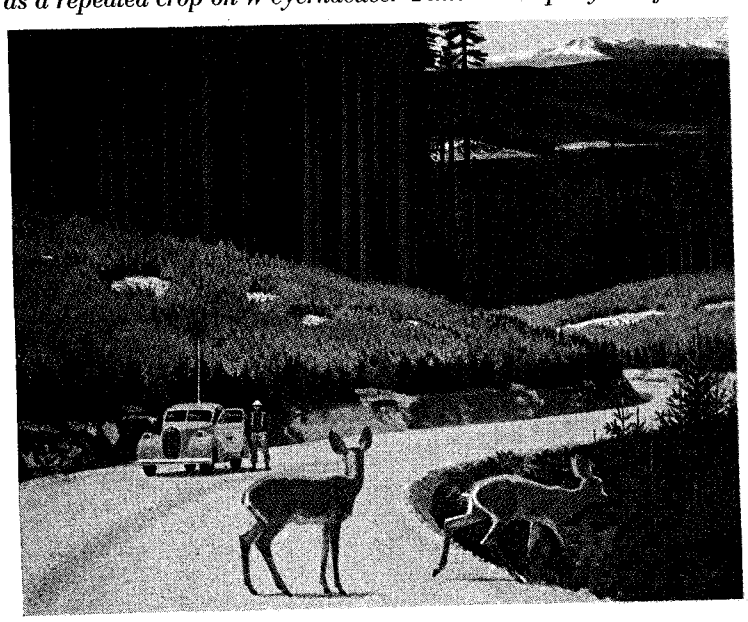

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(*Continued from Page 74*) an inarticulate sound and dropped into a crouch; an instant later his revolver was in his hand. McKay waited without moving, his empty hands hanging at his sides.

"Give him a gun, somebody!" Buck said in a strangled voice. "Pop, give the dude a gun!"

Rufus Hannesey stepped forward. "Easy, boy, easy!"

"I'll kill the ——"

McKay turned his back on the threatening weapon. He forced himself to speak distinctly, "Ramon."

"*Sí, señor.*"

"Ramon, tell the gentleman that if he wants satisfaction for the blow, I'll be glad to oblige him in the usual manner. The pistols are in my saddlebag. I hope the customary distance of twenty paces will be satisfactory." It was a wild gamble, but something in the attitude of the older Hannesey made it seem just barely within the realm of possibility.

Behind him, Buck Hannesey cried, "Tell the damn gentleman to turn around unless he wants it in the back!"

Rufus Hannesey said sharply, "I said, take it easy! I won't say it again, young Rufus. Your women are your business, but I say who gets shot around here, and how. Now put up that damn revolver before I take it away from you and shove it down your throat!" His big hand caught McKay by the shoulder and swung him around. "What are you trying to do? Challenge my boy to a damn duel?"

McKay said stiffly, "The challenge is up to him, if he feels himself injured."

The older man chuckled. "You're pulling a fast one, boy. He knocked you over the head a few days ago; that was the first injury, and leaves the challenging up to you, and he gets the choice of weapons. And young Rufus will pick Colt revolvers at point-blank range, starting with the gun in the holster, and then where are you?"

"Dead," said McKay. "If your son likes to shoot his ducks sitting, don't bother to get me a weapon. Just turn him loose and have it over with."

The big man scratched his beard thoughtfully. His eyes were grimly amused. "Let's see these pistols," he said, and took the case from Ramon, opened it and stood looking down for a long time. "Real gentlemen's weapons," he murmured. "Loaded?"

McKay nodded. "You have to cap the nipples ——"

"Teach your grandmother to suck eggs. I was shooting guns like these, only not so fancy, before you were born." He took one of the pistols out of the case, readied it, raised it and fired. The report was sharp and whiplike; the bullet hit a rusty tomato can across the yard with a hollow, ringing sound. Hannesey laid the weapon down, picked up its mate and repeated the performance. "Hair trigger," he said. "Real pretty." As he turned to his son, his expression was thoughtful. "Young Rufus, how'd you like to fight like a gentleman, for a change?"

"Why should I fight with his guns?"

"Because I'm tired of watching you snatch out that damn revolver every time a fly bites you on the nose. You can haul it out faster than most; you've proved that half a dozen times. But can you stand up to your man and give him an even break, like quality folks, or do you need that extra half second you've got in your hand? Let's try it and see. I'll load the pieces so there'll be no tricks. If neither man is hit on the first fire, keep your places while I load again. Go hang up that cannon of yours somewhere, boy; otherwise you might be tempted to reach for it if you shoot and miss." Buck moved away in a sullen manner. The bearded man turned to McKay. "I'm cutting my own throat. If he kills you, I lose Big Muddy to the Terrills. If you win, I lose a son. Well, she's a spunky little girl, and I like your style. . . . What do you have up your sleeve, McKay? I suppose you're a dead shot with these pretty things? Otherwise, why would you carry them around to fight with?"

"I give you my word," McKay said, "I brought them from the East for a gift; I took them along last night only because I own no other weapon and Ramon seemed to think I should arm myself in some way. I haven't fired them or any other gun in fifteen years."

Hannesey looked at him oddly. "Then you're a bigger damn fool than I thought," he said. "If you need a drink, look up Reverend Beemis. There'll be a bottle somewhere nearby."

He seated himself on the edge of the porch, putting the pistol case beside him. There were men straggling down the rocky slopes toward the yard now, drawn by the impending drama. All carried rifles. McKay watched them with a lack of comprehension, wondering what brought them to see a man killed. He looked around to find Julie watching him gravely.

"It was a foolish thing," she said. "I wish you hadn't ——" She checked herself and smiled, very briefly. "That's poor thanks. I'm very grateful, but the odds are so heavy against you. He's lived with a gun all his life."

McKay said, "He knows this one sleight-of-hand trick, Miss Maragon, but I don't think he's really a very good marksman. He emptied his weapon at my hat the other day—they all did—and there wasn't a hole in it. Well, we'll see."

She touched his arm lightly. "Good luck."

He moved away. He felt Ramon beside him and spoke without turning his head, "If you can get her away while they're all watching ——"

"I'll try, señor. *Vaya con Dios.*"

Then he was alone again, leaning against one of the rude timbers that supported the porch roof. There was a good-sized crowd among the ramshackle houses now; not men alone, but women and children as well. He thought, *So this is how it feels, waiting; I always wondered.*

Rufus Hannesey rose with a dueling pistol in each hand, marched out into the yard, drew a line in the dust with his heel, turned and measured off twenty paces and drew another line. He returned to the middle of the measured space.

"Get your weapons from me and take your places," he said. "I forget all the fancy rigmarole that goes with this; I'll just give you 'Ready' and 'Fire.' And mark this: according to the code as I recall it, if either man touches off before the signal, it's my duty as dueling master to shoot him down like a dog, and I'll do it, by damn! This here duel is going to be run all legal and proper. So keep your fingers off those triggers until you hear the word."

McKay heard the speech only dimly as he walked forward through the brilliant sunshine, took the weapon extended to him and moved to the left, turning at the mark. Twenty yards away, Buck Hannesey had taken his place; his hips looked oddly naked without the familiar revolver belt. Rufus Hannesey stepped back and picked up a rifle leaning against the porch.

"Gentlemen," he said, seeming to savor the word, "make ready!"

McKay used both hands to cock the piece, and fitted it into his palm. He saw Buck Hannesey's weapon poised, aiming

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skyward, ready to swing down and fire; and he remembered his father saying, *If you have the choice, always fire with the pistol rising; that gives you an unobscured view of the target until the sights are in line.* As he pointed the pistol at the ground, he was aware of a sense of complete unreality; even the heavy beating of his heart was something he could observe with utter detachment.

"Fire!"

Buck Hannesey's weapon cracked with the signal. McKay felt the wind of the hurried shot on his face. Even as he realized that he had survived the bullet and had now a chance to finish this, his unpracticed finger bore too heavily on the delicate trigger mechanism and his pistol discharged. He saw the bullet kick up dust at his opponent's feet and ricochet harmlessly away toward the cliffs.

Rufus Hannesey laughed aloud. "Looks like the boys need practice," he said, coming forward. "Keep your places now while I put your toys in order again."

They stood facing each other in the open space while the bearded man worked at the edge of the porch. There was laughter and betting in the crowd now; they were enjoying this unaccustomed spectacle.

"Hey, Buck," somebody shouted, "maybe you ought to get yourself a pair of pants like the dude to go with those fancy guns!"

McKay noted that Buck Hannesey did not answer; a cold, sneering expression seemed frozen on his face. Then Rufus Hannesey was returning with the loaded pistols, giving one to McKay and walking the length of the field to give the other to his son. He moved back to his former position.

"Make ready!"

There was silence now; and McKay heard clearly the sound of Rufus Hannesey's pistol being cocked. He cocked his own. It seemed as if he had been standing all his life in this one spot, shooting and being shot at.

"Fire!"

Again the other's piece discharged on the heels of the word. McKay felt a light blow on his left arm and understood that he had been hit; he wondered how badly even as the pistol in his hand rose and came into line. The sights steadied, and suddenly the knowledge that had been trained into his nerves and muscles as a boy was back with him. Apparently it was something you never really forgot. He knew that, at this range, he could hit the other man wherever he pleased—and Buck Hannesey's gun was empty. He found himself remembering Julie's bruised face, and he placed the front sight against the pocket of Buck Hannesey's shirt with care and deliberation. His finger rested gently on the trigger, slowly increasing the pressure. . . . He took his finger away, and let go the pent-up breath. *I can't do it*, he thought. *God help me, I can't do it.*

He started to lower his arm. He heard a murmur go through the crowd and thought it was directed at him. Then he saw that Buck Hannesey was moving, tossing aside the fired dueling pistol and clawing open his shirt to draw out the revolver he had hidden inside. McKay saw the ugly weapon come up, and in the same instant he aimed and fired. The sound of the shot seemed unusually loud and prolonged. Buck Hannesey spun around and fell on his side in the dust, rolled on his face and lay still, the revolver lying by his outstretched hand.

McKay walked slowly forward. There was sickness inside him as he looked down at the still form. He turned abruptly as Rufus Hannesey came up.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I did not shoot to kill."

"But I did," the older man said, and McKay saw white smoke still trickling from the muzzle of the rifle he held.

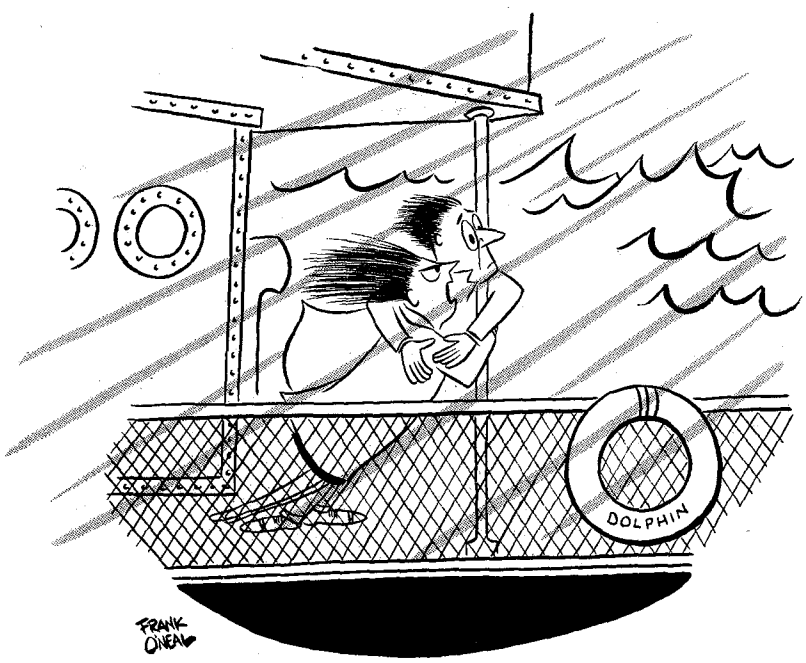
They rode out through the cleft in the rocks without interference, and saw Major Terrill and his men come at a gallop to meet them. The major, Patricia and Steve Leech rode in the lead.

"We were getting worried, Jim," the major said as they came up. "We heard shots. Steve and I were for riding in to help you, but Patricia persuaded us to give you the full hour you had asked for. It seems she was right. . . . Oh, here's your money belt."

McKay took the belt, which contained the bill of sale for Big Muddy, and glanced at the blond girl. "Yes, she was quite right," he said, not thinking of her at all, but only of the fact that everything that had happened, seeming to last a lifetime, had actually consumed less than an hour of time. He said, "Well, Ramon and I will see Miss Maragon home."

The major said, "But what happened in there, Jim? What was all the shooting? What's the matter with your arm?"

Steve Leech looked at Julie and said, "It's clear Miss Maragon has been through a rough time; look at her face."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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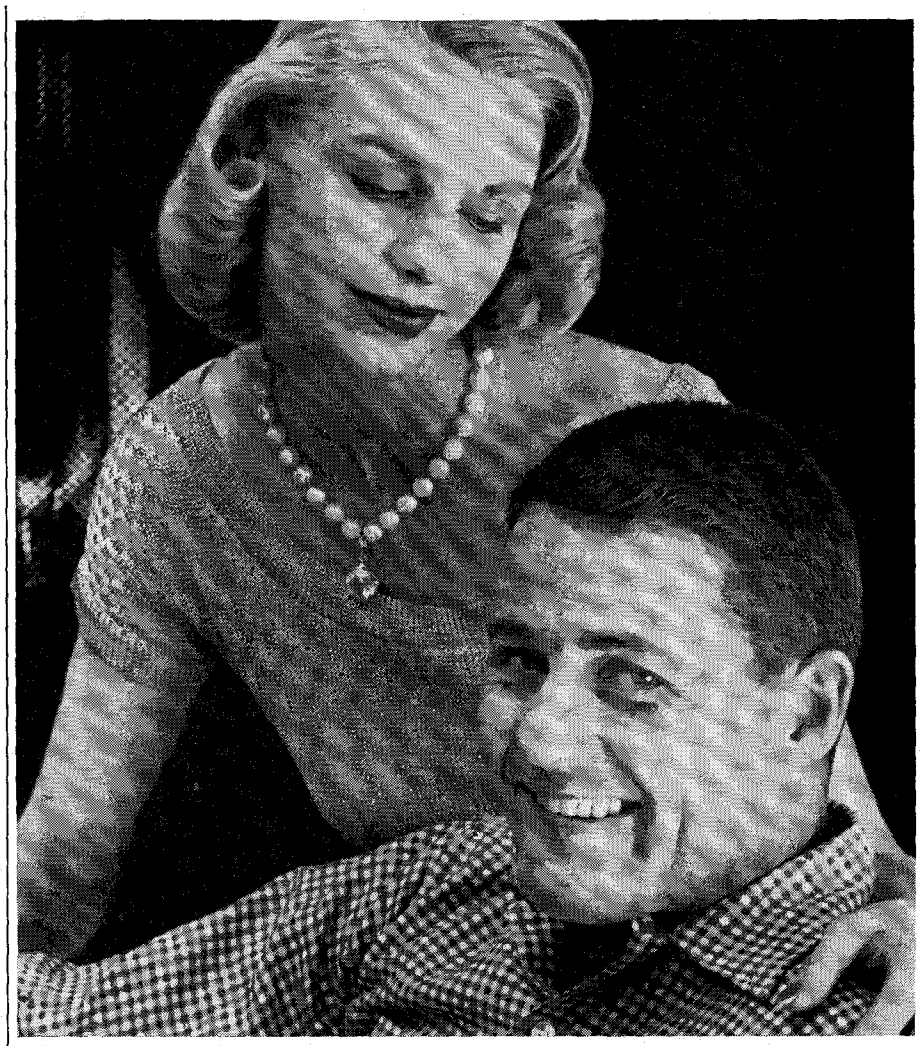

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The major turned and said sharply, "Is that right, Julie? Did those ruffians mistreat you?"

Julie shook her head quickly. "Everything's all right," she said. "Everything's fine. Let's all just go home."

Patricia said, "But you haven't told us what happened!"

Julie drew a deep breath. "There was a duel," she said. "Buck Hannesey is dead. Everything is settled, Pat. All debts are paid."

The major said, with quick interest, "Buck Hannesey dead? If Jim killed him, how did they come to let you out of that place alive?"

Julie glanced quickly at McKay's face, and said, "Does it matter who killed him? He's dead, dead, dead! Whatever he did or meant to do, he's paid for!"

Steve Leech leaned forward in his saddle. "Major," he said, "isn't that up to us to decide? Look at Miss Maragon's face; she's been beaten and abused."

"I didn't say that!" Julie cried.

"You don't need to say it, ma'am. I don't know why you're protecting these scoundrels." He swung back to the major, and the two men looked at each other with understanding; and Leech went on quickly, speaking less to the major than to the other men, "Even if Buck Hannesey's been killed in some mysterious way, are we going to let the rest of that woman-beating bunch get off scot-free? They'll be disorganized now! We can take them by surprise and clean up this place forever!"

McKay turned his horse in front of Leech's. "That's enough, Mr. Leech," he said. "Take your men and get out of here."

The Ladder foreman looked at him in a startled way, like a man bitten by a rabbit; then he threw back his head and laughed. "I take my orders from Major Terrill," he said.

McKay said, "One man is dead. That's enough for today. You're not going in there with guns."

The taller man's face hardened. "Get out of my way, McKay, or I'll ride you down!"

McKay sighed. "This seems to be my day for paying off old debts. I would not fight you for a lady's smile, Mr. Leech, but I'll fight you for the lives of the men who'll die if you make this stupid attack. Get off your horse and let's get at it."

Leech hesitated. "I won't fight a man with an arm out of commission."

"The bullet only cut the skin," McKay said, dismounting. "I'll warn you, Mr. Leech, that I went to sea at the age of twelve, and commanded my own ship at the age of twenty-one. There were times when I was forced to maintain discipline with my fists. I feel this gives me a slight advantage over a man who's accustomed to settling his disputes with a pistol; so, if you feel the conditions are unfair, you're at liberty to withdraw. Of course, in that case, I'll expect you to apologize for striking me the other day."

When men play poker, the one who's sure to clean up is the host's wife. LUKE NEELY

"Apologize, hell!" Leech swung down lightly from his saddle and unbuckled his gun belt and hung it over the horn. He walked toward McKay, feinted clumsily, and swung hard at McKay's head. McKay ducked, stepped forward and struck at the other's midsection, left hand and right, putting the full weight of his wide shoulders into the blows, and all the pent-up bitterness of the long, brutal day. . . . It took a while. The man was tough. McKay was knocked down three times in the early stages of the fight; then Leech's powerful swings began to lose their strength, and after that it was only a matter of cutting him down.

Afterward, he turned from the beaten figure on the ground—still trying to rise; courage was, after all, a fairly common commodity—and walked to his horse. Ramon was beside him.

"I said it before—you are a stubborn man, señor. A little water?"

"Thanks." He rinsed out his mouth and drank. He thought, *Well, that's over.* He looked up and saw Patricia Terrill watching him from her horse; her eyes were quite dark, yet they had an odd, glowing look, and her lips shaped a promise. McKay turned away. He heard her slash savagely at her horse with her quirt and ride off. . . .

It was almost dark when they reached San Rafael. At the edge of town, Ramon left them. McKay and Julie rode up to the house with the white gate. He dismounted and helped her to the ground.

"Come in," she said. "I'll make you some dinner."

He smiled briefly. "Every time we meet, you feed me."

She looked at him, and touched her own bruised eye and laughed. "We make a disreputable couple, Mr. McKay." After a moment, she said, "I hate to remind you of unpleasant things, but those beautiful pistols should be cleaned before the fouling corrodes them. If you'll bring them into the kitchen, I'll get some water hot for you."

He nodded, and got the mahogany case and followed her into the house. She lighted the lamp, and he put the case on the kitchen table and opened it. She went to the stove.

"I still don't understand," she said. "I don't understand how Mr. Hannesey could ——" Her voice died.

"I can," McKay said. "It was a matter of honor, don't you see? His son had disgraced him or disgraced some dream he had once had. . . . I lived with honor for a long time," McKay said. His voice had changed and grown harsher. "Honor was an important word in our house, Miss Maragon. So important that my mother cringed, as if at a blow, whenever it was spoken. So important ——" He picked up the gun marked No. 2 and looked at it. "So important that my father died with this weapon in his hand, for an insult the exact nature of which no one could remember later."

Julie had turned at the stove. She said softly, "I see."

McKay said evenly, "You understand, we loved him. Please don't think otherwise. That's what made it so hard to bear. He was a fine man, a good husband and a good father, but he had this one quirk about his honor. I think it was a sickness in him. If somebody accidentally elbowed him in a crowd, stepped on his toe, spilled a drink or spoke or even looked at him in a way he considered offensive, my father had to have satisfaction. He went out five times in all. Twice the seconds brought about a reconciliation. Once my father wounded his opponent, not seriously; and the matter was hushed up. Then he killed a man, and for more than a year we didn't know if he'd be imprisoned or even hanged—dueling isn't officially tolerated in Maryland. Finally he was killed. My mother died shortly thereafter; she had lived with terror too long. I promised myself that I would never in my life lift so much as a finger for the sake of pride or honor." He grimaced. "This is a hard country in which to keep that promise, Miss Maragon."

She said, after a pause "I think you may find it easier now, if you choose to stay. But were you quite fair to Pat, not to tell her why you had to act the way you did?"

He looked at her across the kitchen, and asked, "Would you have needed to be told, Julie?"

She did not answer. It was quite dark outside now, and the lamplight made the house seem warm and friendly and homelike after the places he had been recently. She was watching him in the grave and measuring way she had, still in her riding skirt and the perversely flattering boy's shirt. Her hair had been loosened and softened by the wind and the long ride; it made a gentle dark frame about her face.

He asked, "Why didn't you save yourself by telling Rufus Hannesey you'd sold Big Muddy to me?" She did not answer, and he said, "I'm keeping the ranch. I have plans for it. It's very soon to speak of anything else."

At this, she smiled slowly. "And you're the man who'll have nothing to do with pride and honor, Jim? Six months from now they'll still say I caught you on the rebound, and we'll have wasted all that time."

He laughed suddenly, and laid the dueling pistol carefully back in its case and went to her. THE END

The Girl From the Mimosa Club (Continued from Page 45)

"The senior examiners were out of town. You've just heard that the first medical officer to see the body believed it was suicide. At the request of the police authorities, made before the body reached the City Hospital, it was transferred to the morgue and held there for closer examination by senior examiners when they returned."

"And they informed you why the body was to be held?"

"We were informed on Tuesday morning that an officer had heard two shots and that the possibility of a crime might exist."

"Did you find evidence of a second shot?"

"Not directly. By inference, we did. If I may explain, sir." He pointed to a greatly blown-up photograph of a wound sprawling over the glossy paper. "This is why the first medical examiner assumed that death was self-inflicted. What you see here is the annular abrasion or contusion. That is this arc of bruised skin around the bullet hole. But you can see it's separated from the edge of the hole and the bruise by a narrow band of intact skin. This lesion is caused by the sudden slapping of the skin against the gun muzzle as gases from the discharge of the bullet enter the hole and expand beneath the surface. Like a blast in a confined area. That's why you get all the blood and tissue you see.

"You can also see what we call 'sight marks.' Those are abraded points where the skin was blown against the foresight at the end of the gun barrel. Whenever they're present they're unmistakable evidence of close-contact wounds. You can see the margins here are lacerated. They were torn by the explosive escape of gases from the discharge. This is certain evidence that the gun was pressed firmly against the head when it was fired, and, in the absence of other evidence, clear and certain evidence of suicide. It stands to reason no man is going to sit perfectly still while someone jams a gun against his head and fires."

He turned to another photograph.

"Here you see the nose of the bullet buried in the back of a book. You can also see that the book is on a level with the head of the person seated at the desk. The track of the bullet through the head is level, the exit wound directly opposite the wound of entrance. Decedent was known to be left-handed. All evidence pointed to a self-inflicted wound. And, as you've already heard this morning from the Crime Laboratory personnel, there was no external evidence of a second shot having been fired. There was equally no internal evidence of more than one shot."

"You are coming now to what you referred to as inference, I take it, doctor?"

"Yes, sir. To inference established when we made exhaustive microscopic and chemical tests of the body. Particularly decedent's hands. Had decedent fired the gun, which was found near his body—what might be called the murder gun—his left hand must show definite traces of the fact in the form of nitrates and more particularly nitrites, or burned powder. There was no such evidence. Decedent's hands were almost antiseptically clean, with evidence showing they had been washed with a surgical detergent very shortly before death."

"So that that constituted positive proof that death was not self-inflicted? Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you, doctor. Now there is one more point I would like you to discuss. On Thursday, two days after you had made these tests, you received a telephone call, did you not? Who called you and what did he say?"

"The inspector in charge of the Rackets Squad called me at my office. It was about the problem of the second shot. He asked me if it was possible for some person, whom I'll call A, to fire a shot through B's head, killing him, from a distance, and then instantly come up to the body, jam the gun in the small wound already there, fire another shot that would produce the entire effect that we see here of suicide."

"What did you tell him, doctor?"

"I told him no. It was not possible. There would be internal evidence of the second bullet. A second track through the brain. The angle of the body could not possibly be exactly restored so that the exit wound would exactly coincide with the first exit wound."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said that it had to be something of the sort. He said he would bet the sergeant in charge of the gun shop could work it out."

"And did you later receive another call from him and from the sergeant in charge of the gun shop at Central Police Headquarters?"

"Yes, sir. The next day. The sergeant at the gun shop had come up with the idea that a (*Continued on Page 80*)

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(*Continued from Page 78*) blank shell could have been fired into the existing small wound made from a distance, with the gun held against the head. I told him that we would spot that at once on examination, because a blank shell is made with black powder, which is easily detectable."

"And then, doctor?"

"The sergeant then suggested that a blank shell not made with black powder could be contrived by removing the lead nose from a thirty-two-caliber shell of the same type as the murder bullet, using some substance, possibly a bit of tissue or a paste, in place of wadding, to hold the powder in place. I assured him that we were thorough and accurate in the morgue laboratory. If there had been any foreign substance of any kind in the brain, we would have discovered it. But the sergeant then came up with the one substance that could successfully be substituted for wadding and that would disintegrate in such a way that we could never discover or suspect its presence in the wound."

"What was that, doctor?"

"Blood. Blood put in place of the wadding and allowed to dry. The sergeant used his own blood. He was able successfully to fire a blank shell of the kind I've described that would leave absolutely no detectable trace and would give precisely the effect of a direct contact wound. This is why we've called this killing the almost-perfect murder."

"Thank you, doctor."

Enoch Chew came forward as Dobson took his seat. "Just one question, doctor. It is quite clear there is no evidence of a second shot, is it not?"

"None whatever, sir."

"Thank you, doctor." Chew started to return to his table, and turned back. "Don't you think you and the inspector and the sergeant in charge of the gun shop are rather wasting your time, doctor? With such extraordinarily creative imaginations as you all appear to have, there's a far more lucrative field open to you. Murder fiction, I have in mind. You're a great loss to it, all of you. That's all, thank you."

The state's attorney came forward again. "These photographs, doctor. Are they creative, imaginative fiction?"

"No, sir. They are conclusive and incontrovertible evidence of murder. They are not fiction, but fact, sir."

"Thank you."

He glanced around at Enoch Chew, who shook his head, smiling. He was still smiling when Kerry O'Keefe was recalled to the stand.

As she turned toward the jury, the faces of the men on it were guarded, the women openly hostile. The whole atmosphere of the courtroom was distinctly changed. *It's as if I'm on trial, not Mrs. Brayton,* she thought. She tried not to look at Johnny Brayton, seated next to his mother, Mrs. Brayton's face pale, but still gravely tranquil, movingly serene. She might have come from her own home, not from the narrow barred bedroom above the cell block at Pine Street.

The assistant state's attorney's face was the only friendly face she saw. He came forward, smiling pleasantly at her.

"Officer O'Keefe, there is another point that should be made equally clear. I'm afraid my distinguished friend, quite unwittingly and not with any malice, certainly, may have left the impression in some minds that there was something willfully disreputable in your being at the night spots on The Block and elsewhere in Baltimore City."

His smile said, *Absurd, of course, but you never know.*

"Now let's get this straight. You are a member of the Baltimore City Police Department, are you not, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Assigned to the Rackets Division?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what would commonly be called undercover work?"

"Yes."

"And it was to conceal your identity in that capacity that you were arrested with the rest of the outfit at the Mimosa Club and spent the night with them in the women's jail at Pine Street Station, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you did not enjoy it, did you, Miss O'Keefe?"

"It wasn't pleasant. But it was part of my job."

"So that this disgraceful business"—Dobson smiled again—"of a young lawyer's unconsciously recognizing you as a lady and offering you his coat is not so disgraceful as it has inadvertently—I repeat—been made to seem. And what you accomplished at the Mimosa Club was the destruction of a three-million-dollar-a-year take-in station for the numbers racket, was it not, Miss O'Keefe?"

"I helped, sir. I didn't do it alone."

"But it was you, Miss O'Keefe, who spotted the existence and the location of this three-million-dollar-a-year station, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And at the Coral Seas Club ——"

"I object, your honor." Enoch Chew was suave and patient.

"Overruled, Mr. Chew." Judge Sansbury's eyes were beginning to snap. "We listened to you at great length on the subject of these very establishments. The

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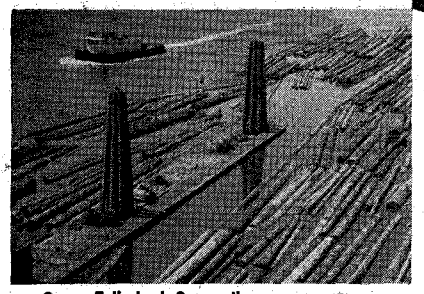

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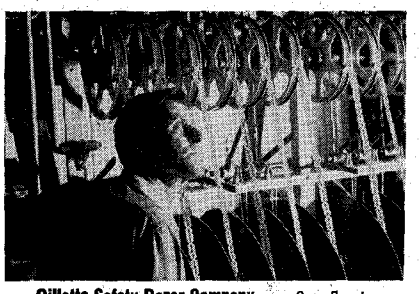

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State has every right to clear up any possible misconceptions of the facts you brought out."

"—— at the Coral Seas Club, Miss O'Keefe. Where this picture of you was taken. The papers said the police were surprised at finding that one of the customers there the night of their raid had narcotics in his possession. Is that true, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No, sir. We had been watching the place for over two months, trying to catch the man we thought was receiving narcotics there."

"And you were instrumental in the success of that operation, were you not?"

"My superior officer thought so, sir."

"And it was in the disguise of a female sitter that you were able to accomplish these things? Four men are in prison for many years each as a direct result of your sitting at the Coral Seas Club. That's correct, is it not, Miss O'Keefe?"

"That and the work of other members of the department."

"Your modesty does not diminish the extraordinary job you did there, Miss O'Keefe. But to go on. Let's get to the Hay Ride Club, where you were also a sitter. What was the object of your being there?"

"The police had information that an escaped prisoner wanted for killing two men in the course of an armed robbery was either hiding out there or was coming there frequently."

"You went there as a sitter, to see if you could pick up any information about him. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you?"

"Yes."

"What information?"

"I object," said Enoch Chew.

Judge Sansbury looked inquiringly at Alec Dobson.

"If the court please. At very considerable length last Friday, my distinguished friend—I won't say bludgeoned, but queried, Miss O'Keefe on what he called her storming out of the Hay Ride Club, in tears of rage, because a kindly and well-meaning member of the Brayton family found her there, not sitting, but at the bar. In his own well-meaning, and I'm sure kindly meant, if unhappy, efforts to attribute Miss O'Keefe's perturbation on the night of May first to purely personal chagrin, I'm afraid my distinguished and learned friend left the impression that it was only Miss O'Keefe's job as a sitter that was involved, and that ——"

"Overruled, Mr. Chew. . . . Proceed, Mr. Dobson."

"What information did you secure, Miss O'Keefe? Please explain it to the ladies and gentlemen of the jury."

Kerry O'Keefe felt the color rise in her cheeks. The state's attorney had moved as he spoke. She saw John Brayton unconsciously lean forward, tense, not looking at her. From here on, Kerry knew, he knew nothing—or knew from Camilla Anne's version of what had happened. She was telling him as well as the jury.

"Explain the situation, Miss O'Keefe, so that you can then explain what really happened to upset you."

"The gunman was Curly Boy Jackman. He was an escaped convict, wanted in New York. He was on the FBI's list of top ten. A New York detective was here, working with us. He knew Jackman's habits. One of them was a fondness for dill pickles and rye bread with a lot of caraway seeds. He drank nothing but a twelve-year-old Scotch. That was how we found out he was at the Hay Ride Club. Two such snacks were brought in at about the same time every night. But we couldn't find out where they went to. On the night of April thirtieth I found out that they were going to a woman supposed to be one of the sitters. It was so dark there that the disguise was simple. But we couldn't take him then because we knew he'd be armed and dangerous for the people in the club."

"All right, Miss O'Keefe. What about the night of May first?"

She saw the almost imperceptible shake of Alec Dobson's head and realized she was getting angry all over again.

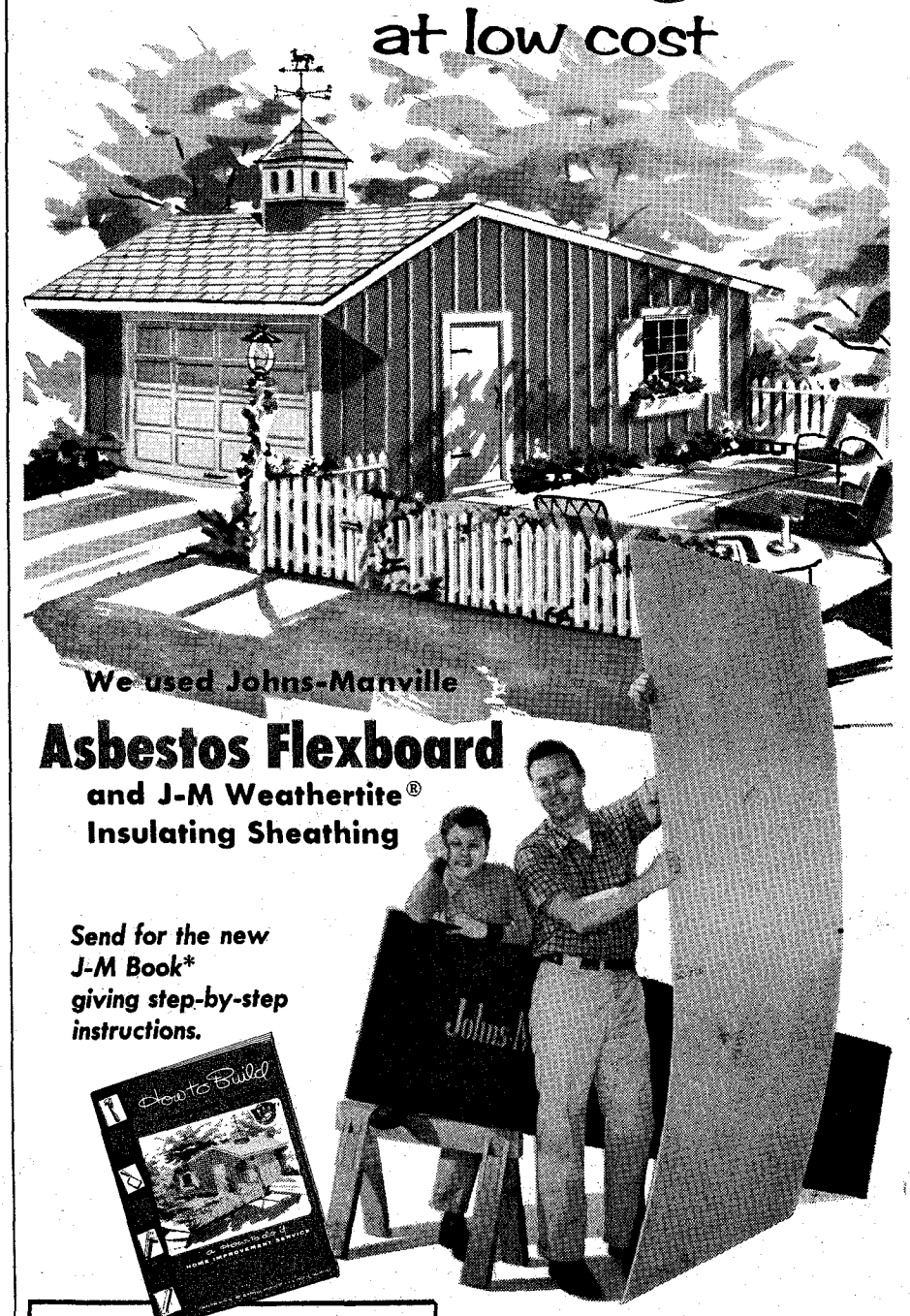
"On the night of May first the officers working with me were ready to take him as soon as I could spot where he was. The sandwiches had come. I was at the bar—that's the only truth ——"

She caught Alec Dobson's eye again and broke off, pausing a moment.

"I was waiting to see the bottle of Scotch put with (*Continued on Page 84*)

"He's an excellent guide."

How to build a
Modern Garage
at low cost



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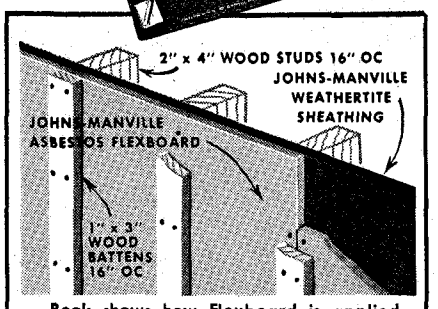
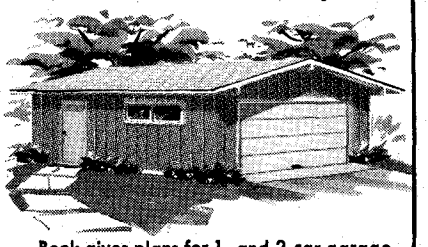


Book shows how Flexboard is applied right over Weathertite Sheathing.



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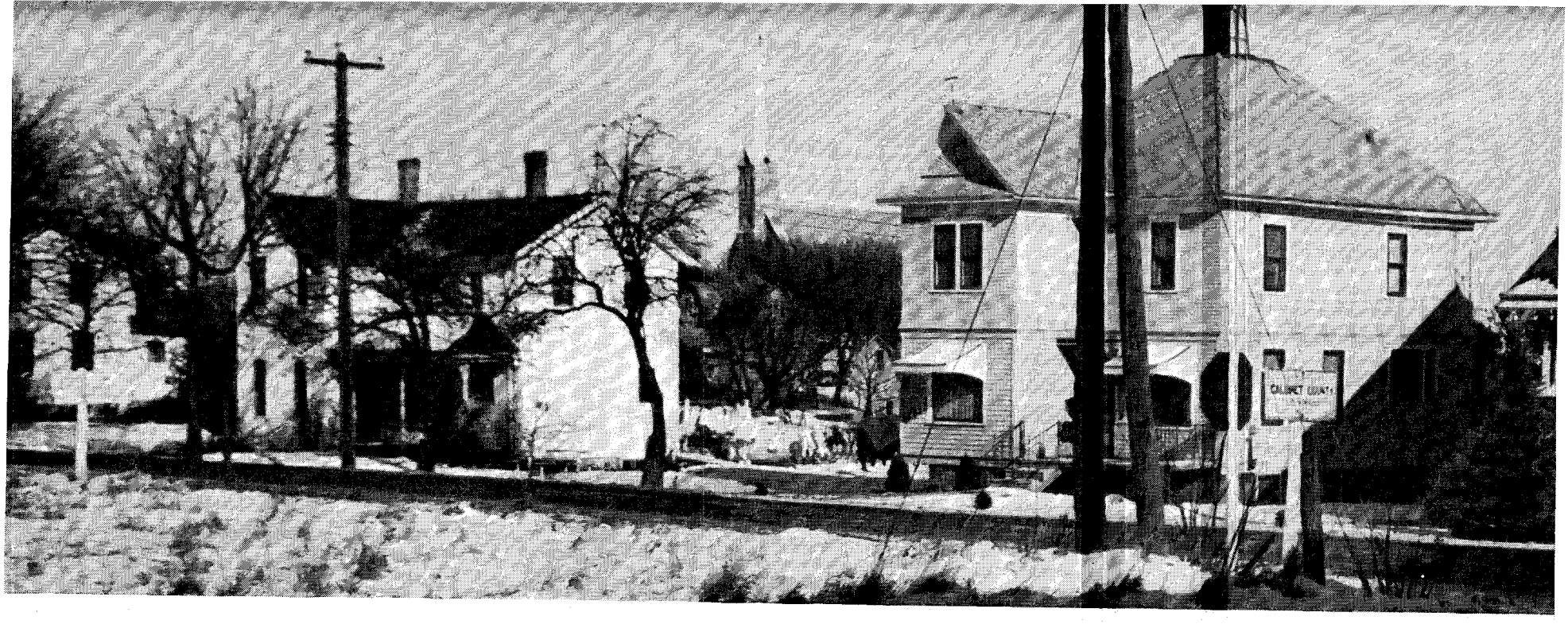
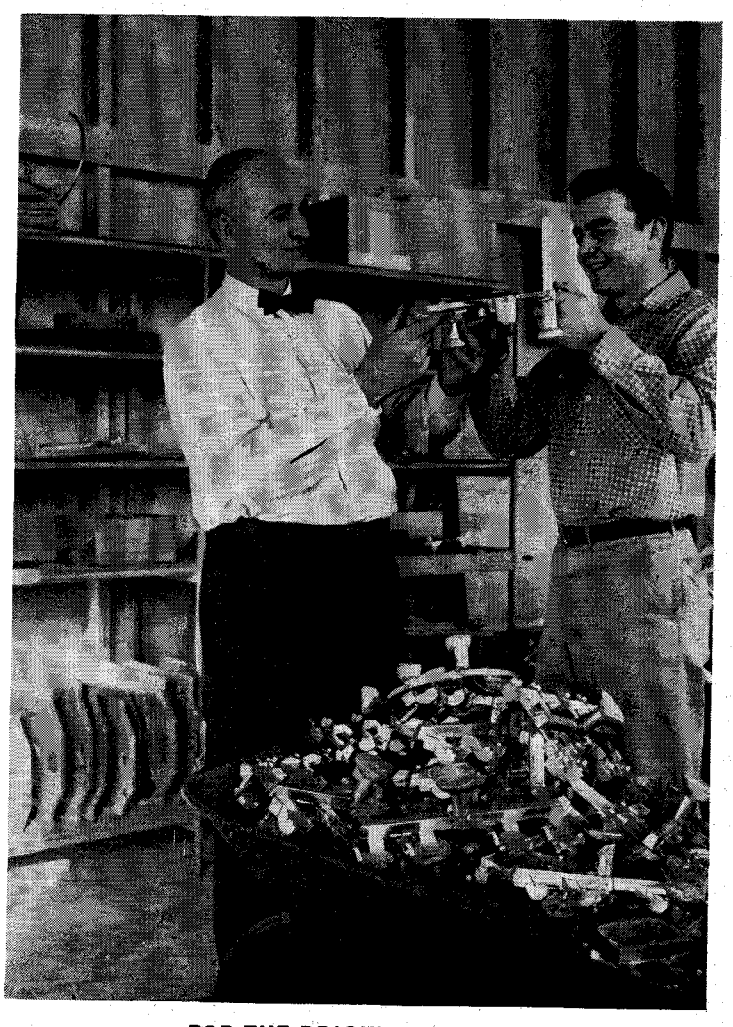
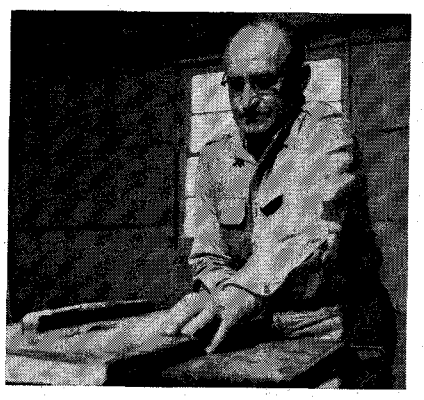


How a little Wisconsin villag
with some hel

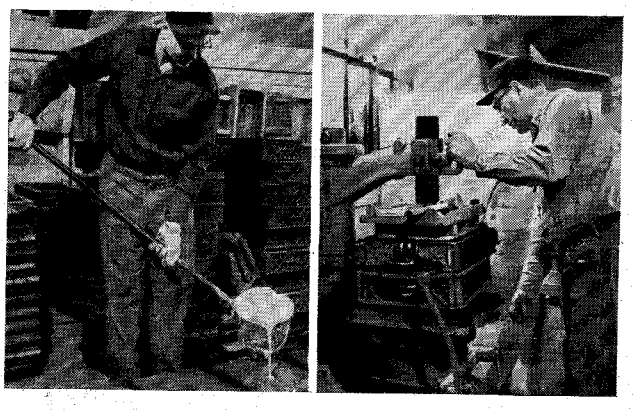


FOR THE BRIGHT BLUE YONDER—Foundry owner Harry Bremer and Foreman Roger Brandt inspect airplane casting for AC.



HEAD OF A HAPPY TOWN—Art Weber, Chairman of Board of Supervisors of Township of New Holstein (which includes St. Anna), hopes other industries will follow Bremer lead.

MODERN FARMER'S SON—Young Korean war veteran Francis Thome, who works as grinder in new foundry, helps father operate two dairy farms covering 314 acres, care for herd of 55 Holsteins. Frank also drives school bus taking high school students to next town.



HOT JOB FOR COLD CASH—1375° molten metal is poured by Elmer Schmitz into precision molds made with modern foundry equipment by skilled Leo Turba.

PAYROLL ROLLS UP BUSINESS—General Store owner Mrs. Evelyn Smoo enjoys Bremer employe business.

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OLD TOWN WITH NEW LIFE—105-year-old St. Anna, Wisconsin, is proud of its first industry, H. E. Bremer Manufacturing Company, supplier of precision castings to General Motors' AC Spark Plug Division.

gave itself a big boost from General Motors

NUCLEAR SCIENCE has nothing on modern business when it comes to setting off "chain reactions." Start a successful enterprise in one town—before you know it you've brought prosperity somewhere else.

An example of this — so dramatic it almost sounds like a screenplay—is what the growth of the H. E. Bremer Manufacturing Company, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has done for tiny St. Anna, Wisconsin—population, approximately 120 folks.

GM People and a Small Business

ONLY a few years ago Harry Bremer was operating a small Milwaukee foundry making aluminum scoops and drinking bowls for Wisconsin dairy herds. Then along came General Motors' AC Spark Plug Division with an idea for Harry and his ten employes. Namely—getting the Bremer team to make precision castings for the fabulous Bombing Navigational Computer AC makes for the United States Air Force.

Result: This typical General Motors cooperation with small business paid off in more ways than one. By successfully casting to the required close tolerances, and accepting GM suggestions on advanced production techniques, the H. E. Bremer Manufacturing Company became an important producer of precision castings — not only for General Motors but for other manufacturers. In fact, it did so well it had to expand beyond its Milwaukee plant. And that's where St. Anna comes in.

"Chain Reaction" in Small Business

SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD Peter Brandt, loyal citizen of St. Anna, figured his home town needed some kind of business enterprise to bring in outside money and supply jobs for the village folks, particularly the young ones. So first, he interested his friend Harry Bremer in expanding into St. Anna. He talked a friendly farmer into selling a couple of acres at a low price. Got some local workmen to donate their services to build the plant. He himself did all the carpentry work at no charge. The Bremer Company put up $20,000 for the materials. And St. Anna had its home town industry.

Completed in 1956 — the foundry now employs a number of local villagers, puts an important payroll into St. Anna.

Thanks to local pride and initiative, the H. E. Bremer Manufacturing Company — and General Motors—the "chain reaction" has brought new life to this Wisconsin village.

What happened in Milwaukee and St. Anna has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that — if they meet delivery dates with quality products, that GM needs, at competitive prices—General Motors is interested in doing business with them. New money has flowed into their communities — and as a result these communities in every state share in GM's success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for General Motors receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that General Motors takes in.

General Motors Purchases
From Many, Many Small Businesses

Of the 26,000 suppliers of goods and services to General Motors Divisions more than 64% are very small businesses, employing less than 100 persons. Yet their total sales to General Motors are more than $600,000,000.

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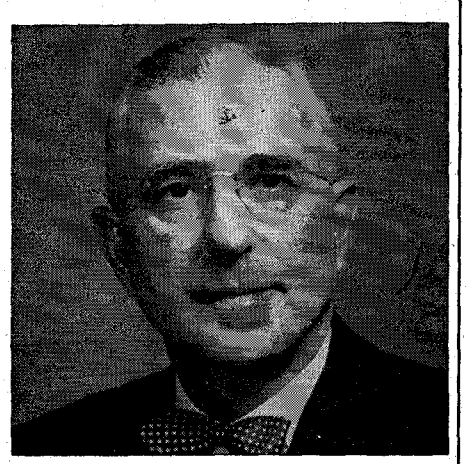

The **Mutual Benefit Life** *Insurance Company, Newark, N.J.*

(*Continued from Page 81*) them and watch what table they were taken to. I was to wander over there as a signal to the officers. Then I was to get out while they moved in to surround him."

"And did you do that, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No, sir."

"Why not? Tell the ladies and gentlemen of the jury what happened."

Kerry O'Keefe drew another deep breath. *I must think of it as if it happened to somebody else, not me.* She kept her face a mask, her eyes and voice cool.

"I was at the bar. The snacks had come. The special bottle of Scotch was being brought out. Everything was ready. Then suddenly a red light flicked on just under the bar. The barman put the bottle back and somebody called out, 'Six pinch bottles on the rocks.'"

"That was the signal that society ladies and gentlemen were about to enter, was it not, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes, sir."

"What happened then? I know it's difficult for you even now to restrain your anger. But I'm sure you can if you try, Miss O'Keefe."

"What happened was that six young people, three girls and three young men, came into the room."

"What condition were they in, Miss O'Keefe? I mean, had they been drinking?"

"I object."

"If my distinguished friend finds that an offensive term, let me put the question in another way. Did they seem happy, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Very. They were high as kites."

"I object, your honor."

"The witness was present, Mr. Chew," Judge Sansbury said curtly. "You've outlined in considerable detail her considerable experience in these palaces of sin. I see no reason why she shouldn't be allowed to draw on that experience for the information of this court."

Enoch Chew bowed and returned to his seat.

"What led you to believe they were high as kites, Miss O'Keefe?"

"The way they were laughing. The way they were acting. What they did. No one in his senses ——"

"Let's be calm, Miss O'Keefe. I ask you this: Did you recognize any of these young people?"

"I recognized one of the girls. Camilla Anne Brayton—Mrs. Pierce Brayton, Jr."

"How did you recognize her?"

"I'd heard her introduce herself to a woman at the Brayton house on the Garden Tour, the day before." Two warm spots burned on Kerry's cheeks.

"That's when you ——" Dobson moved back to the table and consulted his notes. "I'm sorry," he said amiably. "I recall now that I got the impression that you—I've forgotten the precise words, but I seem to recall that 'shameless' was one of them. A shameless breach of good manners for you to go to the Brayton house on a Garden Tour. And that it was curiosity about a house you'd never been invited to enter—definitely excluded from, in fact. Something of that sort. Is that view of what you did correct, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No. It is not."

She looked directly at John Brayton then. But curiously, it was Enoch Chew she saw most clearly, saw the surprise flick into his eyes and the flush of suppressed rage on his face. *So he doesn't know this. Camilla Anne didn't tell him the truth about this either.*

"Why were you there, Miss O'Keefe?"

"I was there because the commissioner of police had been asked by an important organization of women, meeting in Washington, to allow me to be their official escort on the Baltimore House and Garden Tour. The women were asked not to say I was a policewoman, but we assume that one of them—not a member of the organization—did tell, and that it was Mrs. Brayton, Jr., she told."

"And did you pry around in the Brayton house, as I believe has been suggested, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No. I handed in the tickets, introduced the women and stayed as near the front door as I could get. I got out as quickly as I could and sat in the bus till the rest of them came out."

"Nevertheless you were upset by this incident, as my distinguished friend for the defense has so ably pointed out."

"I was indeed. I was very much upset. It was a hideous position to find myself in."

"Especially as another member of the Brayton family had already been to see you. That was Mr. John Brayton's grandmother, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Tell the jury what happened, please, Miss O'Keefe."

"That has nothing to do with ——"

"Please, Miss O'Keefe. It has been indicated that that interview was the beginning of your intense resentment of the Brayton family, which eventually led you to the monstrous iniquity of putting your duty as a police officer before your affection for a member of the family. We've heard that you told the lady she was being offensive, that you bitterly resented her coming to you."

> The time to start correcting the children is before they start correcting you.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

"I thought it was offensive to be offered a trip abroad if I'd get out of Baltimore. But I didn't resent it; I understood it perfectly. I was getting ready to go to the Hay Ride Club when Mrs. Summerfield came. I looked horrible. She'd had a private detective following me. I suppose he's the one who took that photograph, so she knew I'd been acting as a sitter at the Coral Seas Club. She looked so elegant and I looked so awful—like the photograph—that I didn't blame her at all. I was distressed and embarrassed. But I wasn't bitter. There was just nothing I could do. I couldn't explain."

"This brings up another matter, Miss O'Keefe. It's been suggested that you presumably have parents ——"

"I don't want my parents ——"

"And it's been implied that you're highly presumptuous in aspiring to marriage to the son of a distinguished Baltimore family. Further, that the young man was ashamed to take you to his home. In this instance I must agree with my distinguished friend for the defense and ask that you keep your temper, please, Miss O'Keefe. What do your ——"

"My father's a lawyer. At present he's judge of the Circuit Court in our district. One of my brothers is a medical student, the other's a lieutenant in the Air Force, now in Africa. My mother's the—a gardener, cook and general housekeeper, employed at home. I'm afraid it's never occurred to the O'Keefes that we're unfit to associate with."

"Thank you, Miss O'Keefe. And this occupation of yours that my learned friend regards as so exceedingly bizarre and that your parents are opposed to—your job as a policewoman. How did you ——"

"Because I learned that young women are needed in police work, as peace officers, to help women and kids keep out of trouble, as much as to help them when they're in it."

"But, of course, you couldn't tell that to this lady who offered you the trip abroad. Or to John Brayton. Why not?"

"Because the law firm he's employed by represents the Mimosa and the Coral Seas clubs. I didn't expect him not to do his duty to his employers. But I couldn't let that keep me from doing mine."

"And the Hay Ride Club, Miss O'Keefe—was that a client?"

"No. But that was too important. Only a very few people were in on that, even in the Rackets Squad. There was too much at stake. It was too dangerous."

"Very well. We're back to the night of May first, Miss O'Keefe. You were at the bar of the Hay Ride Club, ready to give the signal to the detectives waiting to close in on one of the FBI's ten most wanted criminals. But another signal came, that six society slummers had arrived. They came in the door, and you recognized Mrs. Pierce Brayton, Jr. They were high as kites, you've said. What did they do, Miss O'Keefe?"

"They stood in the doorway laughing like zanies. There's always a hush when a crowd like that comes in one of those places. They don't belong there. They tend to act as if they're visiting the monkey house at the zoo. These people kept on laughing and poking at each other, and then Mrs. Pierce Brayton, Jr., stepped forward and said, 'Is there a policewoman in the house?' She called it out the way they call for a doctor in the theater. There was a ghastly silence then, and she looked around and spotted me over at the bar, where it's reasonably light. She called out, 'Oh, Officer O'Keefe, there you are!' Then they all doubled up, shrieking with laughter. It was absolutely side-splitting."

"And you went storming out, we've been told. Just what did you do?"

"I was too petrified to storm anywhere. I just stood there. We had six detectives in the room. Three of them moved in at once and stood around me so I wouldn't be shot. They were the ones who got me out."

"It's been suggested you were furiously angry," Alec Dobson said, very quietly. "You say you were petrified. Were you afraid of being shot?"

"I was afraid for the three nice guys, all of them with families, standing around me, protecting me. They were the ones that might be killed. And for forty other people in the room, with a hopped-up gunman somewhere there in the dark, knowing he was cornered, and ready to shoot anybody that got in his way. Especially Camilla Anne Brayton and her friends there, blocking the door. It was a terrible thing."

"And this gunman got away, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes. He got away. He's still away. They haven't caught him. And he's robbed two banks and killed a night watchman since."

"And that night. Was anyone hurt, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes. An old woman who cleaned the girls' dressing room. She saw what she thought was one of them climbing out of the window. She tried to stop him, thinking one of the girls had gone crazy, and he shot her dead. That's why I was furious. That's why I was crying. She was such a pitiful old thing. There was no reason for her to die. It was a cruel, wanton thing for Camilla Anne Brayton to do—stupid; abysmally, criminally stupid!"

Enoch Chew sprang to his feet at the defense table, his face purple. Other men sprang up as (*Continued on Page 86*)

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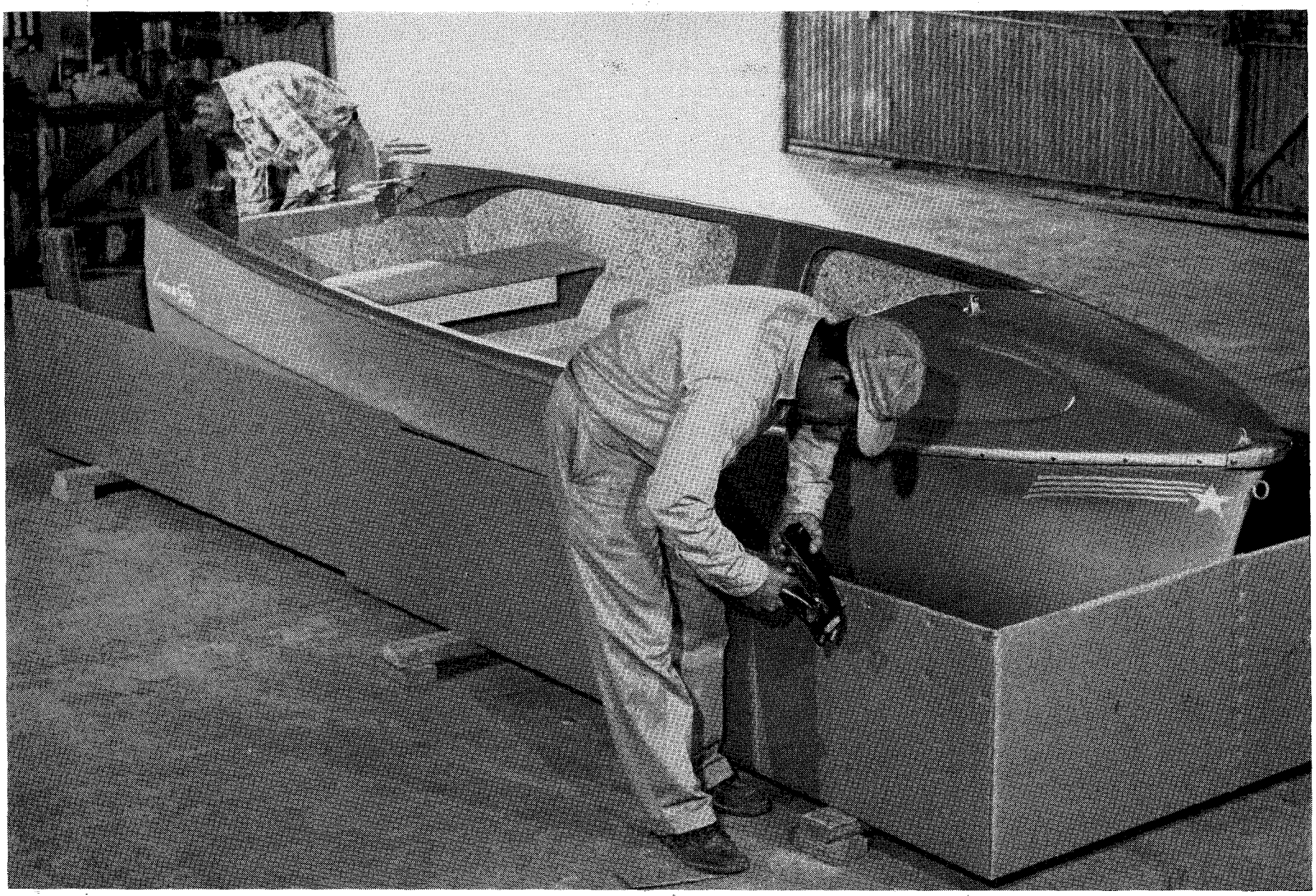

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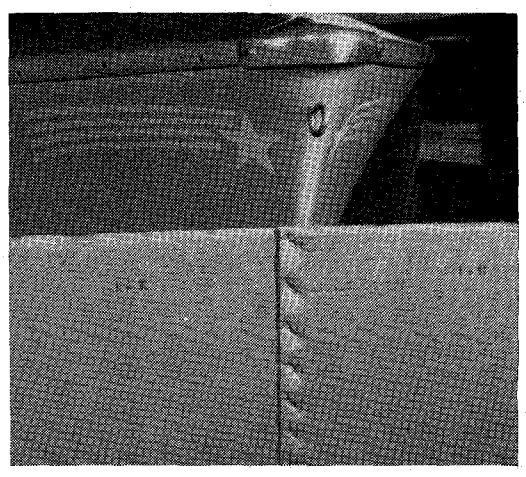

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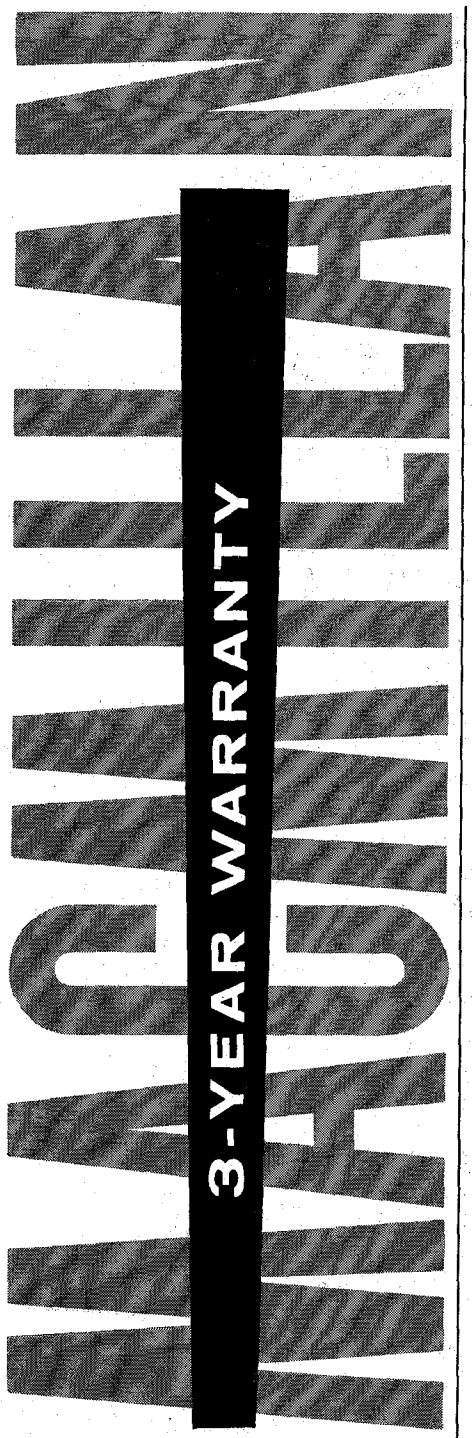

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(*Continued from Page 84*) the roar of applause rocked the room, women screamed, a woman fainted.

"Sit down, Mr. Chew!"

As Chew controlled himself and sat down the judge's gavel made itself heard. Bailiffs carried the unconscious woman out into the corridor. Kerry sat in the stand, her face pale, her eyes wide.

"This court is not a Roman hippodrome. It is a court of law. It stands recessed for ten minutes, until an atmosphere befitting one is restored."

Judge Sansbury left the bench in a hush so profound that Enoch Chew could hear his robes swish as he went through the door. He reached for a pad and scrawled a note to Johnny Brayton.

"If your sister-in-law or any of the rest of you have given me further misinformation, I must know it at once or I decline further responsibility for your mother's case."

Johnny read it, heartsick. *She lied to us too. About everything.* He could see now why Camilla Anne had lied about her part at the Hay Ride Club. Why she'd lied about the Garden Tour, saying Kerry had come alone —— *But it's my fault. I should have listened when Kerry tried to tell me. Oh, God, take care of my mother.*

Enoch Chew sat there, his face placid, thinking fast. On the very verge of washing his hands of the whole deal, his eyes rested on the anxious faces of the other defense counsel and the lost face of the young man sitting next to him. They touched Margaret Brayton's in what could well be a farewell salute. Touched it, moved on and moved instantly back to it, a sharp needle of light pricking in his mind.

His own words of Friday whipped back at him. Margaret Brayton's face was tranquil. No sign of fear, none of apathy, nothing but a deep and abiding calm was visible in it as she sat there, undismayed by anything around her.

Look at her! Chew let his chair abruptly back on its feet. *By heaven, either she isn't guilty or she'll carry it off.* In the instant a whole new pattern of strategy flared out in his mind. *It's a chance in a thousand. They'll believe her or they'll hang her. But I'll take it. I'll put her on the stand.*

He waited calmly for Kerry O'Keefe to take the stand again.

"Mr. Chew," Judge Sansbury said, "you had risen ——"

"To object, your honor. But if the court please, I wish to present no objection. I stand second to none in my applause for this young lady's impassioned anger at the stupidity and gross irresponsibility of the young people she so vividly described. It only intensifies our sympathy for the emotional turmoil she was in, sitting in her car in Mt. Vernon Place, less than an hour after that event took place."

Alec Dobson came forward again. "Miss O'Keefe, just why did you go out to Mt. Vernon Place after the tragic incident at the Hay Ride Club?"

Kerry raised her head, her face unconsciously softening. "Where else would I have gone? I loved him; I thought he loved me. He was the natural one for me to turn to."

Dobson glanced at the jury. "That's all, Miss O'Keefe." He waited for her to step down. "Call Mrs. Alice Ristwich, please."

The sharp flurry of interest that went through the courtroom, people craning their necks to see the fabulous widow with the fabulous fortune that the out-of-town papers had trumpeted, quieted as Mrs. Ristwich came forward. Apart from the limousine, the private plane and the oil, Mrs. Ristwich was a commonplace little woman.

It doesn't seem possible Doctor Brayton could have wanted to marry her, Kerry thought, glancing from her to Margaret Brayton.

For that was the burden of Mrs. Ristwich's testimony, convincing because it was subdued and her grief obviously real, the implication self-evident that passionate jealousy of her had made Margaret Brayton kill her husband, and at that time.

"You were in Baltimore the night of May first, were you not, Mrs. Ristwich? Will you tell us in your own words what happened?"

"Well, I was just so lonesome, all of a sudden, that I decided to fly to Baltimore. And if I hadn't, it wouldn't have happened; I blame myself for that. I got here around four in the evening. I wanted to surprise him, so I called the house to tell the butler to tell him I was expecting him to dinner when he came home. But she answered the phone instead."

"The defendant, Mrs. Margaret Brayton, answered the phone?"

"Yes. And she said she'd tell him I called. Then she said, 'But would you kindly not send your car for him? He can take a taxi if he doesn't wish to drive himself.' I thought it was funny, but she sounded all right to me."

"But Doctor Brayton did not come for dinner?"

"No. He called me around half after seven and said he couldn't come. His wife was emotionally upset and he didn't dare leave her alone with the servants away."

Enoch Chew saw Mrs. Brayton close her eyes for an instant and open them calmly as Mrs. Ristwich continued.

"He said, didn't I get the letter he'd written me, and I said I must have just missed it. It was to tell me he was planning on flying down home to see me the next day, but now I was here, we'd just go together in my plane early in the morning. So that's why, when I heard on the midnight newscast that he was supposed to have killed himself, I knew it was a terrible lie. When he had everything to live for."

"Mrs. Ristwich, I have a letter here. Will you look at it and identify it? Then I wish it marked and placed in evidence."

She put on her glasses and examined the letter. "This is it. The last letter he wrote me. April twenty-ninth."

"You've been very brave, Mrs. Ristwich. Your bringing this letter was the act of a courageous and high-minded woman. I regret that I must ask you to read it publicly here."

"I'll—I'll try.

"'My very dear Alice: I have a plane reservation for Sunday night May third. I long to see you. I shall spend a whole week with you, to open your great heart to the future that is ours, yours with me, mine with you. Let's have no guests. I want to be alone with you. We will take long rides together where we can tune our hearts to the vast creation of sky and plain and explore our glorious future, and with your heart and your clear proud vision find the way to make it ours. My love to you very simply now, my dear. Pierce.'"

The courtroom was silent as her faltering voice stopped. Tears filmed the eyes of the women jurors, there was compassion on the faces of the rest, gazing at the little woman weeping on the stand. None of them looked at Margaret Brayton. Enoch Chew went to the witness stand.

"Mrs. Ristwich," he said briskly, "you knew Doctor Brayton's great interest in medical education, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I am not mistaken, didn't you announce a glorious plan for giving a very large sum of money to a local hospital?"

"That was my publicity agent announced it, before the details were ironed out."

"And what happened to the glorious plan?"

"It fell through."

"Because it was felt you insisted on running things? Isn't that correct?"

"Well, we were still trying to work things out, Doctor Brayton and I."

"Which, I suggest, was the reason, and the sole reason, that Doctor Brayton was coming to spend a week with you. This glorious plan (*Continued on Page 88*)

"What makes you think it's a forgery?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 86*) was the glorious future you were to explore under the vast creation of sky and plain, with your great heart and great vision. It ——"

"No! That's false! It was ——"

"So you've said, my dear lady. You've said it was marriage. But Doctor Brayton does not say so. He was not free to say so. Doctor Brayton was a married man with a distinguished reputation, trying to salvage a vast sum for medical education. May I now ask who advised you to come into this courtroom to make this utterly fantastic charge against this man's lovely wife, the mother of his four children?"

"Nobody advised me. It ——"

"Thank you. I was afraid it was your publicity agent. That's all, Mrs. Ristwich."

"Detective Lieutenant Caspari. Will you take the stand, please?" . . .

"You are a member of the Homicide Squad of the Baltimore City Police Department?"

"Correct, sir."

"On May fifth your duties took you to the Brayton residence in Mt. Vernon Place. Will you tell us what you found there?"

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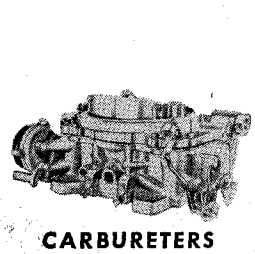

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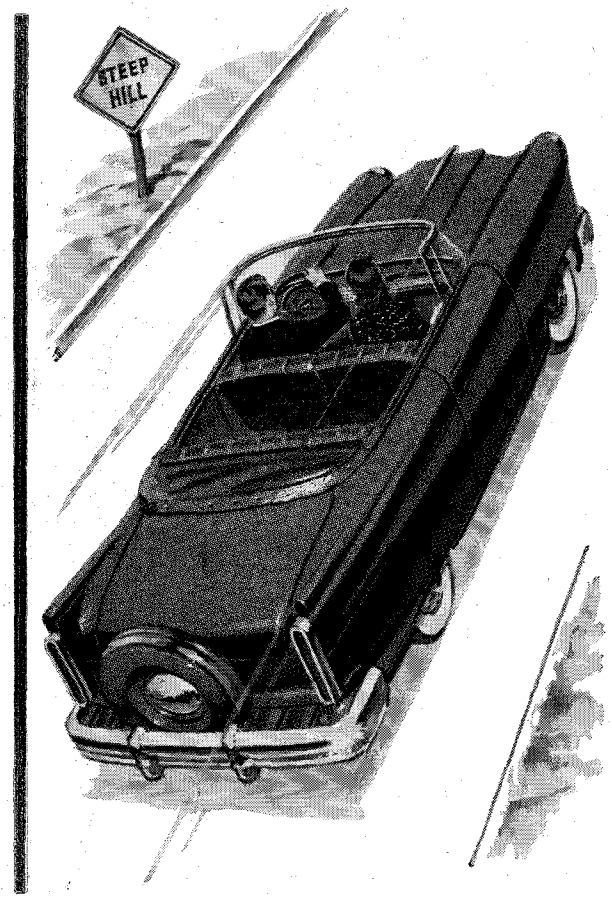

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"I found a letter. It had been folded and placed in the back pocket of a tail coat that was hanging in the mothproof closet in the attic. A London tailor's label in the coat had the name 'Dr. Pierce Brayton' written on it."

"Is this the letter, Lieutenant Caspari?" Dobson handed him a single sheet of blue note paper.

Enoch Chew glanced inquiringly at John Brayton, who shook his head. As he glanced then at Mrs. Brayton his spine stiffened. The blood had drained from her face, leaving the ivory pallor a ghastly gray-white. Her eyes were closed, her hands gripped the seat of her chair.

She's going to faint. We're lost now. If she faints, we're lost. Her fantastic serenity, her complete and confident tranquillity, was the whole substance he had to build on. *If the jury sees her* ——

But the jury had seen her. Out of the corner of his eye Chew saw one woman nudge another, saw one eye after another turned toward her.

Caspari had taken the letter. "That's it, sir. Those are my initials at the lower left-hand corner."

"I would like this letter marked and placed in evidence."

Alec Dobson handed it to the clerk and took it again, returning it to the witness. "Will you read the letter, please?"

Caspari read: "'Dear Pierce: I'm writing this because I'm too infuriated to trust myself to speak to you. The situation with Mrs. Ristwich has become intolerable. I cannot prevent you from seeing her, but I do demand that her car quit coming here to take you to her and standing by the hour at the curb in front of this house. It has become a public scandal, and is as intolerable to me as it must be to Mrs. R., if she has any sensibilities of any kind. You might treat her and your own family with at least some outward show of courtesy—until after Lolly's wedding at least. The innuendoes and raised eyebrows of our friends have become mortifying beyond my limited powers of endurance. If you can't keep that woman in Texas, you can at least keep her car away from my front door. I shall go mad if it continues. I cannot bear it a great deal longer. Margaret.'"

"You know Margaret Brayton. Will you point her out, please?"

Caspari raised his hand toward her. She sat there with eyes still closed, her face ghastly, writing her own death sentence on the faces of the jury turned toward her without pity or compassion.

Alec Dobson waited a long moment and moved back to his table. It was ten minutes to twelve, and the only time in a long career that counsel for the defense failed to take advantage of an opportunity offered him. Enoch Chew shook his head.

Dobson came forward. "The State rests," he said.

Judge Sansbury's gavel came down, ending the sudden stir in the benches.

"Mr. Chew, do you wish to begin now or will you wait until after the noon recess?"

"I shall wait, if the court please."

"Court is dismissed."

Enoch Chew took Johnny's arm, restraining him again as the released tension filled the courtroom with a tumult of excited voices. Margaret Brayton was moving off into an anteroom, like a sleepwalker, not conscious of people or things.

"Let her rest a moment. Then we've got to see her. . . . We can't go on, Johnny. We're licked."

"Johnny."

John Brayton turned his head blindly, his brain too numb for him to recognize the voice of the woman speaking to him there, too numb to be surprised to see her.

"Johnny!" Mrs. Remstad said urgently. She put her hand on his arm. "Look here, Johnny. I can help."

Enoch Chew swung around. "How can you help?"

Johnny, staring at her, saw her now, her face troubled, deeply earnest. "This is Mrs. Remstad," he said. "Our next-door ——"

"I know who she is. I want to know how she can help."

"Not here," Mrs. Remstad said quickly. "Can we go someplace?"

Dave Trumper, out in the corridor, waiting for Kerry, saw the three of them head rapidly toward the elevator. Kerry came out alone. There was no joy in her face and none in Trumper's.

"What'll they do?" she asked quickly. "Change her plea?"

He shook his head. "I've had a hunch we'd been flimflammed. That Remstad woman's been sitting in the back row like a hen on a hot griddle. She broke her neck getting up front to talk to them."

... ...

Citrus Harvest

By Betty Isler

Up from the dark green
valleys creep
The big trucks, each a
golden heap
Of oranges mounded in the
sun,
Amber cargo by the ton.
Groaning slowly up the
slant,
They pause beside the
shipping plant;
With glistening ripeness
then the fruit
Rolls brightly through the
packer's chute,
While dry and dusty cities
wait
To taste this fresh,
ambrosial freight.

... ...

"The blond woman? Is that Mrs. Remstad?"

"Come on, let's eat," Trumper said. "I want to get back quick. Something's cooking."

There was still the air of suppressed jubilation at the prosecutor's table when the court opened at two o'clock.

Margaret Brayton entered the room with the matron, calm again as she took her seat. Kerry O'Keefe, watching Johnny Brayton, felt her heart rise. He walked with a surer step. His face, that had been heartbreakingly haggard, was drawn still, still haggard, but the light of hope was in it. In Enoch Chew there was no apparent change until he rose to open the case for the defense. He was direct and deeply serious.

"Mrs. Inga Remstad, please."

He bowed her gravely to the stand. Mrs. Remstad's earthy flamboyance and the sparkling glint in her eyes were gone. She looked like a middle-aged woman troubled and ill at ease.

"What is your occupation, Mrs. Remstad?"

"I rent out part of my house, but I live on my income I saved up."

"Your house, Mrs. Remstad—where is it?"

"It's the other part of the Braytons' on Mt. Vernon Place."

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"Do you own it?"

"Yes, sir. I own it, and I've lived there for twenty-six, going on twenty-seven years. I bought it the same time the Braytons bought theirs."

"Do you know the Braytons, Mrs. Remstad?"

"Not what you'd call know them, I don't. I see them go in and out. I know their son, John Brayton, to talk to, but to the rest of them I just say 'How do you do,' and that's all they say to me."

"You've lived next door for twenty-six years, Mrs. Remstad? Is there a garden or lawn between your house and theirs?"

"No, sir. It's like I say. It's a double house. There's nothing but a thick wall between us, and a single roof over both our heads."

"So you're very close neighbors, are you not?"

"The Braytons aren't what you'd call neighborly, if that's what you mean."

"How many times have you been in their house, Mrs. Remstad?"

"I never crossed their threshold but one time in my whole life."

"When was that?"

"That was at the Garden Tour, when I paid a dollar like everybody else."

"So you're not here in this courtroom because you are a good friend of your next-door neighbor, are you, Mrs. Remstad?"

"No, sir. I'm not any friend of theirs and they're not any friend of mine. I haven't got anything for 'em or against 'em."

"Then why are you here now, Mrs. Remstad?"

"Because I heard that rich woman this morning trying to make out it was on her account Mrs. Brayton killed her husband, and it made me mad, that's why."

Chew paused a moment in the intense quiet of the courtroom.

"Where were you the night of May first?"

"Right where I belonged. In my own side of the house, right next to the Braytons' side. I was in the front of it, and I was in the back. Around eight o'clock I was in my conservatory in back, sprayin' these African violets with one of these bomb-can things I got."

"Where were you at half past ten?"

"I was in my front room, looking out in Mt. Vernon Place, watching TV and having me a can of beer."

"And you saw John Brayton leave the house?"

"Yes, and he waved up at me like he always does if he sees me or I call hello to him."

"After that, did you hear a shot fired?"

"I heard something. I'd just gone out back to get me another can of beer and eat a crab cake. I got a piece of my conservatory made into a kitchen and the rest of it's my dining room."

Enoch Chew paused again. "You say you're here, Mrs. Remstad," he went on very quietly, "because you got mad listening to Mrs. Ristwich 'trying to make out' that it was because of her Mrs. Brayton killed her husband?"

"That's what I said and what I meant."

"Why did that make you mad?"

"Because she never killed him, and I know she didn't."

"Mrs. Remstad, on your oath and before your God, how do you know that?"

"Because I saw her with my own eyes. Like you say, on my Bible oath and before my God, Mrs. Brayton wasn't even inside her house when the shots were fired."

Judge Sansbury's gavel came down, silencing the murmur of excitement.

"How do you know that, Mrs. Remstad?"

"Because, like I said, I was spraying these African violets, round eight o'clock, and I saw a light go on in their back yard, and I saw her, in her raincoat, go to her garage, and I heard her car start and go out."

"Did you see her again?"

"Yes. I was sitting down to eat my cold crab cake at a table I got by my conservatory windows. I heard the noise, a sort of thud, on account of the wall's so thick between my side of the house and theirs. At the same time I saw the car lights in the alley turn in the garage, and I heard a second noise, and then, in a minute, maybe, she came out of the garage across the garden, walkin' slow to the back door. Then the outside lights went off, so I knew she was inside. But she was outside when both those shots were fired. On my oath and before my God she was."

Kerry O'Keefe, leaning forward, engrossed, her lips parted breathlessly, her heart lifting, listening, all her attention concentrated on the large woman there in the stand, was aware slowly of the stunned silence of Lieutenant Caspari, of Homicide, sitting beside her, and the taut dismay at the prosecutor's table. Then, almost as if her eyes had been metallic wisps caught in a magnetic field, she felt them drawn, with a force intensely powerful, till they met the gray eyes fixed on her. Johnny Brayton's eyes were flat, relentlessly bitter, the contempt in them cold, pitiless, bitterly implacable. *I wish I'd rotted in hell before I'd ever met you.* He was saying it again, his mouth hard and his lips white. Then he coolly shifted his chair, turning away, so that his eyes would never be forced to look into hers again.

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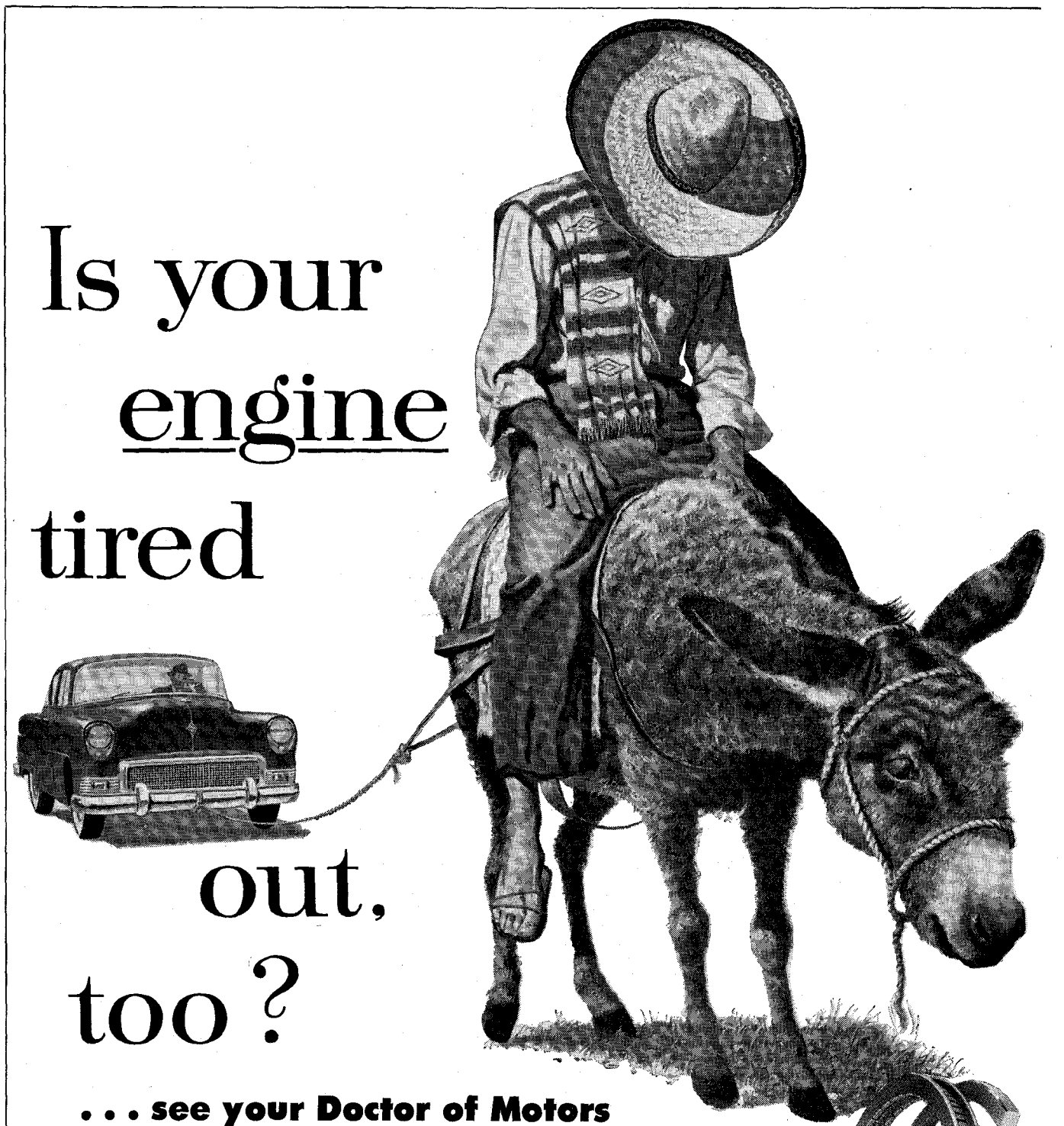

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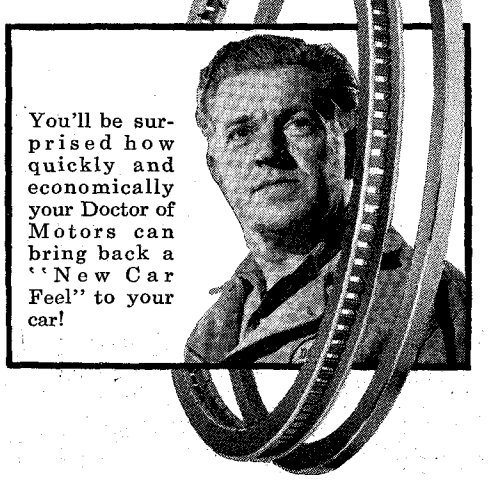

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Everybody Laughs at Me (Continued from Page 37)

my mail and cross-examine my wife for these titbits of information.

They have told the public, naturally, that I can order a meal in five languages, but that waiters keep bringing me hamburgers anyway. There have been news bulletins which read: "Borge Grosses $2,500,000, Breaks Record With One-Man Show on Broadway." There have been items about my Rock Cornish hens, which don't lay eggs, and about my jokes, which sometimes do. There have even been newspaper arguments on the question: Is he a pianist-comedian or a comedian-pianist or neither? But my audiences still haven't the slightest idea whether I walk in my sleep or wear suspenders.

Midway through the show the announcer began his inspired commercial and handed me a cigarette. "Here, Victor," he said pleasantly, "won't you have one of our smooth, mellow and tender smokes?"

"No, thanks," I said.

The announcer paled and abandoned the script. "What?" he snapped. "Why not?"

"Because my doctor told me to quit," I said, coughing loudly.

I was only telling the truth. I really had quit, temporarily. I was never again invited to perform on that show, even though I would go on stage now and smoke like dry ice on a hot day.

Two-year-old Victor Bernhard Borge, the comedian's second youngest son, with his boxer at Vibo Farms, in Southbury, Conn.

I don't intend to tell everything. But I don't want to be the man nobody knows, so I am going to confess a few little things before I get into my story. The experts assure me that hereafter people will feel kindly toward my frailties and even think of me as a member of the family. Sponsors have a warm feeling for families because families buy more products than anybody.

I am writing this in what guests refer to as the smoking room of my home in Southbury, Connecticut. Of course, every room in this old colonial house is a smoking room. There are seven fireplaces, so you'll know why.

I am what people generally call a chain smoker. Actually, I only smoke cigarettes. I have cigarette boxes all over the house, but they are full of clippings, buttons, pins or bits of yarn. I have numerous fully automatic cigarette lighters, but not one of them ever works. I don't know whether cigarettes are good or bad for my health. It so happens that I am a good insurance risk, but I have had cigarette troubles now and then. I was once asked to be a guest star on a big-budget television show sponsored by a certain tobacco company, and they were paying me a substantial amount for ten minutes of my time.

I have another failing which might be considered a health hazard. I like to buy clothes for my wife, Sanna. Buying does not mean just the act of signing checks when the bills come in. Matter of fact, I never see the bills and my wife signs the checks. "You-all are too busy," she says in her quaint Kentucky way, "to be bothered with such li'l' ol' details." But I like to go into smart shops and pick out dresses or evening gowns, just as though I knew what I was doing. I have been warned by old hands that I am courting domestic disaster, but Sanna tells me I have good taste.

I remember going into one Fifth Avenue store a Christmas or two ago. There was a chic and lovely woman sitting beside me as the models paraded frilly things. Every time she nodded, I said, "I'll take it." Her head kept bobbing all afternoon, and I spent a small fortune before I realized she'd been taking a nap. But asleep or awake, she knew what was good. Her name, by the way, was Marlene Dietrich.

One of the gowns we chose that day had a long, regal-looking train, and Sanna wore it a few evenings later at a dinner party given by William Randolph Hearst, Jr., for Henri Bonnet, the outgoing French ambassador to the United States. We were barely seated at this gay affair when Mr. Hearst proposed a toast to Monsieur Bonnet, and all the guests stood up. Everyone but Sanna, that is. I was extremely embarrassed and I thought, *Holy smoke. They'll probably think she's a communist and there'll be international consequences.*

Fortunately, it was a short toast, and after we sat down, I whispered to Sanna, "For heaven's sake, why didn't you stand up?"

"I couldn't," she whispered back. "Somebody was standing on my train and I was nailed to the floor."

The "somebody" on that short train ride happened to be the Duke of Windsor. Well, I guess they didn't stand on trains in Owensboro, Kentucky, where Sanna was once a town belle, because they had plenty of seats. The incident didn't bother Sanna, though. Nothing ever bothers her. When I was playing the Golden Theater in New York, some of the great stars of the stage and screen paid me the compliment of coming backstage for a personal word. There were always a lot of strangers, too, many of them wanting autographs, and Sanna tried to handle things in an orderly fashion. She stood guard at the dressing-room door and was such a formidable sentry, as I said earlier, that some called her "The Dragon."

One night the visitors included Luise Rainer, who won an Academy Award for her role in The Good Earth, and she trudged up the stairs toward Sanna.

"Hello," she said, "I'm Luise Rainer, and I just thought I'd say hello to Victor."

There was quite a crowd that night, and Sanna gave her the cool, appraising gaze. "Of course," she said mechanically. "Mr. Borge will be glad to autograph your program if you'll just get in line right over there."

Luise took it in good grace, and we've had a lot of chuckles about it ever since.

During the twenty-seven months I was on Broadway I tried to spend weekends at home with my family. Like many busy people, I work late at night, mostly on tax deductions and similar hobbies, and so commuter trains to Connecticut were out of the question. Consequently I traveled the 170-mile round trip by car, and this brings up another weakness of mine.

I love to drive a good car, especially on long, smooth parkways. The combination is almost irresistible, and those long stretches—as any motorist knows—invite you to go faster than you should. I have never caused an accident myself, although other drivers have twice twisted me up like a pretzel. The first time was in Copenhagen, when another motorist sneaked out of an intersection and draped his engine over my windshield. I am furious if I have to miss a theater date—it has happened only once or twice in my life—and I did my show that evening wrapped up like an Egyptian mummy. The other crash occurred at an intersection in Victorville, California, and put me in the hospital for a month.

The aforementioned broken bones were not nearly as embarrassing, though, as a mishap I had one afternoon in Connecticut. Just an hour or so earlier I had had lunch with Gov. Abraham Ribicoff at Hartford, and among other things I complimented him on his campaign to cut down traffic accidents on Connecticut highways. Governor Ribicoff was also planning a tourist-and-travel program, and at his request I agreed to help both drives in any way he suggested.

I was thinking about these campaigns while I was driving back home, and the more I thought the faster I went. Presently the peaceful air was pierced by a siren, that ominous whining which chills the hearts of motorists, and I pulled up on the grass shoulder to wait for the state patrol car. You know how it is. You sit there with your stomach down by your shoe tops and you fumble for some reasonable excuse: *My mother-in-law beat up a symphony conductor and I'm rushing to her bedside. The governor is a pal of mine, see? I just had lunch with him and I'm doing some traffic research.* And so on.

"Borge, eh?" the officer said, glancing at my driver's license. "I s'pose the governor's a friend of yours?"

"Why, no," I said. "I hardly know him."

"Who's the guy sitting with you?"

I glanced to my right at Bill Heath, the family driver. He was sitting there in his uniform, suppressing a smile.

"Him? Oh, he's my chauffeur," I said.

"Then why isn't he at the wheel?"

"Because he's such a lousy driver," I said.

The cop didn't think it was funny at all.

I took the ticket, paid the fine and hoped Governor Ribicoff would never know what an imbecile I was. Since then—if you happen to be reading this, governor—I've switched my allegiance to another governor. The one the mechanic installed in my car. Also, I've made it easy to slow down with a system I herewith offer free to any driver who needs it. I simply set my watch and the dashboard clock twenty minutes ahead, and I no longer have to risk my neck to make an appointment on time.

Every year I succumb to the blandishments of the advertising men and buy two or three cars because they have the newest frammis, or self-floating sproggets, and so on. Also, we need vehicles on the farm. Later, of course, I don't know what to do with all these automobiles, since I am almost continuously flying or riding cabs, trains and boats. Sanna has suggested it would be better economics just to buy a used-car lot and fill it up with my own rash purchases. At the moment, I have sedans, (*Continued on Page 92*)

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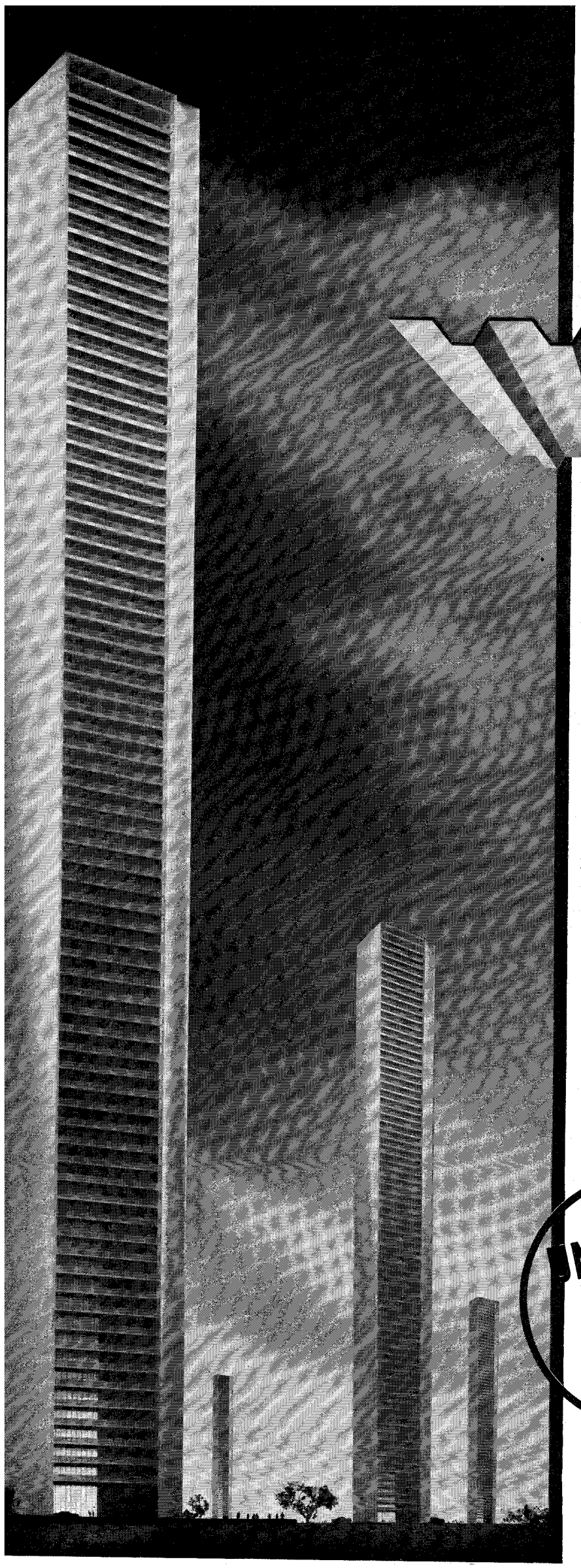

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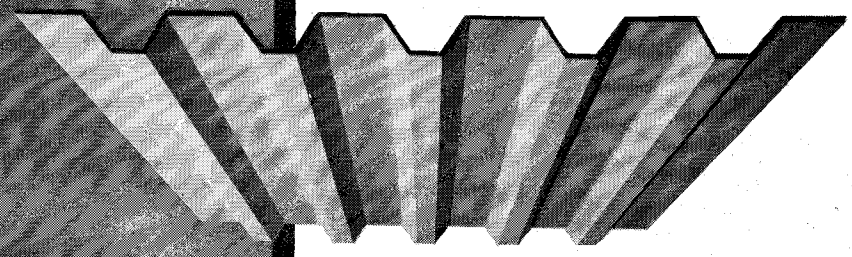

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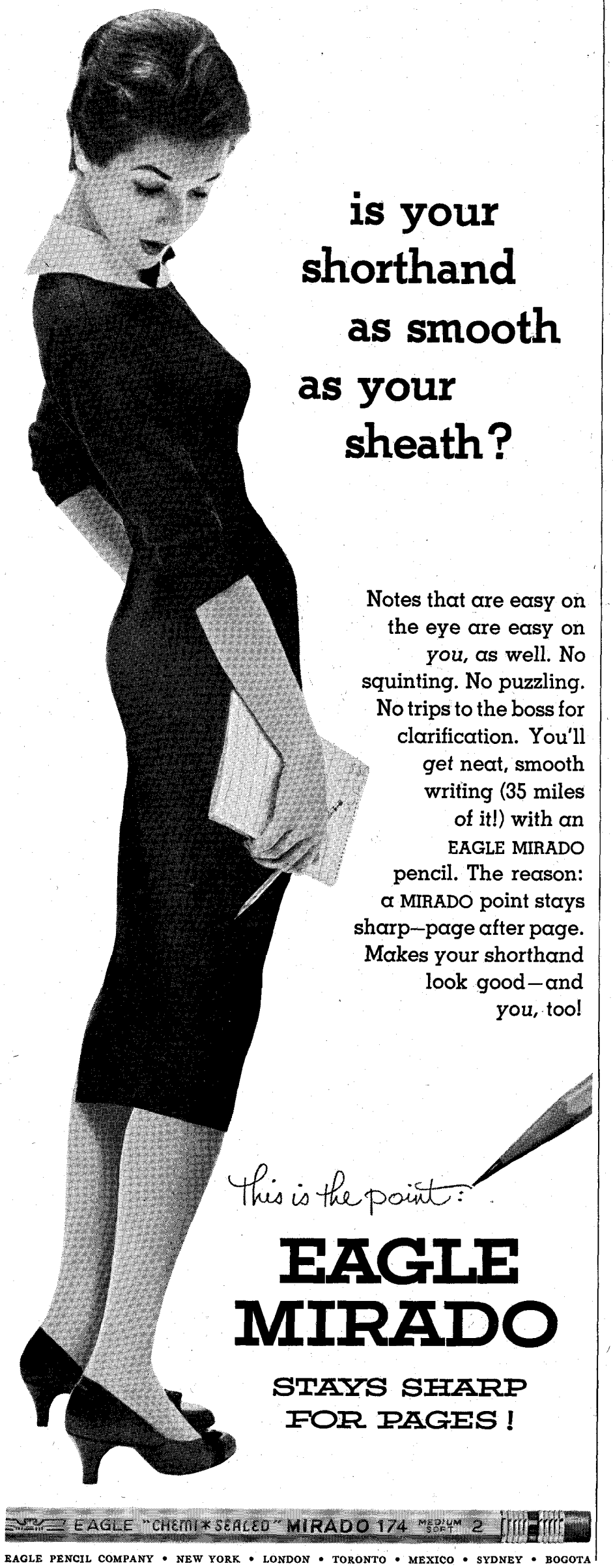
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(*Continued from Page 90*) station wagons, my wife's sports car, trucks and a little fire wagon.

Someone accused me of buying the little fire engine so I could use the siren and thus get accustomed to the sound, but that isn't true. It so happens that we use it for pumping irrigation water. But I also like fire engines, and furthermore, I might need this one if I keep on burning up the music critics.

I had a mental list of the shortcomings to which I was going to confess, but I've mislaid it somewhere. I am always forgetting the little things.

I can't read a magazine on a train if anyone is sitting near me, and I can't read on an airplane unless we are flying through clouds. When I do try to concentrate I am apt to go into a trance. Many years ago in Copenhagen, when I came offstage during the intermission at a recital, my father anxiously took me aside.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I feel fine."

"Well ——" he said, peering at me gravely. "You got to a passage in that Beethoven sonata and played it eight times."

Obviously I had blacked out, but my fingers kept moving in the same rotation, like a stuck needle on a phonograph. I have fallen asleep at the keyboard a number of times, but my hands seem to function without missing a note. Sometimes my audiences fall asleep, too, and then I have to get new material.

There does not seem to be any medical explanation for my own dreamlike lapses, but I'm sure it's nothing to worry about. It is probably a form of self-hypnosis brought on by my deep immersion in the warm flow of music. Certain compositions I play—for instance, Chopin's—have a very soothing effect when the lights are dimmed during a performance, and I find myself drifting off. One of these blackouts, caused by a wave of intense fear, almost ruined my American career before it got started, but that story will wait.

I suffer from claustrophobia, too, but I've learned to avoid situations that might trigger this mechanism. Remember that popular song Don't Fence Me In? I think it was written for me. I can't sleep in a narrow bed, for instance, because when dawn breaks I am apt to be missing. Sanna might find me on the window sill or at the supermarket.

Back in the war years, when I was living on a ranch in Chatsworth, near Hollywood, something went wrong with the plumbing under the house. There was no basement, and there weren't any plumbers, and so I crawled under the house to fix it myself. I was lying there on the ground in darkness, staring at the subflooring a foot or so above my face, and suddenly I was frozen with fright. Suppose I got stuck there and couldn't get out? No one would ever find me. I don't know whether I yelled for help. I don't even know how I got out of there. For all I know, that pipe is still leaking. I can ride a small plane through hail and lightning, but since that Chatsworth experience I can't go into a tunnel or a small closet or under a car without the sickening feeling that I am trapped.

If any of my friends twit me about this problem—and they had better not—I can always say that at least claustrophobia introduced me to the lovely lass with the name few can pronounce or spell properly—Zsa Zsa Gabor.

I had been living in a small New York hotel room in 1950, and when the walls began to close in I started looking for an apartment. Zsa Zsa—pronounced Shah Shah—had been divorced for some time from Conrad Hilton, the hotel magnate, and was moving to California with her new husband, George Sanders, the English actor. Someone told me she was planning to lease her brownstone house on 73rd Street and I rushed right over. Maybe I should have walked. She let me have the house all right, for only $12,000 a year. But I was happy to have it, for it didn't have any tiny closets and the beds were full size.

A couple of months later Zsa Zsa wrote to me from Los Angeles:

Dear Victor: I hope you are enjoying my house. I have not heard a peep out of you since you moved in. Maybe that means you have burned down all my furnishings already. I do enjoy you greatly on TV, and would like to have a short note from you whether you are a good boy with my house.
In the meantime I am also on television out here now, and have lots of fun at it.
Good-by, and a sisterly kiss.

ZSA ZSA

I wrote right back, and in a brotherly way thanked her for the sisterly kiss and assured her the furniture was intact and that I was a good boy. I did have something I could have peeped about, and perhaps Zsa Zsa won't mind if I tell the story now. I had been in the house a month or two—I was performing at the Waldorf then—when Conrad Hilton dropped in for an informal chat. We had a drink or two in the first-floor salon, and later went to the living room on the second floor. We were talking about show business and the state of the box office when Conrad put down his glass and looked around the room with a puzzled expression.

"You have a charming house here, Victor," he said. "But I can't shake the feeling that I've been here before."

"That's possible," I said.

"It certainly looks familiar," he said, scratching his head. "Oh, well, the mind plays tricks sometimes."

Half an hour later we went down the curving stairs to the entrance hall, and Conrad picked up his hat and reached for the door knob. He stood there a moment, seemingly lost in thought. Suddenly he slapped his well-tailored coat, and burst out laughing.

"Ye gods, Victor!" he said, red-faced. "Now I've got it. I bought this house for Zsa Zsa."

Zsa Zsa, incidentally, never came to the house while I was living there, but this effervescent girl has a subtle way of invading your subconscious and staying there. Indeed, I can blame her for one of the most undiplomatic ad-libs that ever popped out of my head.

I was invited to a sumptuous affair given by a New York publisher for the Shah of Iran and his beautiful Queen. When I got to the flower-laden suite at the Pierre Hotel, there was a line of celebrities moving toward the regal couple. As the guests were formally introduced, they bowed and delivered a gracious word or two, and I was still fumbling for the right phrase when I reached the Shah. He greeted me democratically, smiled and shook my hand. Suddenly the pixies took over my tongue.

"I have the pleasure of knowing your charming sister," I said.

His black eyebrows went up. "You do?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "Shah Shah."

For one instant the Shah's face clouded like a tornado sky. Then he let go with a booming royal laugh, and I moved on. He must have known her too.

There are times and places, I think, when a performer's clowning instincts simply get beyond control, but a good deal of this original material is lost in these off-stage sallies. I remember going to the Stork Club with Sanna one evening, and being introduced for the first

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time to Sonja Henie, the skating beauty.

As we sat down at our own table, Sanna said, *sotto voce*, "My, she certainly looks young."

"Why not?" I said. "She's been on ice all her life."

A couple of bystanders urged me to use the line in my show, but I never did. Quips like this are reserved for the immediate family.

Since this chapter is a sort of Inside Borge, I would like to say that I have never intentionally hurt anyone in my patter, and that I don't use what the trade calls blue material. I think Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, plus Dick Wagner, as we call him here, are adequate targets, along with an occasional music critic and some of the frosty crones who run symphony orchestras.

For years I have been looked upon as a villain destroying the dignity of classical music because I burlesque an opera or some other classical work. To my mind these criticisms need no defense because no one loves music more than I. If I can open up a new horizon of the beauty in music for one man, woman or child, by whatever means, I am grateful. Music should be loved for its own sake, not because it is fashionable, cultural or a social obligation.

As for me, the so-called wrecker of the immortals, my most loyal followers are the artists who have spent their lives in music and who wish that people wouldn't fall asleep while they're supposed to be absorbing a spiritual offering. One of my most cherished treasures is this radiogram, which reached me on the Queen Mary in mid-Atlantic after I had performed for the British Broadcasting Corporation in London last summer:

SORRY HAVING MISSED YOU IN TRANSIT. YOUR MIRACULOUS PERFORMANCE STILL SUPERSEDES SUEZ CRISIS. HOPE SEE YOU HERE SOON AGAIN. PERSONAL GREETINGS.

It was signed by one of the world's great pianists—Benno Moiseiwitsch.

Yes, I have my personal and pet peeves, like anyone else. I am vexed by people who complain if I do not spend the entire evening playing the piano. I do not pretend to give piano recitals, but if that day ever comes, I will go into any old concert hall and devote the whole program to the classics. I will bet you that some people will walk out demanding a refund because they didn't get a laugh.

I am also nettled by people who protest if I don't answer their letters at once. The trouble is, I get hundreds of letters every week, and since I am a one-man show and not Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I have no fan-mail department, nor anyone on the payroll to take care of requests for endorsements, pictures, money, World Series tickets or the recipe for my own personal barbecue sauce. But I do the best I can.

Every day I deal with agents, bookers, TV and movie producers, musicians, advertising men and newspaper reporters, poultry farmers and distributors, veterinarians, builders, carpenters, electricians, salesmen and mechanics, as well as my wife and five children. I do this on tour and even on vacations. I haven't had a vacation for seven years. In my spare time I practice new selections and try out new material for my shows. Now you can see why it takes me awhile to catch up.

Since fan letters are the priceless mirrors of my work, I insist on personally answering those that require a response. I have my own code system for marking letters and notes. An "x," for instance, means a must answer. An "xx" means it is urgent. When I have answered a note, I put a circle around the "x." When I forget, I put a rope around my neck.

If it's a matter of any interest, I am also addicted to hunches, and they are generally right because I am a very lucky man.

Some years ago, when I was playing a night club in Covington, Kentucky, I had a hunch to wander into the back room and see what the boys were having. There was a crap table, and a woman was busily throwing dice. She was a little under the weather—to me this is a good sign—so I put a few dollars on No. 11 at 15 to 1. The inspired lady shooter beat astronomical odds and rolled six consecutive elevens. I made about $2100 by doubling my bets, and the management was so happy they begged me to stay on another week! The casinos want me in Las Vegas, too, but I have a hunch that the woman under the weather won't be there at the same time.

I have almost overlooked some other minor delinquencies. My office at home is usually a hopeless shambles, but there is a standing order to leave it that way. I stuff things into bottom drawers and find them years later. Just now I've dug out a note from Jinx Falkenburg McCrary which says: "Dear Victor: As usual you were terrific. So terrific, in fact, that the David Sarnoffs were falling on the floor with laughter." There's no date on the letter, I don't recall answering it, and I haven't the vaguest idea what was so terrific. Except that they perhaps were so happy because I might have appeared on another network.

I have a number of scrapbooks that are dog-eared and yellowed. Long years ago, before I learned English, I started saving clippings, comic strips and similar things, so I could study them and pick up the American idiom. I can just barely decipher one of these weathered cartoon jokes about two matrons. The first woman says: "You mean you left your husband because he had flat feet?" "Yeah," the second one says. "His feet were always in some other woman's flat." You can see what I went through to learn English.

In my attic are packing cases full of reprints. I am a glutton for reprints. When a critic said something nice, I bought hundreds of reprints of the review. But no one ever told me what to do with this stuff, and now it's a fire hazard in my house. I hate to throw out all that paper because it might come in handy someday. I hear they're already paying a dollar a ton.

I love road maps, too, and I never throw them away. I have road maps for all the forty-eight states, the Pentagon and Grand Central Station. Unfortunately, a road map is something you've swept out of your car trunk the day before you need it. In a Copenhagen hotel room I once found a Colorado road map abandoned by an American tourist. I was as excited as Columbus when he discovered Queen Isabella. All those dangerous curves. All those motels. And those detours. But it didn't help much in Denmark. The country is so small that when you go through a stop light too fast you're in Sweden.

I went wrong only once with a road map. I had assembled an orchestra in 1945, and started out for a concert tour of Midwestern and Southern states. One night en route to Roanoke, Virginia, we came to a crossroads and turned right. An hour or so later we came to an intersection that looked very familiar.

"Hey!" I said to the bus driver. "We've made this turn once tonight, and here we are again."

The driver glared and said, "Maestro, you stick to your piano and I'll handle the wheel. I could drive this route blindfolded." Apparently he did.

Two hours later, when we groaned through that intersection for the third time, I showed the driver my own road map. "Look, you turn left, not right," I said.

By this time he was pretty baffled himself, and stopped to ask for directions. That was when we discovered that my map was right and the driver was wrong. It was the first time in years that I got to a theater late, but it wasn't really our fault. It was Halloween, and the neighborhood kids had reversed all the signs.

Still with me? Fine. There will now be a short intermission of approximately seven days. See you then!

This is the second of a series by Mr. Borge and Mr. Jennings. The third will appear next week.

"Your idea of rum cake and my idea of rum cake are two entirely different things!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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They Put the Arm on Vote Thieves

(Continued from Page 43)

warning letters to election officials and emphasizing the penalties for election frauds; and by co-operating with the United States Attorney.

All this did not insure a simon-pure election, but the tip-off that the committee did well came in the wails from Gyppo and his like that the "college kids are making us nervous"; in the telephoned plea of one ward boss to "Puh-leez, pull your watchers off me for just one hour—I'm suffocatin'!"

I dropped in at Committee of Seventy headquarters on the day before election for a talk with Harry K. Butcher, executive secretary of the organization since 1936. Butcher is an enthusiastic battler.

"When we spot a political crook, Democratic or Republican, we work like hell to put him in short pants," Butcher said.

Philadelphia's politics traditionally have been corrupt, and around the turn of the century the stench became too nauseous to be ignored. Virtually every public contract was a vehicle for fraud. Elections were so crooked that three-year-old children and even dogs were registered as voters.

In the fall of 1904, a citizens' group met to organize what was to become the Committee of Seventy. The "plan of organization" took note of the fact that "the evil from which the city is suffering is . . . the existence . . . of an unofficial organization called 'The Machine' . . . [which] . . . maintains its control through a combination of the police, the criminal classes and the election officers."

Thomas Raeburn White, Sr., a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, still active at eighty-one, is the only surviving member of the original group. At the time the committee was formed, Mr. White was asked to serve as the committee's counsel. He got action rather quickly. A poll watcher came to the committee with damning evidence against a number of machine henchmen. Among other things, there was a registration list in a division in which there were 143 legitimate voters, whereas 343 votes were counted on Election Day. The last 200 signatures were entered on the list in the same handwriting. Several people went to jail for this fraud. After a few more convictions the machine bosses were sobered.

By 1937, the committee had accomplished six major objectives. There was help from other civic groups, of course, but the Seventy had been in the forefront of battles for establishment of uniform primary elections, abolition of the poll tax, enactment of a new city charter, adoption of a constitutional amendment for home rule, a tightening up of the election laws to reduce frauds, and a constitutional amendment permitting the use of voting machines.

By this time a two-party system was beginning to function in Philadelphia. The committee therefore amended its by-laws so as to become a nonpartisan, nonlobbying organization, throwing its future efforts into "watchdog" and educational activities.

The committee has followed a policy of reinforcing its active membership not from the top ranks of professional and business firms, but from the next-to-top level. Thus, the committee always has a nucleus of young, active members who have the time and inclination for pick-and-shovel work. The present roster is comprised of about thirty lawyers, eight manufacturers, and a wide range of business and professional men.

Mr. Butcher invited me to attend a committee luncheon at which Mayor Richardson Dilworth was to speak in support of his plan for the city to take over the privately owned Philadelphia Transit Company.

One board member who opposed the mayor's views was Donald C. Rubel, stockbroker. After the meeting, Rubel told me he had been "converted" to committee membership in 1934, after he and Mrs. Rubel had visited one of the boss-run river wards.

"My wife and I saw a ward-heeler sitting at an orange crate on the sidewalk, paying off a line of drifters who had voted. He gave them two dollars each. After that, I decided I would have to do something about politics, besides just feeling indignant."

I walked back to City Hall with Mayor Dilworth, who had been a crusading district attorney before he became Philadelphia's second Democratic mayor in nearly seventy years. Though he had not expected to make any converts to his municipal-transit plan, the mayor was seemingly miffed by his cool reception. He said he did not care to give a formal interview concerning the Committee of Seventy, but: "It devotes its energy to petty things," Mayor Dilworth said. "It is not willing to prosecute evidence of real fraud."

Back at committee headquarters, Butcher grinned when I told him what the mayor had said. "We've ridden Dick pretty hard, both as district attorney and mayor, when we thought he was wrong," he said.

As a prelude to what might happen the following day, Butcher reminisced about past elections.

"One year," he recalled, "the polling place in one of the river wards was in a Chinese laundry. The thieves who were stealing the election set up the voting machine in front of a plate-glass window. It was like voting in a goldfish bowl—the worst bit of intimidation I'd seen in years.

"I sent my two investigators, Frank Dressler and Bob Cooper, to soap up the window so the voters would have a little privacy. The goons wiped the soap right off. Finally, after we put on a lot of pressure, the D.A. backed my play, and the window was covered.

"Bob Cooper was threatened once by a drunken goon with a pistol. Bob asked two county detectives to arrest the gun-toter. They told him to call the cops—they weren't supposed to risk their lives arresting gunmen.

"We began using volunteer student watchers—both young men and women—at the polls in 1938. One year a pair of student watchers so unnerved a finagling election judge that he shut the polls six hours before legal closing time, and threw the keys to both the polling place and the voting machines into the Delaware River.

"One election we got evidence that a political worker had pulled the handle of the voting machine three hundred and twenty-seven times. He had the cutest defense I ever heard: it seems he had gone into a diabetic coma, staggered behind the curtain, and, before he knew what he was doing, bingo, there were those three hundred and twenty-seven votes racked up—conveniently for his candidate. Somehow, the jury didn't believe him, and he was fined and sent to the workhouse. As soon as he got out, he was given a job on the sheriff's payroll."

On election morning Butcher, Dressler, Cooper and the two committee

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Wealthy Mrs. Summbly, who was a lot more than pleasingly plump, was trying hard to squeeze herself into a series of smart gowns made for a far less expansive person. When the saleslady suggested that she try a larger size, Mrs. Summbly blew her well-groomed top. "Nonsense," she snapped. "I know my proper size. Just bring me the right gown."

After the saleslady had patiently tried to ease her into a few more dresses, she brought out one her customer especially liked. "This is it," Mrs. Summbly said. "This is perfect for me. I simply need to stand erect and pull in my tummy."

"But madam must realize," the weary saleslady said as she passed behind Mrs. Summbly to adjust the overstrained garment, "that when madam pulls in her tummy, it appears back here under a different name."

Mae Ashlock

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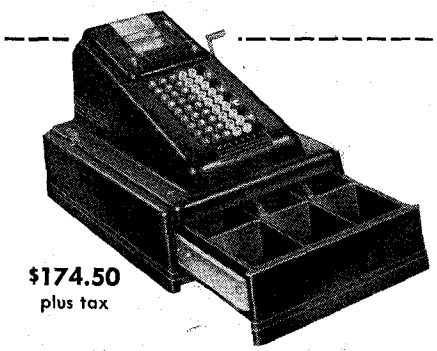

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secretaries gathered at headquarters early. Telephones already were ringing with queries from election judges, complaints from voters and early reports from the eager student watchers.

In snatches between calls, Butcher told me the committee had twenty-five automobiles operating, each manned by a pair of college students. The committee paid each one twenty dollars for the day, the students supplying the cars. Some 650 other students on foot helped to cover the city's 1535 voting places. Each had been given two dollars in dimes, to be used for telephoning the committee's headquarters with reports of violations. One such call came in while Butcher and I were chatting. The caller reported that a notorious ward heeler was rendering illegal assistance to voters. "I know that jungle bum," Butcher said. "Let's try to give him a ride." Hanging up, he scribbled a memo directing Dressler to send a car to that division and to report the incident to the United States attorney.

I knew that the Committee of Seventy, over a period of months, had combed Philadelphia's massive registration list, which includes more than 1,000,000 voters. It challenged nearly 80,000 dubious registrations. During the day, I called on Leon Sacks, Registration Commission chairman, who told me that the commission throughout the year had purged 120,000 to 130,000 names "without help from the Committee of Seventy."

"Harry Butcher is honest," Sacks said, "but the committee makes trouble. Those college kids go haywire. There's no more graveyard voting in Philadelphia since the permanent-registration law was passed."

Throughout the early part of the day, I listened to Butcher, Dressler and Cooper handling complaints. "Judge, I'm telling you," Butcher would growl into the telephone, "if this lady moved out of the district three months ago, she has no right to vote. . . . You say a deputy sheriff just slugged an election judge, and the judge is closing the polls? We'll get a car there right away. . . . Now listen, son, we hear you got your candidate's picture tacked over the voting machine. Why don't you cut out that Halloween stuff? He's going to lose, anyhow. . . ."

From one boss-run division, a student watcher reported: "The committeeman just said to us: 'You can go home now. I've already voted all my bums!'"

In midafternoon, I went on a trouble-shooting tour with Ed Russell and Fred Ziesenheim, third-year law students at the University of Pennsylvania. They had had a busy day. One cynical ward boss recoiled in mock horror when they asked him about reports that there had been cash passed inside the polling place. "What? Me defile the sacred voting place!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't do that—I pay 'em off around the corner!"

We visited the 2nd division, 13th ward, which is run by George (Scotty) McDonald. Scotty's ward is a tough one in Philadelphia's "skid road" section. Scotty is a case history in himself. He formerly was a Republican, but, since the Democrats have been in power, Scotty has become a Democrat. He currently holds the position of assistant chief clerk with the Election Board at a salary of $4300. In 1950, when Mayor Dilworth was running for governor, he named a number of men with criminal records in the Republican ranks, and, down among the small fry, he listed "George (Scott) MacDonald, who served a sentence for peddling narcotics." In Scotty's 1955 application for a civil-service examination for promotion to his present city job, he listed arrests for "suspicion of murder, carrying concealed deadly weapons, aggravated assault and battery, suspicious character, suspicion of larceny, suspicion of highway robbery, lottery, etc.—all discharged" and a conviction, in 1917, on "suspicion of selling drugs."

When we arrived at the polling place, Scotty was standing on the steps, buttonholing voters, checking their names off in a black notebook, and glowering at the four college students who were watching for the committee. He talked to me profanely about "those college kids!" Using a phrase I was to hear often during the day, he complained, "They make me nervous!"

In Philadelphia today there are professional politicians of both parties who froth at the mouth at the mention of the Committee of Seventy and Harry Butcher. Such opposition Butcher regards as a badge of honor. There are, however, some thoughtful observers who feel that the committee has reached a crossroads and must take a new direction.

One such critic is former Mayor—now United States Senator—Joseph S. Clark, who broke the Republican machine's hold on Philadelphia politics in 1951, when he became the first Democratic mayor since the 1880's. Clark was a member of Seventy before his election. After he went into office on a reform platform, the committee criticized his handling of civil-service appointments. It observed that Clark was "doing a good job," but complained that his appointees were "getting their feet in the trough."

> Folks who own glass houses shouldn't live within a stone's throw of each other.
>
> CY N. PEACE

"My quarrel with the committee," Clark told me, "is that its members tend to be ostriches from the rhododendron belt—rich young men who commute from the Main Line to their law offices, or brokerages, or banks, with a detached view of the city's problems.

"I told the committee, 'Our elections are now clean and we have civil-service reform. Why don't you find yourself something useful to do?' They answered, 'Our elections aren't clean, and you ain't so much of a civil-service reformer!' We parted on that note."

Senator Clark would like to see the committee place less emphasis on its poll-policing actions, and take up the larger problems of tying in Philadelphia's municipal operations with those of the suburbs. "We need a civic organization that realizes we can't solve our municipal problems via the old approach," he said.

Butcher—with the vocal backing of various members of Seventy's executive board—feels that the committee never can relax its crusading spirit.

"We do more than just police the polls," he said. "We let a lot of light onto civic problems through our publications. In addition to vaccinating thousands of college students with a taste of what politics is like, and what it shouldn't be, we conduct classes for adults on the meaning of practical politics.

"We certainly make no claims that City Hall today is a temple of virtue. But we have advanced to the point where public scandals are under control. Even the bosses realize it is 'bad politics' to be caught cheating.

"Yet, experience has taught us that the vote thieves never stop trying. For that reason, we feel the Committee of Seventy never can relax. As long as there are 'robbers,' somebody has got to play 'cops.'"

THE END

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I'm Invisible to Arabs (Continued from Page 29)

I am fulfilling—in a limited way—a wish that every little boy contemplates, but no little boy ever realizes—that is, virtual invisibility.

The most material advantage of this arrangement—the psychic gains are enormous—is to be gained in the congested, colorful Arab *souks*, or bazaars. Let me explain first that Beirut, my post of assignment, is not a desert waste dotted with stray nomadic bands of sunburned brutes who, under the influence of some exotic mass compulsion, seem daily to forget to remove their bedsheets when they awaken in the morning. Rather—and in spite of Hans Christian DeMille's celluloid tales to the contrary—it is a civilized and moderately mechanized city whose citizenry have the subtle commercial know-how of the early Phoenicians coursing back and forth through their veins.

So you've got to have all your wits about you when you go to buy. Whether it's a goatskin hassock or camel bells, the Lebanese merchant normally will not yield up the true selling price of an item without a serious struggle. It isn't money that's the prize, it is simply a matter of being "one up." So the merchant's initial asking price is fantastically high, leaving just enough slack so that shrewd bargaining eventually will whittle it down to what he would have settled for in the first place, had there been a showdown.

This never happens when I buy. I make like I won the "pig-wrasslin" contest in the last Iowa State Fair, and when the merchant I'm dealing with turns to his half brother and says in mellow Arabic, "Watch me schlom this guy for sixty *leera* for a twenty-*leera* carpet that I picked up from a one-eyed Kurd out by the ruins of Baalbek," I simply rivet the hassock with a piercing gaze, like Sherlock Holmes, and say, "This carpet was obviously made by a one-eyed Kurd somewhere near the ruins at Baalbek, and I wouldn't give you more than twenty *leera* for it."

Perhaps you're wondering by now how come I understand Arabic, and that's all right because it's good to wonder a little now and then—that's really the only way to learn things. Both my parents emigrated to the States from Damascus, Syria, before I was born, and I always spoke Arabic in the home as a boy.

My wife, Peggy, has three kids and the usual Foreign-Service-type social obligations to manage, so we have an Arabic housemaid named Angela, and Angela's going to be mighty frosted when she finds out I know all-all-all about her telephone conversations. I might have told her right from the start, except for that morning during the first week she was with us when she answered the telephone and I heard this:

(In English): "What? . . . Who? . . . What number, please?"

(In Arabic): "They're going out at eight o'clock. Bring up the gang and we'll have a ball." (Free translation.)

(In English): "No, this is not the Bank of Syria. This is 21439!" (Hangs up irritably.)

I won't go into tedious detail about the subtle Oriental defenses that I have since rigged up to prevent our apartment from becoming a roof-top night club. The important thing is the accuracy of my intelligence, and that always comes to me from an unimpeachable source.

I played nine holes of golf once at the Beirut Sporting Club because a terrible-tempered American friend of mine named Baker wanted to find out once and for all what the teen-age caddies were saying about his game. Ben Hogan once played the course and is reported to have angrily dubbed it a "nine-hole sand trap." But I didn't see why that should stop me from doing Baker a favor, even though his motive was ulterior.

We both played miserable golf for eight holes, and Baker was getting madder and madder. The caddies were getting quieter and quieter, as if they didn't really believe what they were seeing. Then we got to the ninth tee. It was a long hole and this time Baker connected, pumping out a nice 220-yard drive that was making a beeline for the green before it finally dug into the sand. Baker's caddie said, "*Allah raheem*," and all of a sudden the other boy turned his back to us, and I could see his shoulders shaking and it really didn't look as though he were crying.

Baker pushed his sunburned face up close to mine. "What did he say?"

I gave it to him straight. "He said, 'Allah is merciful.'"

The few words in Arabic that Baker knows are profanities, and he let them pour in a brief, abusive shower on his caddie's offending shoulders. The lad took it without flinching, but when it was all over, he turned to my caddie and calmly murmured something.

Baker was on me instantly. "Well," he whispered urgently, "what was it?"

"No," I said, for I could see that Baker was at the brink.

"No? What do you mean, no? What did he say?"

"Forget it."

"Blatty, I want to know what that boy said!"

I looked him dead in the eye. "He said you learned your Arabic from a parakeet."

Well, he asked me, didn't he?

"Uncle Sam's" is an American-type sandwich shop across the street from the main entrance to the American University of Beirut, and after he sees this article the manager is going to ask me to stop eating sandwiches there. Fred Royal, a British schoolteacher who used to be on the London stage, joined me at Uncle Sam's one early evening for a genuine United-States-style banana split. Two dark-eyed Lebanese lovelies were sipping lemonade at a table right next to ours, and I had just made a dedicated stab at my second scoop of ice cream (black walnut) when I heard one of the girls say in clear and breezy Arabic, "No, the one is English, but the other talks like an American." I gulped down a half-chewed walnut, sipped some water from a glass, and overcasually began picking at my third scoop (coffee). My antennae went out.

"Are they from the university?" asked one of the girls, pushing a forefinger against the bridge of her sunglasses. (For some mysterious reason, about one out of four Lebanese girls wears sunglasses indoors.)

"Never seen them before."

"The American's kind of cute, don't you think?"

"Well, he's no Rock Hudson."

"He's got a broad nose, but he's nice."

"If you like that type."

"He'd probably look a lot better with a shave."

"I doubt it."

"Are they looking at us?"

"No."

"What is it they're eating?"

"Banana split."

"Awful goop."

"Look at that nose. It's a wonder he can drink out of a glass."

"Who?"

"The American."

"Oh, really now, Suad, what's the matter with you? He's nice."

"I think you'd better take off your sunglasses."

"Are they looking at us?"

"No."

"Maybe if they knew we speak English they'd talk to us."

"Maybe."

"Here, Samira, take fifty piastres and play the juke-box. Something sentimental. Something American. Maybe that will get their attention." After an interval: "The British one is very nice."

"O.K. So I like the American. Now what?"

"Act casual. Let them make the first move."

At that moment the waiter came to our table, and in very audible Arabic I asked him if he could make up four of those banana splits to take home to my wife and kids. All at once the jukebox came to life and the horrible gurgling noises at the next table were almost drowned out by Rosemary Clooney singing Hey, There! I think one of the girls knocked over her lemonade glass, and that may have made some noise, too, but I didn't stay to find out. I just got the hell out of there. Poor Fred.

It's funny, though; even with all this uninhibited chatter pecking around my ears, I never overhear anything political. These may be times of flap and ferment in the Near East, but my linguistic wire-tapping gear never picks up signs of international tension. Well, hardly ever. There was that time, I guess, when, along with a dozen other Americans, two Arab students from Beirut's American University, and a local guide, I visited Krak de Chevalier, most formidable of the still-standing Crusader castles in this area. Perched high on a mountaintop in Northern Syria, this twelfth-century relic has a massive entry gate that bears an Arabic inscription across its arch. When the thing that happened happened, the

NEXT WEEK

On Guard With the Sixth Fleet
Report On Our Sailors in the World's Most Troubled Area

Let's Stop Wasting Our Greatest Resource
How Schools Can Provide the Brain Power We Need to Survive
By Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover

IN COLOR:
We Conquered the Mystery Mountain
How Nine Americans Scaled Peru's Lost Peak

Death is His Cellmate
Convicted Five Times of Murder, Treetop Turner Still Claims He's Innocent

What Do You Mean by "Hopeless"?
Deaf-blind Children Can Become Useful Citizens

Everybody Laughs at Me
Victor Borge's Own Story

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guide was reading the inscription aloud in rolling, sonorous tones, savoring the full flavor of the classical Arabic words. I mean, you could see it meant a lot to him. He paused for dramatic emphasis and, speaking to the Americans, said, with great feeling in his voice: "Do you know—can you possibly imagine what these beautiful lines mean?"

"Yes," murmured one of the university students in Arabic, "Crusader, go home!"

The khamseen is a temper-aggravating wind that blows into Beirut from off the deserts during the summer months, and under the Ottoman Empire law was even taken into account in the judgment of murder cases. When the khamseen blows in, sooner or later I usually do something. I do something like this: I walk into a leather-goods store and ask to see a hassock. The shop is run by a father-and-son combination and I am glad when the father starts advising the son in Arabic how to make a sale to an American, because then I can do what it is that I have to do during the khamseen.

The merchant says to his son, "Delight of my heart, show him the one with the cedars-of-Lebanon design on it; this is what he is looking for."

And the son says to the merchant, "But, O, my father, the camel design is much better."

And the father says, "Not in vain have I sold hassocks to Americans all these years. The American is different and you must learn what pleases him. I know. The cedars."

And then I say, "I would especially like to see one with a camel *motif*, if possible. Do you have them?" I never look them in the eye when I do this, so I can't tell you what expression is on their faces.

Then the father says, "Bring to him one of the white and one of the green."

And the son says, "But, O, my father, the red one is the most popular."

And the father says, "Popular for Lebanese, but not for Americans."

And the son says, "But you also thought he would like the cedars design, and it was the camels that he liked."

And the father says, "Pride of my house, a single hair does not make a beard. A slight error. But trust me. Am I not your father? I know these Americans."

And then, as the boy reaches up to a shelf, first for the green, and then for the white, I say, "But don't you have any in red? I much prefer the red."

This happens only during the khamseen, but gradually these incidents have been increasing and I may be developing into a linguistic Frankenstein's monster. Can't anyone please stop me?

There actually was a time when I spoke only Arabic to the Arabs out here, but they would never look at me while I was talking. I mean, I wouldn't mind if they stared at their mosque shoes or mosaics in the ceiling or something. But they would always look behind me and roll their eyes all around, and I was made faintly aware that they were looking for the ventriloquist. Arabic is a difficult language and all that, but, I mean, what the hell!

Even the president of Lebanon gave me the whammy over my Arabic one time. I had codirected an Anglo-American community production of Blithe Spirit, then being staged at the American University theater. Between the acts, British codirector Steve Alexander and I were invited to the university's Green Room. There we sipped coffee and chatted about the play with Lebanon's President Camille Chamoun and Madame Chamoun, who were attending that evening's performance. His excellency, a most distinguished-looking man with an expert command of English, made a few kind remarks about our production, and then turned to a discussion of plans for a dramatic festival at the Roman ruins of Baalbek. Steve and I had just assassinated the idea of a French-language production of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar in the Temple of Bacchus (it somehow reminded me of the time I was in Kirkuk and saw Shane with Kurdish subtitles) and had just turned to Hamlet (in English). At this point I suddenly recognized the waiter who was refilling our coffee cups as someone I had known

... ...

Shoppers at a Clearance Sale

By Ethel Romig Fuller

Like flocks let out of
fenced-in
Chicken yards and houses
To glean cut-over grain
fields,
They scrabble through
soiled blouses,
Scarfs, negligees, bright
buttons,
Oddments of slips and
panties,
Plymouth Rocks broad-
bosoming
Aside cluck-clucking
Banties.
And never underestimate
The trickery of the small
ones:
Watch them filch such
titbits
As earrings from the tall
ones.
So what if they wend
perchward
At sundown, plumage
tattered?
A change from coop and
nesting chores
Is all that really mattered.

... ...

four years ago on a previous tour of duty of a summer's duration. Steve had the president's ear for the moment, and I caught the waiter in midpour with a brief but fluent burst of greeting in Arabic. His excellency turned to me just in time to catch my performance, and he raised a dignified but astonished presidential eyebrow that had one clear message to convey: "Good heavens! A talking horse!"

Speaking Arabic was always getting me into trouble. Nobody knows de trouble I seen speaking Arabic. So one October morning, for instance, I park my car in a no-parking zone—it happens—in front of a brocade shop in the Beirut shopping district. The proprietor is lounging in the shop doorway, his fez slightly askew, and I ask him—in Arabic—if he will kindly inform any interested policeman who comes along not to ticket me because I will be back in half a minute.

When I do get back, a black-capped Beirut cop is writing up a parking violation. "Officer, what seems to be the trouble?" I say to him in my best American English—it was my policy even then always to speak English to policemen. Especially when they observe me in no-parking zones, driving the wrong way up a one-way street or making U turns in the market place. That way they usually accept me as an ignorant foreigner and, being good-natured lads, smile indulgently and gesture for me to move on. This cop gave me a blank stare and then went back to writing up the ticket.

"But, officer," I say to him, "I asked this man here to tell you I would be back in just a minute!"

The cop looks up at me and says—in Arabic—that I am in a no-parking area. *Excellent*, I think; *he doesn't understand English. Soon he will grow exasperated with trying to explain to me what I've done wrong, and will signal me to move on, like they always do.* So I turn on a relentless barrage of English until I notice that the cop is not saying anything, and he is not writing anything either. He is just staring at me real funny like and looking very inscrutable. Then he turns to the shopkeeper and says in Arabic, "How come this guy speaks Arabic to you, but speaks only English to me? How come—huh, how come?"

Zahle is a tiny village in the Lebanon mountains that is noted for its *kibbeh*—raw ground lamb mixed with wheat grain, garnished with raw onion and submerged in olive oil—and arak, a clear liquid whose potency expands exponentially with each arithmetic sip, and which, when mixed with water, clouds up like ammonia water. The Arabs call it "lion's milk." The first time I visited Zahle was with Bill Meader, another USIA man, and it wasn't long before two Zahle merchants got Bill interested—he wanted it for his young daughter—in a pink, gummy and apparently very talented goop that you could blow up into bubbles of colossal circumference. After several minutes of bargaining, Bill began to show definite signs of combat fatigue because he several times showed willingness to accept the bubble merchants' first quotation—two *leera*—but I held out, in a torrent of reckless Arabic, for one *leera*, fifty *piastres*. With no agreement in sight, Bill and I abruptly disengaged from the enemy and started walking away with pretended indifference. Straightway, one of our opponents—gingerly balancing an enormous blob of pink on the finger tips of both hands—shouted to me in derisive Arabic, "Your friend is a fine American! But you—you are the miserable offspring of an Abyssinian camel trader!" I believe it was then that I decided to speak only English to the Arabs.

Although perhaps I should amend that last statement. I do have to use Arabic in connection with certain aspects of my job. Part of the USIA mission in the Near East is to present in clear, undistorted, and the most persuasive possible form, the whys and wherefores of American foreign policy, especially as it affects this area. America's international motives, the most unselfish and enlightened of them, can assume sinister aspects to a foreign audience that reads about them in press commentaries that are partisan, confused or just anxious to sell newspapers by slanting or sensationalizing. USIA gives it to them straight and sweet.

My small slice of this job is to serve as an editor of News Review, a weekly sixteen-page Agency publication that we put together and publish here in Lebanon for distribution throughout the Near East. This means I've got to work closely with our Arabic editors, who translate the English copy into Arabic. While their English is excellent, we occasionally need to confer in Arabic to double-check a nuance of translation. And I've also got to use Arabic when I talk to the typesetters, the layout artist and the boys in the "stripping" room of our offset-printing establishment. Then, too, I frequently double as roving correspondent. When a local USIA post can't liberate one of its small staff to cover a story, sometimes I go out and do the job. Maybe I'll have to interview a sheik and farmer near Erbil, in Northern Iraq. And if I ever hope to find out from him what United States technical assistance has done for his almond or wheat yield, brother, I've got to use Arabic. In faraway places you may never have heard of, down-to-earth men from Colorado, Oregon or Wisconsin—cattle experts, professors from agricultural colleges, engineers—unassumingly go about their job as America's "blue-jean diplomats." If we want the Arab public to hear about it, it's frequently up to USIA men to go into the boondocks and get the word from the primary source—the Arabs who are benefiting from United States aid.

Meanwhile, as far as my off-duty hours are concerned, things seem to be working out much better for me on this tour since converting to the "authorized English." Like the time that man from the local rental agency was steering me around Beirut in search of unfurnished quarters for myself and my small nomadic band of Blattys. After checking three possibilities that weren't exactly overwhelming in their recommendations, we came at last to one that, by comparison with the others, seemed at least quite possible.

"Now this," beamed the rental agent, "is what I call an apartment."

Not knowing, just at that moment, what else we might call it, I let that go unchallenged.

"The landlord of this building," continued my guide, "is known throughout Beirut as one who does not skimp with materials when putting up a building. In all Beirut, this man is a man of rare integrity." The landlord, who was standing in the kitchen with us, nodded in agreement. "Quite frankly," whispered the agent, drawing me over toward the sink, "at the rate this man is asking, this place is a robbery."

"You mean a steal," I said.

"I mean a steal," he said.

"Are the other places we saw pretty typical of what's available?" I asked, accidentally catching my thumbnail in the drain plate.

"Absolutely!" he declared. "I chose them at random. Really, my profit is the same no matter which apartment you take, so you must believe me when I tell you that apartments like this have been very hard to find lately."

Well, I believed him. We arranged for a year's lease to be drawn up. As we left the building, the agent turned back and called out to the landlord in Arabic, "Tell mom I'll be late for dinner."

You, too, can be invisible if you'll just study Arabic—or Urdu, or Hindi, or any exotic language. It isn't really hard. It's mostly in your point of view. In the offices of a Beirut insurance company recently, I overheard an Arab clerk trying vainly to explain to a claimant, also an Arab, why he couldn't collect damages on a car collision until his claim papers had been fully processed.

Exasperated, finally, the clerk threw up his arms and shouted in Arabic, "You cannot collect until your claim has been processed! If I've told you that once, I've told you twenty times! What the hell's the matter with you? Can't you understand Arabic?"

Well, I do, and you know that, but outside of my co-workers, the Arabs in Lebanon aren't going to know that because I'm going to buy up all the Beirut copies of this issue of the Post: my tour of duty here has one more year to run, and the show must go on! THE END

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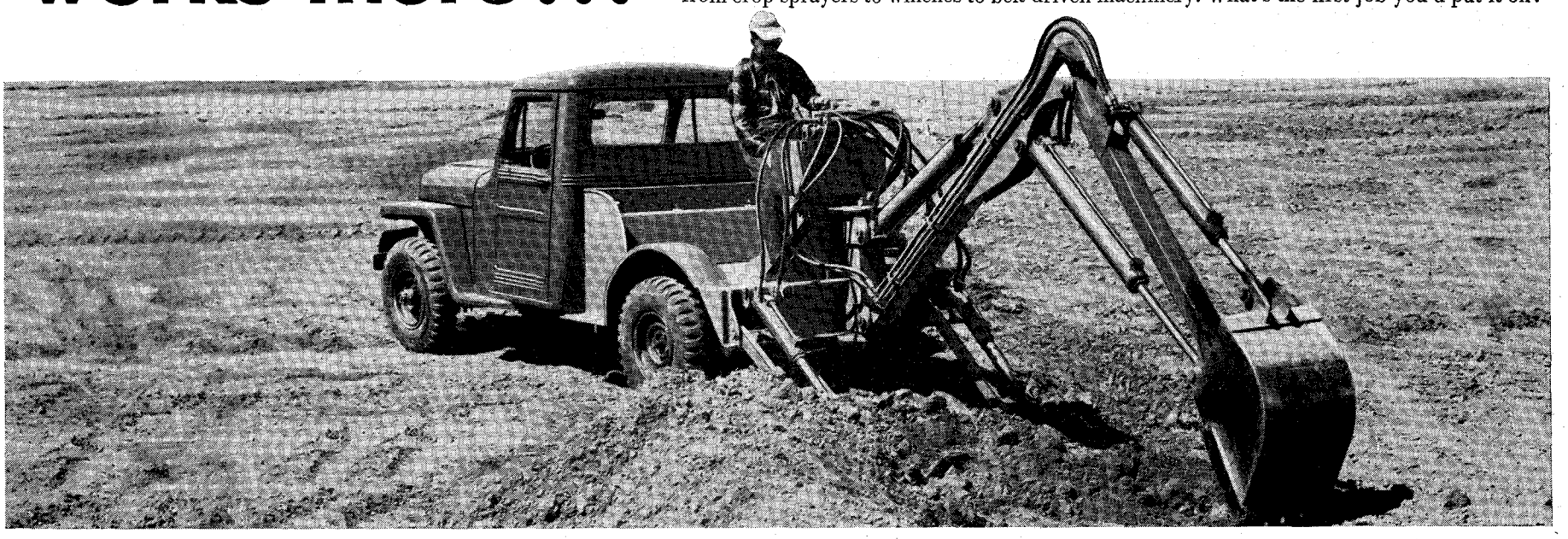

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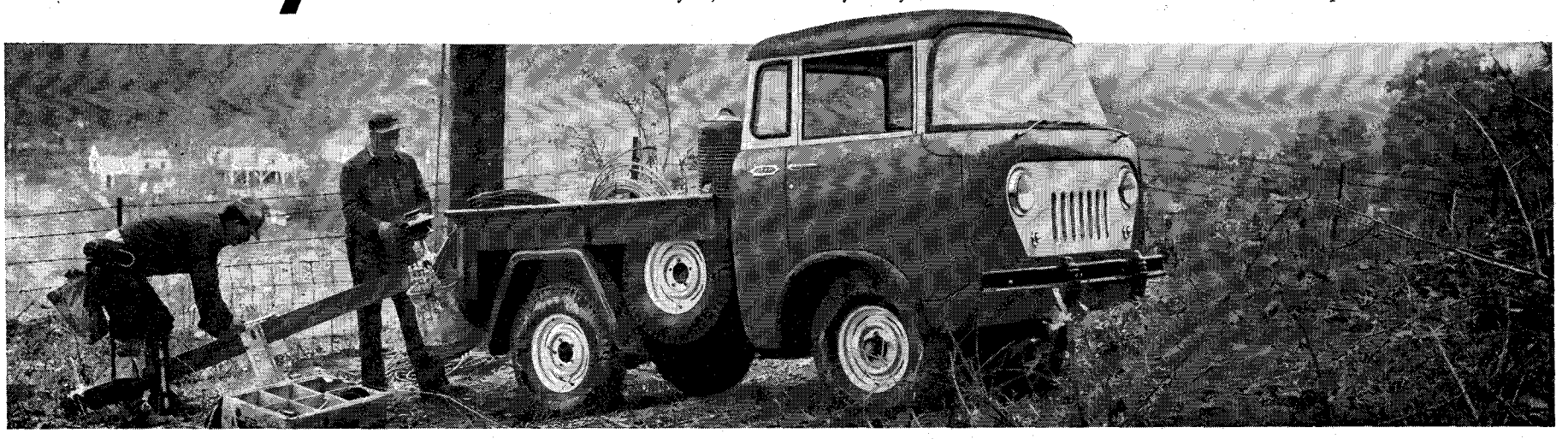

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Men Wanted: $25,000 a Year

(Continued from Page 30)

today, five years later, Howell has a staff of twenty-two, and there are orders on his books from more than seventy-five companies eager to pay more than 100 executives a total of $2,500,000 in annual salaries. He has dug up presidents and vice-presidents, even a chairman of the board, and he numbers among his clients such big organizations as Continental Can Company, Celanese Corporation, National Biscuit Company, American Motors Corporation, the Columbia Broadcasting System and the New York Stock Exchange. Howell has even done some undercover recruiting for the United States Government, and the Republican Party once asked him to find a finance chairman, although political afterthoughts led to withdrawal of the order.

The profit in this big-game hunt is made possible by what has become a chronic shortage of the kinds of executives needed by modern American business. The shortage springs from several causes. Among them was World War II, which interrupted the careers of countless young men who, under other circumstances, would now be approaching top-executive status. The war's effect will slowly diminish with time, but other causes are likely to be operating long after the last war veteran wins his board chairmanship. Not the least of these is the fact that the country's economy is expanding rapidly. Old companies have grown; new ones are springing up like mushrooms. Furthermore, many a big corporation in the postwar years has decentralized—split into several almost independent units, each needing its own team of top-level executives.

A decade or so ago, executive hunting was handled largely by management-consultant firms and employment agencies. It didn't come into its own as a separate and distinct profession until the end of World War II. In fact, the National Industrial Conference Board, a business-fact-finding association, notes that "some of the most active firms are less than five years old."

According to most estimates, there are probably not more than fifteen or twenty companies in the country—not counting one-man enterprises—which earn the major part of their income by hunting executives. The Big Three of this business are Howell, Handy Associates and Boyden Associates, all headquartered in New York. Tall, courtly, sixty-four-year-old John Handy set up as a recruiter in 1942 and has since branched into other lines of work, such as drawing up executive-pay plans and training programs. But Howell and Sid Boyden, who started his business in 1946, have remained strictly executive hunters.

Ward Howell and his associates do their hunting from a large, airy office suite in midtown Manhattan. A genial man with a boyish face and huge smile, Howell dominates the office by sheer size. Under him are six partners. Their ages cluster around forty and fifty, and all but one of them are, like Howell, Yale men. ("No special reason; they were just guys I knew.")

Since Howell's outfit works on behalf of companies seeking men, rather than men seeking jobs, it is not an employment agency. Howell's charges, billed to the company rather than the man, are figured either on a daily basis or as a percentage—usually around 20 per cent—of the bagged executive's first-year salary. In addition, Howell bills the client for out-of-pocket expenses, such as travel costs. If the search is unsuccessful, the client just pays a flat charge of some $150 a day.

Generally speaking, Howell and his partners work hard for their fee. A fairly typical job, for example, was that of finding a quality-control chief, a combination of executive and engineer, for the Coors Porcelain Company, of Golden, Colorado. Coors was in trouble. For several years it had been the lone manufacturer of a special ceramic insulator used in jet engines; now, unaccountably, Coors' insulators had begun to crack. Neither Coors nor the United States Air Force had any idea what the trouble was. In desperation, young Joe Coors called on Howell.

It was a tall order. The man Coors needed must know how to handle both ceramics and men; he must be able to step into the plant, locate the trouble, fix it up and see that it stayed fixed. Moreover, he and his family must be of the type that could live happily in the small community of Golden. If they were not, the man might soon quit the job.

Howell's first step was to board a plane for Colorado. He looked over the plant, the personality of the company and the town, the local housing facilities—everything that would have a bearing on the fitting together of man and job. Then he went back to New York and spent ten days compiling a list of ceramic engineers throughout the world. He called and wrote to people, asking for names of likely candidates; he culled trade magazines, college-graduation rosters, engineering societies. When he finished, he had 9000 names. By further checking, he pruned out 7000 of these for reasons such as age and type of experience. To the remaining 2000, he mailed a guarded query giving the general nature of the job he was trying to fill. Some 100 men replied that they were interested, and Howell promptly sent them a brain-twisting test made up by Coors' engineers. Eleven came back with the right answers.

Five of these men were in the United States, and Howell decided to start with them. He called on them all in person. To his delight, he found two of them well suited to the job at Coors. One, however, had a wife who tended to gossip. Since this would never do in cozy little Golden, Howell disqualified the man. The other, an Ohio engineer named Frank Arrance, was duly dispatched to Golden, where Joe Coors saw him, liked him and hired him. Arrance took care of Coors' problem, and fitted in so well generally that he has since been promoted to plant manager.

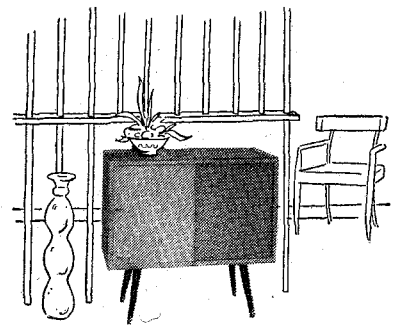
In terms of difficulty, the Coors job stands a little higher than midway on Howell's scale. Other assignments have been harder. Peppery little C. Minot Dole (Yale '23), a Howell partner who was formerly an insurance broker, once had to find a sales executive who (1) had an I.Q. of 150, (2) was between twenty-seven and thirty-five years old, (3) held a liberal-arts degree, (4) had been captain of his college football team, (5) boasted two years' experience in market research, (6) had supervised salesmen, (7) had directed industrial-advertising campaigns, (8) was married, and (9) had at least two children. Dole began his task with the morose conviction that no such man existed, but he eventually dug up four who came remarkably close. The company was so happy that it hired not one, but three.

Magnavox

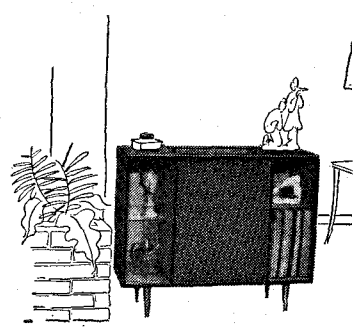
Excitingly new—the high fidelity look—as well as magnificent Magnavox high fidel sound. Beautiful, functional furniture that eliminates all the old inconveniences of doo lids and drawers...plus a faithfulness of sound such as you've never heard befo

Gliding Decorative Glass Tops give most convenient access to changer and a permanent location for your appointments. Impervious to stains, burns or scratches. In many richly worked colors.

Thrilling tonal realism of the Super Magnasonic is created by speakers (15" bass, 12" middle range, 5" and 4" high frequency) 20-watt high fidelity amplifier. Precision intermix record cha with long-life Diamond Stylus Pick-up. Super-selective AM and free, static-free FM tuner behind gliding front panel. Marbled top (see left), as functional as it is beautiful.



The New Horizon—three speakers, 6-watt high fidelity audio amplifier, intermix record changer with Diamond Stylus Pick-up mounted under gliding decorative-glass top. Stores record library of over 65 hours. In mahogany, only $159.50.



The Cosmopolitan—12" bass two 5" high frequency speakers radio, 10-watt amplifier, inte changer with Diamond Stylus up, conveniently centered unde orative-glass top, adjustable sl for records or ceramic pieces.

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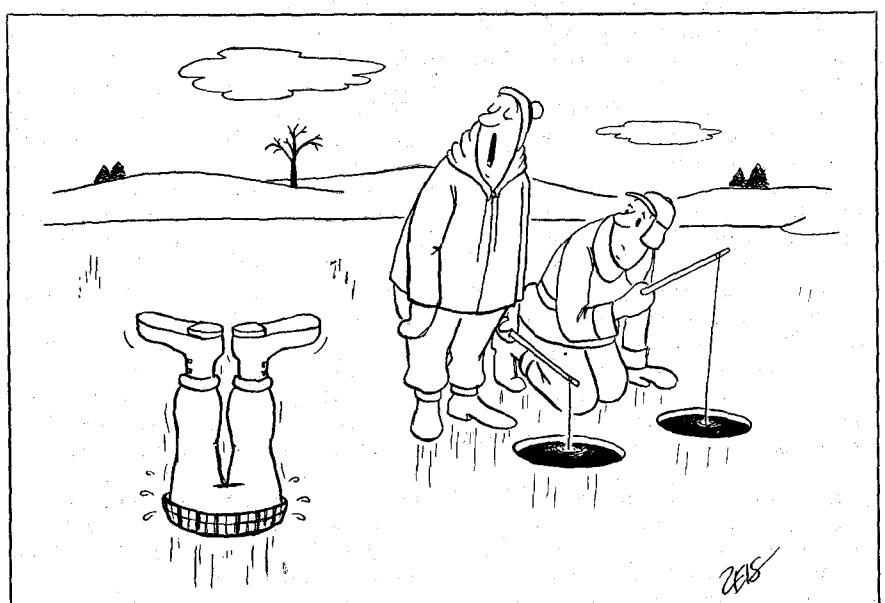
Howell's clients have laid down even more bizarre sets of requirements. One will not knowingly hire a man who wears false teeth. Another prefers men who play a good game of golf. John Handy tells of a company that wanted a president six feet tall, and another that prefers not to hire graduates of Harvard, Princeton or Yale. Perhaps the strangest quirk of all was exhibited by a company which, in turning down a candidate submitted by Howell, gave as one reason the man's pie-eating habits. He had been observed to eat pie by starting at the pointed end and working back toward the crust. It was this particular employer's belief that a real individual, a nonfollower of the common herd, would proceed in some less traditional direction.

Most clients, of course, are more interested in a man's professional qualifications, although these are sometimes rather narrowly defined. Howell's lone non-Yale partner, attractive Mrs. Peggy Zimmerman, remembers one such case, in which the prospective employer was the owner of an instant-coffee company. He wanted to make his coffee taste like that of a competitor, one of the biggest companies in the field, and in asking for a coffee expert, he laid down only two requirements: the man must have been employed by the rival company and he must thoroughly understand the secrets of that company's coffee-making process. The desired expert was found and hired, and he is reported to have perceptibly improved the coffee in question.

Occasionally, a client wants not only quality but quantity as well. One large corporation two years ago asked Howell to produce 300 engineers—a task that Howell declined. Probably the most flattering assignment of all came up when a group in California decided to organize a



"I think Harry's caught something."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

new company, and asked Howell to supply the entire executive staff from president on down. Howell agreed to try, but ("perhaps luckily for me") the Californians subsequently abandoned their plan.

A more common task is that of finding a two- or three-man executive team—perhaps a manufacturing vice-president, chief engineer and treasurer. There are many such teams in United States industry; the members often move from one job to another as a unit.

In some cases, Howell's search is made difficult not because the client is particular about the candidates, but because the candidates are choosy. One of Howell's early tasks was the seemingly simple one of finding a sales manager for a big manufacturing company. "There were plenty of likely candidates around," says Howell, "but when I approached them, they all shied away." The trouble was that this particular industry was a fairly close-knit fraternity, and everybody knew that the man who took this job would have a terrible-tempered fellow as a boss. After searching for months, Howell finally dug up a sales executive who was out of a job and willing to try almost anything. He had been fired from his previous position for alleged ungentlemanly social conduct. Dubiously, Howell presented the facts of the case to the terrible-tempered boss, who, to Howell's delight, barked, "I don't care about him after five o'clock! Can he sell?" Howell replied that he could, and the job was filled forthwith.

One of the surest ways to arouse corporate ire is to pave the way for a good man to quit; and since Howell, Handy, Boyden and the rest are experts in doing just that, their young profession has by no means gained universal respect in the business community. According to the Conference Board, executive recruiters are quite often angrily referred to as talent scouts, flesh peddlers and pirates, "as well as some unprintable names."

Howell has heard his share of these names. The president of a Pittsburgh company once threatened to shoot him if he ever showed his face in that city again. A Boston president, noting that Howell had approached several of the company's top men, including its sales manager, wrote and asked sarcastically whether Howell would also like to interview the shipping clerk. Still another executive, having used most of a letter to grumble about Howell's practices, finished by inquiring about his rates and wondering if there was any possibility of finding some good circuit-design engineers.

The argument for and against executive hunters is likely to rage eternally. Many businessmen complain that a recruiter, while admittedly performing a useful service for his client companies, is almost bound to hurt other companies in the process. Thus, these businessmen say, the existence of recruiters is no gain for business in general.

The recruiters argue, for their part, that their activities usually result in a man's moving upward into a higher-level job, often from one in which he was not entirely happy and not putting forth his best efforts. Thus, the argument goes, the recruiter draws out executive talent that was not previously being used.

John Handy, alone among the major recruiters, views the business as "un-

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Provision for high fidelity speaker systems in other rooms. There are numerous other models from which to choose . . . in traditional, provincial or contemporary styles. Finishes include mahogany, oak, cherry, walnut and ebony.

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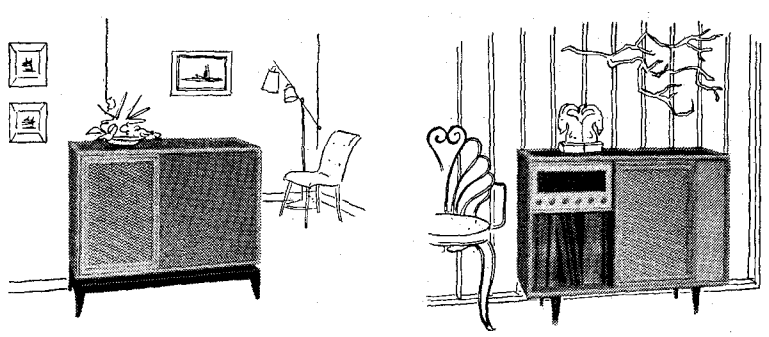

The Continental—This truly magnificent high fidelity instrument matches the beauty of its styling with the excellence of its performance. Offers a 15" bass, 8" intermediate, and wide-angle high frequency horn speaker; 25-watt dual channel amplifiers; Magnavox AM-FM radio; precision intermix record changer with Diamond Stylus Pick-up. Ample storage space for records. Available in your choice of hand-rubbed mahogany, oak, cherry, walnut or ebony . . . finished on all four sides. Shown at left on one of several optional base designs.

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fortunate." Says he: "The day will come when executive training and hiring will be more of a science than at present. Most men will be in the right jobs and most companies will have the men they want. When that day comes, I'll fold up the recruiting end of my business, and so will everybody else." Some companies have already done so. New York's McKinsey & Company, a management-consultant firm for which Howell once worked, withdrew from the executive-hunting field to avoid angering important clients of its basic service.

Howell takes a more sanguine view than Handy. Like Sid Boyden, he feels that executive recruiting is a much-needed service, and he thinks that those companies objecting to recruiters' practices are in the minority. He likes to tell of the time when, seeking a vice-president for a small copper company, he was given permission by a large copper outfit to scout its men. In another case, a company officer, asked if he knew of anybody to fill a certain job, sadly recommended one of his own aides.

While not many companies go that far out of their way to be helpful, Howell reports, the majority co-operate at least by not interfering with the hunt. In any case, Howell says that he is less concerned about the attitude of companies toward him than about the feelings of men whom he taps as candidates. Some highly placed men are extremely nervous about job offers from outside their companies. "If my boss finds out I've been talking to you," one told Howell, "I'll be fired on the spot." When that happens, Howell and his people lay off immediately.

"If a company loses a few men," Howell says, "it goes on living. But if a man loses his job because of our probing, his career can be wrecked. We never do any checking on a man, beyond reading what is published, without his full knowledge and consent."

Howell's checking goes deeper than a mere questionnaire and interview. Having once gained permission from an executive to start probing, the huntsman and his partners talk with the candidate's fellow executives, with his friends, with men in other companies. Other sources of information about a man are his subordinates and, as Peggy Zimmerman likes to point out, his secretary or former secretaries. Not every secretary likes to talk, but Mrs. Zimmerman—having once been an executive secretary herself—frequently strikes rich veins of information at this source. "An alert secretary," says she, "often knows more about her boss than any of the men he works with."

The Howell organization also pays particular attention to what one executive has called "often the most important single part of a man's make-up: his wife." Says Howell, "There are some wives whose effect on their husbands' careers is negligible, but you can look around you and find many cases where it's safe to say that this man would not be where he is today—whether it's the top of the heap or the bottom—if he had not married that particular woman." Partner Hardy Jones (Yale '38) notes that with almost any executive job paying over $18,000 the prospective boss wants to meet the wife before he hires the man. "The company is hiring for a long future," says Jones, "and wants to be sure she can grow with him."

Jones, a square-built man of forty and a former executive of Lever Brothers, recalls the time he found a candidate who seemed perfect for a $40,000-a-year job as vice-president for a big department store. At his first interview in the store's executive suite, the man showed himself to be thoroughly experienced, keen of mind, witty. The store's president liked him immediately. But a week later, when the candidate came back with his wife, he was startlingly changed. "He was nervous," Jones recalls. "Silent most of the time. He seemed worried and preoccupied. He lost his chance."

A less subtle case involves the top-flight sales manager who, Jones says, has lost seven jobs because of his wife. At company parties, sales conventions and similar gatherings where liquor flows, she loses her discretion, fires off little insults and spreads corporate gossip to the embarrassment of everyone. "When she enters the picture," says Jones sadly, "he's finished. She is wrecking his career."

Far less serious shortcomings in wives have caused men to miss an opportunity. Dropping in on a candidate late one night, Ward Howell decided against him because, among other things, there were dishes stacked in the sink. In another case, a mere accident of geography tipped the balance: a candidate was disqualified because his wife came from a big Northern city and would not, it was felt, remain happy in the little Southern town where the company was located. "Generally speaking," says Howell, "the smaller the town, the more important a man's wife becomes in relation to his job. The reason is simply that business and social life are more likely to be mixed in a small town than in a city."

Howell remembers one wife whose social conduct changed the entire course of a man's career. Howell had found a top-level executive engineer, a dashingly handsome fellow, for a large mining corporation. When the engineer went to resign his old post, however, the president of his company offered to give him a generous slice of the business if he would remain. The engineer agreed, and he and the president embarked with their wives on a weekend camping trip to discuss the details.

Stars shone brightly that night, and soft breezes blew, and what with one thing and another, the president's wife became more attentive to the engineer than ordinary sociability required. The president promptly withdrew his offer, and on Monday morning the engineer accepted the mining company's job.

The complexities of human circumstance do not always unravel in Howell's favor, however. Despite all his organization's research into companies and men and wives, success is never guaranteed. "We can't make promises," says partner Dole, "because we're dealing with the trickiest commodity in the world—people."

Dole recalls, unhappily, his experience with a big steel company which wanted an executive vice-president. After a lengthy search, Dole found a forty-eight-year-old man who had only one major liability: he had once been a heavy drinker. But, as Dole impressed on the steel company's president, the man had cured himself, and a thorough investigation indicated that he had remained cold sober for eight years. The president agreed to give him a chance. On the day of his final interview, however, the candidate apparently found the opportunity too big to face and drowned it in a bottle. The client angrily severed relations with Howell.

Clients get mad at recruiters for all kinds of reasons. One hunting organization displeased a large corporation by recommending for an executive job a man already employed at a foreign branch of the same corporation. "If we wanted him to have the job," the company's personnel director huffed, "we'd have called him in ourselves, without paying a recruiter's fee." But other recruiters, including Howell, say that it is not unusual to find a good candidate in the client company's own ranks—particularly if the company is a big one with many employees not personally known to the top management. When this happens, Howell generally recommends the employee along with other candidates. In several cases the client company has decided to give the job to its own man.

Another trouble found by recruiters is the difficulty of arranging interviews between busy executives and candidates whose time is often not their own. Red-haired partner Robert Fordyce (Yale '32) a former airline executive, remembers one particularly frustrating case. Seeking a vice-president for an aircraft company, Fordyce started the hunt by interviewing a man who happened to be in New York, and who seemed well qualified to fill the post. Unfortunately, this man and the aircraft company's president could not arrange their schedules so as to meet each other that week, and Fordyce went ahead with an extensive survey to scout up other candidates. For two months, while Fordyce laboriously checked men from coast to coast, the first candidate and the president continued just missing each other. When the long-delayed meeting finally took place, the man was hired on the spot.

Despite such frustrations, Ward Howell finds his young business endlessly fascinating. "I don't think I'll ever get tired of it," he says. This is lucky for him, since almost his entire life has been a sort of training program for this kind of work.

Born in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, the son of an Episcopal minister and a New York broker's daughter, young Wardwell began his training in 1923, when he went to St. Paul's School, a pre-Ivy-League establishment in Concord, New Hampshire. "There were more boys there who are now presidents of big companies," he remarks, "than you could shake a hockey stick at." He played hockey, formed many close friendships and barely met the tough scholastic requirements.

Entering Yale in 1928, the amiable Howell again attached great importance to the making of friends, though this time he also did well scholastically. Thinking back on his preparation for business, he says, "I've never really done anything but get to know people very well very quickly." A corollary asset is his ability to size men up quickly. At Yale he developed this asset for purposes of poker, a game at which he enjoys uncanny success.

Graduating from Yale in 1932, a notably tough year for job hunting, Howell went to New York with the vague idea of seeking work in Wall Street. Shortly after his arrival he boarded a subway train and ran into a Harvard acquaintance, who led him into a fifty-dollar-a-week job as a runner for Bonbright & Company, then one of the Street's biggest investment houses. By the time he was thirty, Howell was the firm's syndicate manager, traveling almost constantly, getting to know important bankers and brokers all over the country.

Bonbright closed its doors in 1942, and Howell went to Detroit as a negotiator of war contracts for the Government, thereby adding more pages to his book of big-business acquaintances. After the war he drifted to Washington, then went overseas to set up operations for the Middle East Company, an outfit that hoped to make money by acting as a foreign sales representative for United States manufacturers. To establish contact with Middle Easterners, Howell turned to his favorite social leveler: poker, a game whose few simple rules are known in most wealthy corners of the world. In one game with King Farouk, Howell raked in a $2000 pot.

The Middle East Company got nowhere, and Howell came back to New York in 1947, eventually landing a $10,000-a-year position with McKinsey & Company. His job was to recruit employees, both for McKinsey and for McKinsey's clients. Here he learned the basic mechanics of the huntsman's trade.

When McKinsey decided to get out of the executive-recruiting business, Howell left. By this time he was toying with the idea of starting an independent recruiting company. When International Salt's personnel director, a Yale classmate, asked him to find a cost accountant, the idea blossomed. Howell borrowed $3000, moved out of the Grand Central Station phone booth and into a rent-free office belonging to a friend of his brother, ordered up some expensive letterheads and cheap envelopes—on the theory that hardly anybody ever looks closely at an envelope—and went into business.

But only barely. Clients were few and far between. The shabby office, so cold in winter that Howell's secretary worked at her desk in three sweaters and an overcoat, did not serve to mellow those few clients who did put in an appearance. Howell's slim funds dwindled alarmingly.

But just as the business was about to founder, help arrived in the form of a call from Mrs. Lucy Bryan, personnel director of Cerro de Pasco Corporation, a large international mining concern. Mrs. Bryan had been referred to Howell by an executive of McKinsey & Company. She wanted technicians whose families could speak Spanish and live comfortably at high altitudes, and she suggested that many such men could be found in Southern Texas. Howell, so broke that he often went without lunch, had no idea how he could afford the hunt, until Mrs. Bryan tactfully offered to pay part of the fee in advance. The $700 earned from this job propped up the wobbling business until, shortly afterward, a $4000 assignment from American Safety Razor Company "took us from nothing to where we were a going concern."

Today, Howell owns, free and clear, his large rambling old house on the water at Noroton, Connecticut, where he lives in ease but not splendor—commuting vehicle: a 1930 Ford pickup truck—with his wife, Margaret, and his daughter and three sons. Lounging in the outsize living room, beneath an immense mass of indoor greenery that Margaret has cultivated at one end, Ward Howell likes to review his five years of hunting—particularly those expeditions with happy endings.

There is one hunt that Howell is especially fond of recalling. It began, as most do, with his sending out a batch of letters requesting the names of likely candidates for a job—in this case, a job with a New York State chemical company. A reply shot back from a rising young businessman in a Midwestern chemical firm. He knew an ideal candidate, he said, and he proceeded, for three single-spaced typewritten pages, to extol the candidate's virtues. In closing, he wrote: "I am not entirely altruistic about this recommendation. This man is my boss, and unless I can get him out of here, I will never get ahead in this company."

The upshot of it all was that the boss in question was offered the post in the New York company and accepted it. The young businessman was promoted into the boss' old post. Both now give every indication of living happily ever after.

THE END

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Surgery at Sea (Continued from Page 23)

I told Captain Whitehead about it. He said he would sign you on. That's the only reason I signed myself."

She just sat there, staring at him. Then she said very slowly, "No."

"Why, Nancy? Why? You mean you don't want to go? I always thought ——"

"It isn't that. It's just the way you always ——" She tossed her head. "You go tell your captain no."

"It would just be no good without you, Nan."

"That's up to you."

They were looking at each other, remembering many things. The long, lean, grueling years. Pre-med. Medical school. Internship. And always the deep belief between them. John Crandall had peddled textbooks, been a cafeteria busboy, detail man for a drug firm. How else would he have paid his way? And Nancy had always, always been there. Was she remembering too? They used to take their holiday evenings in the cheapest spaghetti bistros along North Beach. They used to play a silly game in places like that sometimes. A game isn't silly at all when you're young enough and the stars are in your eyes. John was remembering it. When he did, the boyish grin half formed along his lips. He looked quickly toward Louie's bar. Two whitehats stood apart, bluejackets on their way to make a liberty uptown. Farther along the rail there were three other men. A slow murmur came from there. Louie would know them for a tugboat skipper, a merchant bos'n, a Mardon Line third mate.

"Make you a wager, Nan," John told the girl, and the grin began to bubble in his eyes. This was the game. He knew she'd remember it. He took his wrist watch off, set it down between the coffee cups. "Three minutes," he said. "Two different people will order beer. If it happens, we'll sail. Both of us. If it doesn't, you win. I won't go either. I'll see Captain Whitehead and eat my humble pie," She remembered, all right! She was doing her best not to smile. "Bet?" he insisted.

"Bet," Nancy sighed. She looked down at the watch and said, "Time. Now!"

The second hand swept slowly round. A silent minute passed. The sweeping hand never stopped. It was close to its second circle before the bos'n rapped his glass on the bar top and Louie drew the beer. Forty-five seconds left. Nancy's eyes began to shine. John watched the fragile needle move. How could it move so fast? Twenty seconds more. Only fifteen now. Then ten. Honolulu, Hong Kong, Singapore, Manila! All that deep blue water rolling. All that mystery to see while you were young. Five seconds now. John Crandall's head shot up.

"Louie!" he cried. "I'll have a beer!"

"John!" She was furious. "That was never in the game! It isn't fair!" Then she saw his crinkled eyes were on her. In another instant he would really grin. She sighed again. "Well," she murmured, "maybe I really wanted to go anyhow. I'll get a cab and pack. Lucy will like having the apartment to herself a while. I'll phone the registry office and take my name off the available list."

"No need for it, Nan." There it was! It broke through at last, that infectious, boyish grin. "I've taken care of that already."

What could she say to a thing like that? What do you tell a man you love when you know there is no one else? When you (*Continued on Page 105*)

Ballet Slippers

By Alice Clear Matthews

Though soft and pliable, you
do not crumple
Into the shapelessness of discard;
rather
You keep the bridged and
gentle arc of sole
From heel to toe. Somehow the
toe retains
The forward thrust and point
left by the dancer,
The flexible and inflexible in
one,
Her flesh confined, restrained,
until restraint
Is nowhere visible, no more a
part
Of grace than lies upon the
wing in flight,
Or on the golden leaf that
twirls through air.
About you, motionless, upon
your shelf
A dream of movement clings,
a melody,
An echo of the vanished
dancer's grace.

By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley & Co., Ltd., London

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CONDITIONS YOUR FACE, TOO
Invigorates and softens the skin; soothes razor burn
after any shave, electric or lather... $1.10, plus tax

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(*Continued from Page 103*) know there never will be. She went home and packed. And that's how John Crandall, a brand-new doctor of medicine, and a girl named Nancy Clifton sailed in the Madonia that night at ten.

They heard the long, deep, snoring whistle of departure. They felt the deck begin to throb underfoot as the vessel stirred to exciting life, backing slowly from her berth. The lighted dockside, the clusters of waving people blocked out from sight as the Madonia turned in the stream. They stood alone in the darkness of the boatdeck when the ship stood out past Mile Rock Light. She began to dip and rise in the ocean swell, and the west wind, pouring past, began its low, sad moaning in the funnel stays. Young Doctor Crandall's eyes were glowing. They were fastened on the darkness out there where the great gales lived, where all the deep blue water rolled. He would find out now. Here he was at last.

"If it really were a honeymoon," he heard the girl murmur at his side, "I suppose I'd be seasick as a dog." She sighed, and he put his arm around her. "I wish it were, anyhow."

"I'd give you a pill," he chuckled. "That's what the ship's doctor is for. Wait till Honolulu, Nan! We'll see the Pali together. We'll see moonlight on Waikiki."

They spoke like that. They watched in wonder outside the bar as the pilot schooner stood down, the sea chop glittering in the searchlight's glare. The Madonia stopped just long enough to put her pilot over. They saw the small-boat rocking far below them. Then they heard the telegraph jangle and the three short whistle blasts of farewell. The pilot schooner, her boat recovered, gave answer on her horn. The voyage had really begun.

They didn't see the Pali together in Honolulu, though, or Waikiki in the moonlight. John Crandall didn't, anyhow. When the ship tied up at Aloha Dock and the band and the hula girls were gone, Nancy went down the passageway to his office that evening, ready and lovely and dressed for shore. He wasn't there. A steward gave her a note instead.

"I'm sorry, Nan," it said. "I have a crewman with a badly lacerated hand. I suspect fractures. I must take him out to Queen's Hospital. Be back as soon as I can."

She spun away. She was angry. She wasn't on board when John Crandall came back. It was long after midnight when he saw her. At the head of the accommodation ladder the quartermaster grinned when the doctor stopped his impatient pacing. That was she down there, all right. She looked lovely and very gay on the arm of a robust-looking man with solid gray at his temples and a quiet twinkle in his eyes. They came up the ladder together.

"Good morning, Nan," John told her frigidly. "We sail again tomorrow, you know. I hope the moonlight was bright on Waikiki."

"Oh, it was," she bubbled. "We saw the Pali too. And we ate at Iki Soo's."

"How nice," John Crandall said, the acid in his tone.

"She waited for you till nine." The gray-headed man had a deep, slow voice. He seemed to understand John Crandall's anger. "She's a fine young woman, in case you don't know, but she isn't quite used to a doctor's life. She told me all about you. I'm traveling alone, so I asked her ashore. She has given me a memorable evening. I assure you—" he said, and his slow, grave smile broke through—"I assure you I didn't make a single pass at her."

"That's right," said Nancy ruefully. "He didn't. He didn't even kiss me. I think he should have. Especially out at Waikiki. Just to raise my self-esteem." She chuckled in her throat. "Oh," she said, "I'm sorry, John. This is Doctor Mortimer Wolfson, one of our passengers from San Francisco."

John Crandall gulped. He felt his face go red. Mortimer Wolfson was the most distinguished surgeon on the Coast! "I ——" He gulped again. "I apologize, Doctor Wolfson," he said. Then he tried to grin. "I was present in surgery at General Hospital once when you operated. I was supposed to be assisting. A double herniotomy. I will never forget it, sir."

"So?" The dark eyes smiled benignly. "I'll wager you did all right. . . . Good night, doctor. . . . Good night, Miss Clifton."

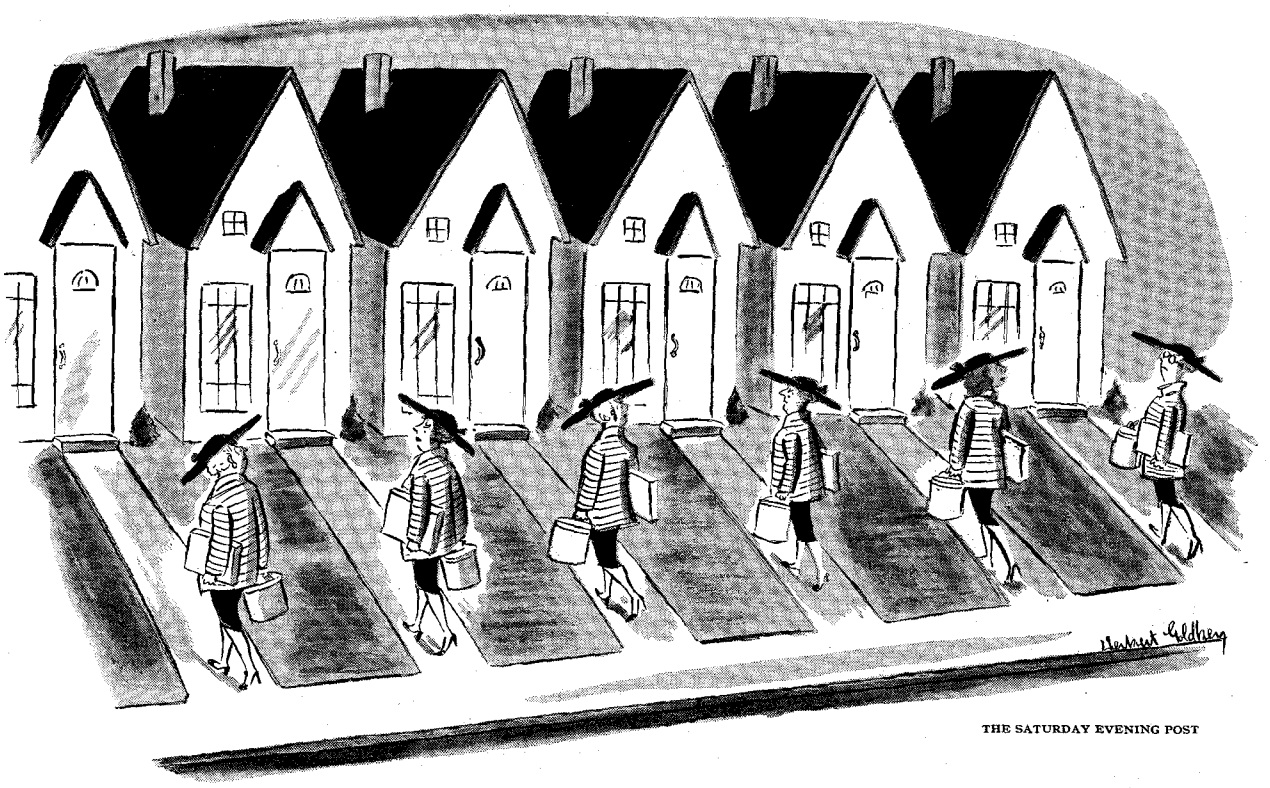
He went away along the deck. John Crandall stared after him. Fool! Not to recognize a man like that! Then he felt Nancy slip her arm through his. He hadn't seen the Pali or Waikiki. He'd never even heard of Iki Soo's. But the world fell back in place. There would still be Hong Kong, Singapore, Manila. Next day the Madonia sailed.

John Crandall ordered two lady passengers to bed with nasty colds, assuring them they didn't have pneumonia. He taped a sprained wrist; he treated a bad abrasion on a small boy's leg. And he saw the deep blue water, how the hills of blue-green ocean rolled before the steady sailors' northeast trade. He saw Nancy every day. They were often on the bridge. You could see the ship's head dipping far below you from up there, how it fell away in the trough, lifting with slow and timeless dignity to the next tall flank of the running flood. Doctor Wolfson was often up there too. Captain Whitehead was his friend. He had the courtesy of the bridge. He told them once he had almost gone to sea himself, instead of to medical school. Sometimes he wished he had. His eyes had that slow, grave smile when he said it. When the unexpected happened out here, it wasn't really unexpected at all. It was simple and in the natural law. Good sailors were trained in the natural law. Their instinct told them all else was vanity. John Crandall understood what he meant. He wondered vaguely how he would face the unexpected himself. And he found out in the Madonia. It took him by surprise.

They were on the bridge when it happened. It happened toward evening in the first mate's watch. In the longitudes west of Marcus Island, the ship was boiling toward Hong Kong, making for Bashi Channel at nineteen knots, swinging in a freshening wind and a mile-long sea from the south and west. Mr. Paley, the mate of the watch, had glasses at his eyes. John Crandall looked at the officer, perplexed. He was sure there was nothing out there at all. Nothing except the glitter of westing sunlight on a wide and empty sea.

Mr. Paley thought otherwise. "There!" he said suddenly, and with confidence. He flung his arm up, pointing past the weather cloth. "She's flying a hoist of signal flags. What the blazes is the matter with her radio?" He turned quickly to his junior of the watch. "Call the captain, Bert. Get the signal book out here."

It was nonsense. There was nothing out there. Till suddenly, far against the sunset cloud wall, a dark shape loomed. An instant only. It vanished at once. The Madonia rushed on, fell away and rose again. There it was! This time it was real enough. Masts showed, a funnel with



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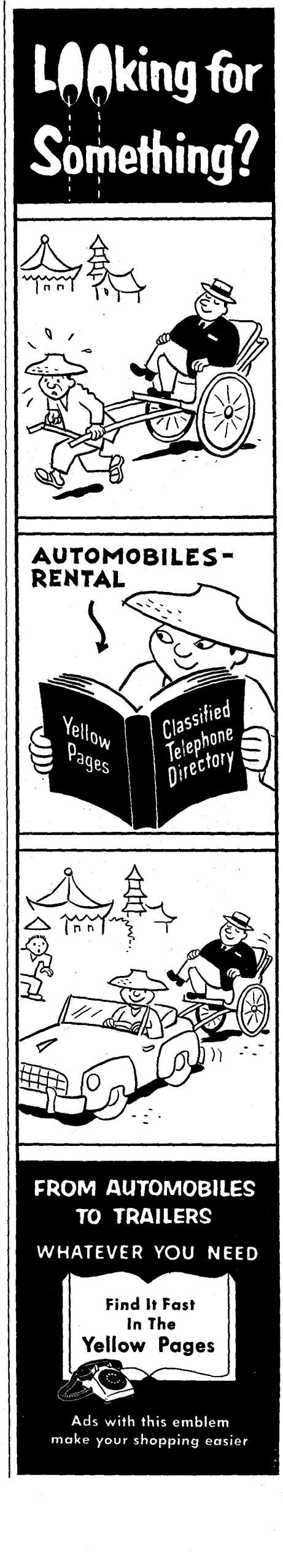

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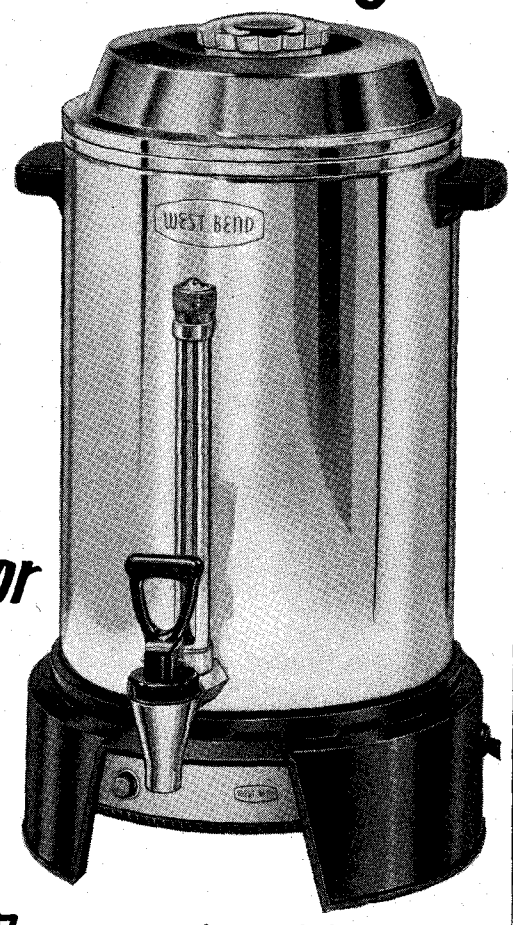

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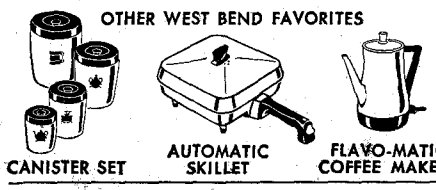

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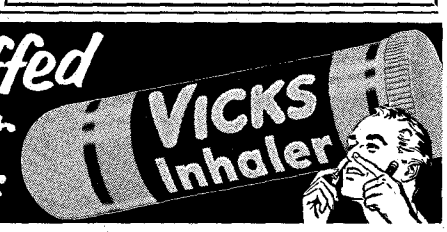

brown smoke at its lip. It was a ship, all right, afloat in the pool of her own sea foam. The Madonia overtook her rapidly. Her superstructure showed, a string of flags and pennants flying above her bridge, her rust-streaked hull plates washed by running seas. Captain Whitehead was in the wing by now, large, gray-headed, his stern eyes frowning at the distance.

John Crandall heard Mr. Paley calling flag names. The junior officer, fingering the signal book, was saying clearly, "She wants us to heave to close aboard. She wants to speak to us, captain."

"Both engines slow ahead," Captain Whitehead said at once. "Come right easy, quartermaster." The ships closed in. The space of water narrowed. Captain Whitehead was gauging speed and distance. "Rudder amidships!" he called out suddenly. "Steady now as she goes."

The Madonia towered high above the tramp ship. They were dipping and rising bow to bow. Over there, a man against the bridge wing rail put a speaking trumpet to his lips. He had a sunburned face beneath the peak of a soiled white uniform cap. John Crandall thought his eyes held anxiety.

"S.S. Palawan!" his deep voice hailed. "Frisco for Manila via Aparri! Our radio is out! Sparks needs some parts! Don't think we can get it fixed till Manila! Got a sick man here in awful pain! Have you a doctor over there?"

"Yes!" Captain Whitehead boomed through his brassbound trumpet. "Do you wish us to transfer your man aboard here?"

"It's the master, sir! He says he won't go!" The voice held anxiety, all right. "Will you stand by while I board you for some morphine and advice?"

"Certainly! Starboard landing, mister." He put his trumpet in the rack. "See the ladder rigged, Mr. Paley. Bring that mate up here when he boards."

Doctor Wolfson and Nancy were on the Madonia's bridge. They saw the boat launched over there, running down the falls to the sea. John Crandall saw it too. He saw the oar blades flash, low down there on the flood, jewels dripping from them in the sunset light, the man with the sunburned face in the sternsheets. Was this the unexpected? Was it simple and in the natural law? Something kept ticking in young Doctor Crandall's mind. He wanted to know the men who lived out here. That's why he came. He wanted to find out why. Was this the time? Were those signal flags in the wind there meant for him? Then the man with the sunburned face, escorted by Mr. Paley, was climbing the ladder to the Madonia's bridge, his boat standing on and off far out of sight below there on the sea.

"Samuel Johnson, sir," that man was telling the captain in a deep gruff voice. "I'm the Palawan's chief officer. The skipper is pretty sick."

"This is our doctor, Mr. Johnson," Captain Whitehead said. "Maybe Doctor Crandall can help."

"Night before last it started, doc." Johnson spoke with a quick and precise care. He wanted his information accurate. "Indigestion, we thought. Then he started vomiting yesterday. He's got fever too. I gave him quarter-grain morphine for the pain today. We're running out. Hurts in his belly. It's hard as a rock. I could run the Palawan south for Guam, but we'd be in Aparri just as soon. We can do ten knots at most, and the chief is pressing her. Even then we'd have to have a following wind and sea." He didn't smile. "You think it's food poisoning, doc? I'm scared to give him physic. He's awful sick."

John Crandall frowned. He knew Nancy and Mortimer Wolfson were standing to one side. He looked quickly toward the famous surgeon, saw the grave eyes steady on him.

"You can't give accurate diagnosis without examination," John Crandall heard his own voice say, and before he looked away he thought he saw a sudden twinkle in Doctor Wolfson's eyes. "I would doubt it to be indigestion, though. It might be acute appendicitis. If it is, the man wants surgery. He wants it right away. I would like him over here, but it might be dangerous to move him in a bouncing small-boat if ——"

"He won't come anyhow. Not unless you knocked him out. You can't make a master leave his ship if he don't want to. And he don't. He even wrote it in the log. Yesterday. While he could."

Young Crandall looked toward Captain Whitehead, saw the gray head nod agreement. That sailor understood. The young doctor looked back toward Mr. Johnson, quietly saying, "I better go over and see." Then his head came up. He stared straight at Doctor Wolfson. He knew he had to ask. The man would say nothing unless he did. "Sounds like it might mean immediate surgery. Doctor Wolfson, would you agree?"

"Well, as far from the patient as this, I would."

"How long, Mort, would you say?" That was Captain Whitehead speaking, wondering about delay to his ship, about picking a small-boat up in darkness in a rising sea.

The surgeon gestured to him vaguely with one hand. "In a modern hospital ashore," he said, "and without any complications, I have performed an appendectomy in less than half an hour. That means nothing out here in a rolling ship, operating on an improvised cabin table. Doctor Crandall will have no anesthetist and no assistance. He ——"

"I will go with him," Nancy Clifton said at once.

"No!" Captain Whitehead snapped the one word sharply. "No."

"Me," the Palawan's chief officer broke in, "I will help if I can."

"Get my bag ready, Nancy," John Crandall was saying. "You'll know what I'll need. Ether too. They have probably only got chloroform over there. I don't like it." He heard the Madonia's master murmuring to Doctor Wolfson, but he didn't know what they said. He was telling Captain Whitehead with firmness instead, "If Doctor Wolfson and you will agree, sir, I ask you to let him care for this ship's emergency needs while I'm gone. I ask you to let me stay over there in the Palawan. I cannot leave a patient without attention in the middle of the ocean after surgery. I'd rejoin the ship in Manila."

"What did I tell you, captain?" Doctor Wolfson's eyes were twinkling. They had a look of pride. "'With purity and holiness I will pass my life and practice my art.'"

"What the devil are you talking about, Mort?"

"It's part of an ancient oath new physicians take. Sometimes, Joseph—sometimes young doctors remember it."

"It would do as well," Capt. Joseph Whitehead murmured, "for an officer at sea. . . . Good luck, Doctor Crandall. We will be in Manila almost as soon as you. Barton and Son are the agents there, if you have any needs till we arrive. You send us a message as soon as you can."

"Of course, sir."

John Crandall went down the companionways to the lower deck. Down there at the rail where the wind poured past, he watched a seaman lower his surgical bag to a small-boat bobbing on the dark, cold water far below. Mr. Paley

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was there, and Mr. Johnson, chief officer of the Palawan. Mortimer Wolfson was there, and Nancy Clifton too.

"Mind that Jacob's ladder now, Doctor Crandall," the Palawan's officer was saying. "Don't you jump till the boat comes lifting up. The bos'n is down there to give you a hand."

"I'll say hello to Hong Kong and Singapore for you." Nancy's voice was husky, trying its best to be gay. Then all at once she went into his arms. It was a brief, almost a shy embrace. "John," she murmured, "take care of yourself."

"Don't you worry about her." That was the last thing Crandall heard from the deck of the S.S. Madonia. It was Doctor Wolfson's grave, slow voice. Its reassurance reached him at the head of the boarding ladder. Then he was climbing down. The boat fell far away below him, then lifted with a surging rush. He jumped, staggered and almost fell. The bos'n caught him, helped him to a thwart. Mr. Johnson followed to the sternsheets. The Palawan's boat shoved off.

And that's how young John Crandall crossed a narrow space of ocean to board a rust-hulled tramp in the last of the sunset light. Nancy watched that boat crawl over there. Each time that frail thing slid from sight in the steep, long trough, she held her breath. But it always reappeared on a rushing crest. Maybe this was what John Crandall wanted, not Hong Kong or Singapore at all. A tramp ship on a boundless white-capped sea and a man over there in need of him. He would know the ocean truly now.

The boat was under the dangling boatfalls over there by now. She saw the keel of it dripping as it went aloft. And she would long remember how Doctor Crandall looked. Tall and lean against a darkling sky. Waving one arm across a windy distance and a hoist of colored bunting overhead in the last gray ocean twilight.

They left the tramp ship rapidly astern. Nancy remained on the liner's afterdeck a long time, staring back against the night. There was nothing here to see. She didn't seem surprised to find Doctor Wolfson at her side.

"He will be a better physician for it," she heard the surgeon murmuring, and she remembered again what John had said. "I couldn't possibly offer to go myself," Doctor Wolfson's gentle voice went on. "You understand that, Miss Clifton. It would almost have amounted to insult."

"John would never have permitted it anyhow."

"Of course, he wouldn't."

"Do you think it is over yet?"

"No. He will be extremely cautious. He has poor sterilization facilities. You know that. And he's all alone. Alone with the scalpel in his hand for the very first time. He will be a little frightened. I remember. I know. Don't you worry about

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By WILLIAM DONALDSON

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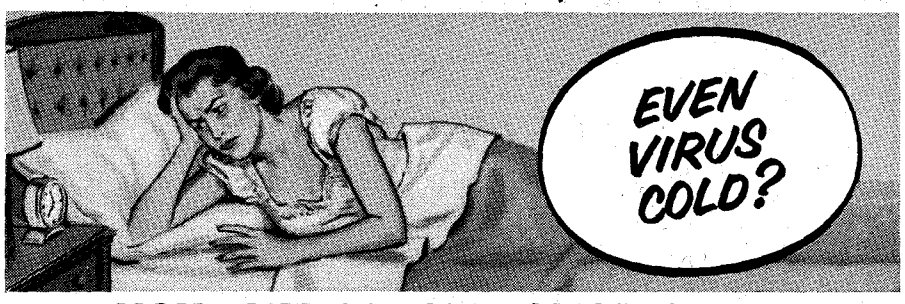

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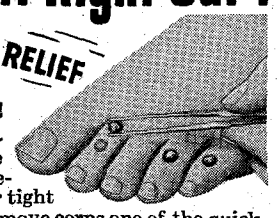

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it. It's normal. I'd say an hour. Maybe even an hour and a half. But he'll do all right."

"Thank you, Doctor Wolfson."

"Come along now, Nancy. We will have some coffee together."

So the Madonia went rushing through the night, the sea noise all around. John Crandall wouldn't see Hong Kong. He wouldn't eat chicken curry and Bombay duck at Mama Sangh's on North Boat Quay in Singapore. Nancy Clifton did. She went with Doctor Wolfson. He gave her comfort. He spoke to her about doctors' wives. He touched her with some wisdom and serenity. And in time Capt. Joseph Whitehead heard from John Crandall in the Palawan. There was a message for Nancy too. She smiled with quietness when she read it.

"All well," it said. She knew it would. "Will meet you and Doctor Wolfson dockside in Manila. Love."

And when the Madonia warped into her Manila berth, he was there all right. She saw him right away. He seemed taller. His face was browned by sun. When he grinned aloft, she didn't think it made him look like a little boy any more. She thought he looked like a doctor now. There was someone with him. Big man. Blue eyes of steel in a face the color of teak. That large man waited, smiling faintly, when Nancy rushed down the gangway into young Doctor Crandall's arms. Mortimer Wolfson waited too.

Then Crandall, one arm still round the girl and nodding toward his companion, was saying with a hint of pride, "My patient, Captain Harry Gordon, master of the tramp ship Palawan. Got his appendix before it burst. Just before, I think.... Captain Gordon, this is Nancy Clifton and Dr. Mortimer Wolfson."

"You look very fit," the surgeon said.

"He carved me neat and clean. Right on top of the saloon table too." The Palawan's master had a deep bass voice. His blue eyes flashed. "I'm glad he came aboard. He can sail with me any time. Home to San Francisco if he wants." The deep bass voice had a quarter-deck ring. "He told me all about you two. I've a car at the pierhead. I thought we would all go out to the Merchant Officers' Club."

They went. They sat in the leather chairs at one of those teakwood tables. Captain Gordon, of the Palawan, was a most unusual man. He didn't talk about his operation. He spoke of his ship and the sea instead. She was his own. He wouldn't leave her for anything. Not till they sent him over the side in canvas with a grate bar at his feet. He invited them aboard for supper, ordered another Scotch and soda for the men and coffee for the girl. He already knew that that was all she ever drank. Nancy, looking around, saw the tables, empty except their own, and three mates and an engineer against the long, wide bar. It wasn't at all like Louie's place, back home on the Embarcadero in San Francisco. Remembering, though, she smiled.

"John," she said suddenly, "Doctor Wolfson has given me permission to tell you something. I think I will tell it now." Her voice had that husky timbre again. "I told him you wanted to specialize in surgery. He says I am to tell you that if you like, he would be glad to have you associate with him when we get home."

"If ——" Young Crandall's head spun round. "If I would like!"

"Then we ought to get married, John." Nancy said it quickly. She said it without any shame at all. "I told Doctor Wolfson about that too. He's on my side. We ought to get married right away."

"Nan, you don't mean here? In Manila!"

"That's exactly what I mean. We could have the passage home for a honeymoon. Maybe we'll be lucky this time. Maybe in Honolulu we could really see the moonlight together at Waikiki."

"Nan, it's against all steamship-company rules! We'd be ——"

"I don't for the life of me see what anybody could do about it, once the Madonia sailed," Doctor Wolfson put in gravely. His eyes were furiously twinkling. "Captain Whitehead," he said, "is a very human man. I know him well. And Captain Gordon here and I, we'll both stand up with you."

"Be honored to, John." The Palawan's skipper gulped some Scotch. "What's more," he said, "I know Manila inside out. In less than half an hour, I'll find you a priest or a minister. Any denomination you name."

"You're joking, Nan!" John Crandall said. "Here?" he said, a little dazed. "In Manila?"

"Girl like that!" the Palawan's master growled. "I'm ashamed of you, John. Does she have to get a shotgun to ——"

"Captain Gordon!" Nancy's face flushed red. She looked over to the bar where four men stood, a Filipino steward in white calmly polishing glasses. Then the girl looked back at John. He'd remember, all right. "A bet!" she said. She took her

... ...

Hint to Anybody's Husband

When a woman looks wistful
and tender and pensive,
She's probably thinking of
something expensive.

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

wrist watch off, set it down on the table between them. "Three minutes," she said. "Two different people will order beer. I'll even give you odds. Doctor Wolfson, the skipper or you don't count. You'd think they were in cahoots. Two others. Three minutes. If it happens, we get married here in Manila. If it doesn't, you win. We won't." She smiled at him. "Bet?"

"Bet," John murmured. He had to. "Time. Now!"

"You made a bad deal, Miss Clifton." The Palawan's master frowned, looking over toward the bar. "I know those men. Josh Clemming there is the only one drinks beer. I don't think Josh drinks that fast."

The girl said nothing. John Crandall didn't either. They all watched the second hand swinging steadily around. A minute went by. The second hand was past its second circle before they heard Josh Clemming rap his glass on the bartop and the steward drew the beer. Only thirty seconds now were left. Captain Gordon grunted. Doctor Wolfson sighed. Ten seconds left. No more. Five now. The girl's blond head shot up.

"Steward!" she cried. "I'll have a beer!"

The skipper of the Palawan let loose a low guffaw. Doctor Wolfson chuckled. Nancy's freckled nose was all wrinkled up. She looked like an impish little girl.

"We'll be married tonight," she said, and the throaty chuckle came. "Doctor Crandall, this time you lose."

"Lose!" John looked at her. He wasn't grinning at all. "Lose?" he told her quietly. "I was worried sick. I was wondering what you were waiting for. I thought you'd never order that second beer!"

THE END

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The Happy Sinner (Continued from Page 35)

right and was coming true before corn-picking time, when he reckoned the cabin would be ready.

The queer thing about it was that after she had come around the edge of the stocks where he could see that she was the one, all right, even to the waist that would just fit into the crook of his arm, he couldn't for the life of him think of a single thing to say to her, but sat hunkered there, dazed and dreamy-like, while he pictured again just how she'd look in the cabin at the branch.

Even if he had thought of anything to say, it would have been hard work to find room for it, for the widow's tongue was running full tilt, telling him where her house was, and that he must come over and share pork and pone with her just as soon as ever he could. Not until they were gone, and the crickets had started chirping again, did it dawn on him that he didn't know who the girl was, where she lived or where he would find her after he had built the chimney and got the split shakes nailed to the roof.

The sun was setting over Agamenticus before he heard footsteps again. It was nearly time for the constable to come back with his padlock key, but he knew it wasn't the scuffing of cowhide boots he heard. It was a sort of dainty sound, quick and light, like that of a spotted fawn coming out of a thicket at dusk, so he stayed as he was, with his hands locked under his red head, like he often lay when he was dreaming up there at the cabin.

And then he knew that he certainly must be up there, for here was the girl coming right into the dream; only this time it was the light-colored one. The sun was behind her, and her hair was a glory, like the honey he'd taken from the bee tree up above Barker's holding. Her eyes, when at last he came to look at them, were even bluer than a teal's wing, and there was a dancing, laughing light in them, which was natural enough, for she was standing there beside the stocks, looking down at him, and laughing a little throaty laugh that reminded him of the flute Mr. Sayer sometimes blew into, while he was waiting for the iron to heat in the forge.

He could tell, even from where he lay, that her head would come just to his shoulders, and even allowing for the homespun dress she wore he knew he could span her waist with his two hands. She laughed again, low and silvery, and he tingled all over, as though he had just swallowed a gill of West Indies rum. It was a good feeling, even though he knew she was laughing at him.

"What did you do?" she asked, tipping her head a little to one side as she looked down at him. "Nothing very bad, I'll be bound, if they put only half of you in it."

He told her that it *was* bad: that he had been neglecting his churching, and now the parson was saving him from damnation. She said the parson was right: that everyone should worship on Sunday, especially in these times when the Indians were at their very doorposts, and nobody knew who would be taken next. Young Nat said that she was right. He'd just seen a vision and was sure enough converted, and from now on he planned to be sitting on the meetinghouse steps even before the parson had got his periwig powdered or the drummer had begun his first roll to call the folks together.

The color came hot in her cheeks then, and her lashes covered her eyes, but he could see that she was still smiling a little, so he made bold to ask her name. When she said that it was Abbie Collett, and that she was bound out to Captain Storer's wife, he had the courage to tell her his own name, and that he had been bound out, too, to the blacksmith over in Kittery, and that his time had just come up, and how he'd got a grant of a hundred acres and was building a cabin at the branch, and how, come fall when it was finished, he planned to take a wife for himself.

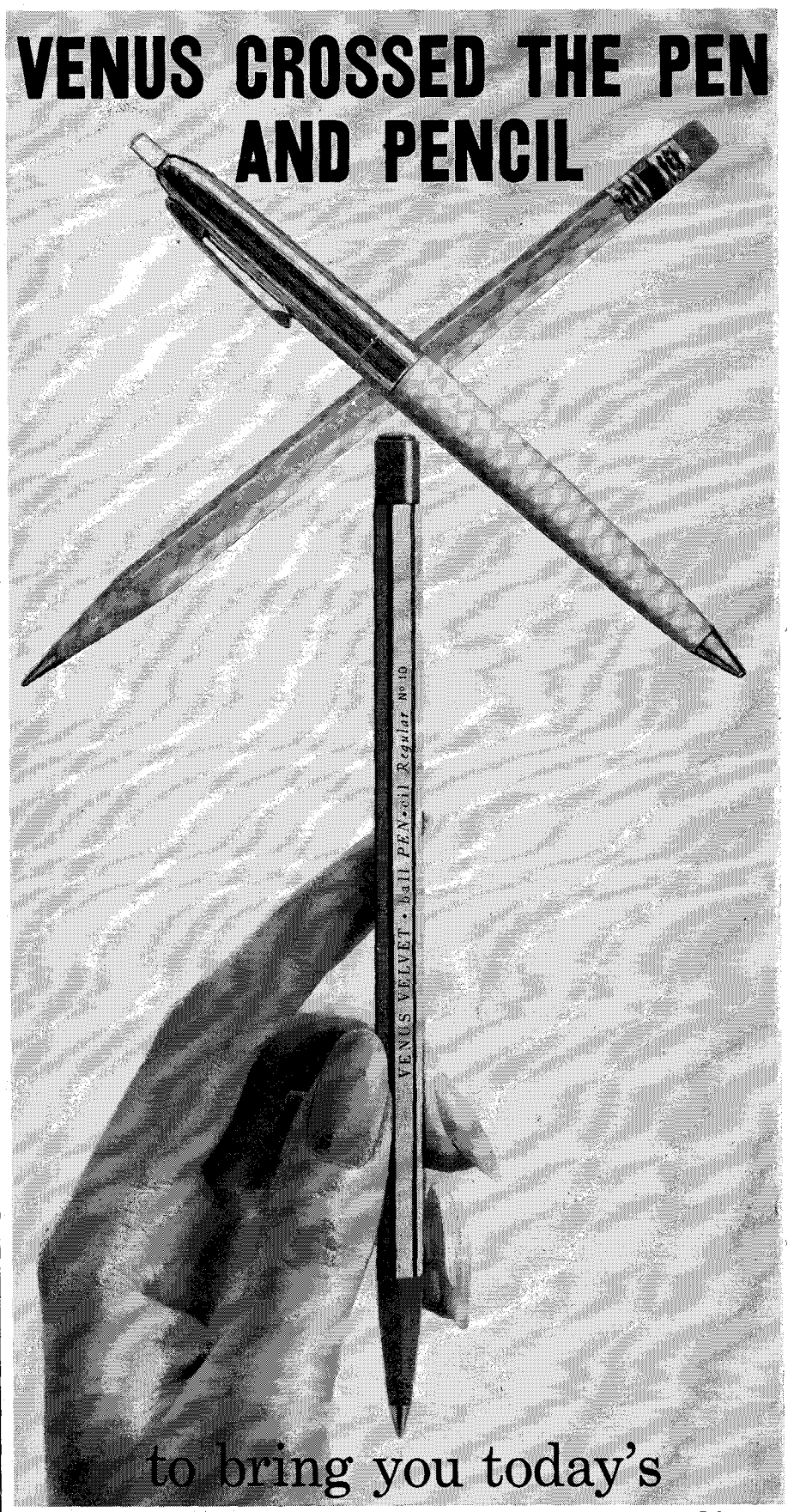
Then she wasn't smiling any more, and her eyes got bigger and bluer and dreamy-like, and she wanted to know if it was pretty up there, so he told her about it. He told her about the knoll where the big pines stood, and how the cabin nestled, contented like, among them. He told her how the land sloped down to the intervale that was just waiting for a plow to turn the good black earth, and how corn would grow so tall there that a body could get lost in it. He told her about the waterfall at the head of the meadow where it tumbled into the branch, and about the little pond there, where he already had the two pinioned geese; and how the bluejoint waved when the sea breeze hit it in the morning, and how the pond and the branch turned to fire at evening, as the sun went sliding down behind the hills.

Her eyes never left his face all the time he was talking, while step by unknowing step she came closer and closer, until all at once she was kneeling there beside him, her hands clasped close together, her lips parted, her ears drinking in every word he said.

How long she would have stayed there or how long he would have kept talking he didn't know, but after a while he heard the constable coming, and when he whispered it to her she vanished like a fairy disappearing under a leaf. Thinking about her, he almost forgot to get his hands back in the stocks, but he remembered just in time, and fetched a groan that brought a pleased smile to the constable's horse face. The constable's nose was liver colored, and there was a powerful smell of rum about him, but while he fumbled with the padlock he hoped aloud that this would be a lesson to Nat and to a lot of other sinful folk who walked in the paths of the devil. There were plenty of blasphemers and suchlike that he hoped to lock in before long, and after he had lifted the bars and let Nat's hands and feet out, he walked away, stumbling a little, and mumbling words that, to Nat's ears, sounded like some the parson had used that morning, only the constable was putting them together differently.

When Sunday came, young Nat, like he said he would, was sitting on the meetinghouse steps before first drum roll, but already some of the settlers were gathering, coming along the path in little groups, the men carrying their flintlocks, and with their powder horns slung over their shoulders.

There were a surprising lot of women: so many, in fact, that he wondered if he would know the black-haired girl if he saw her again, but he needn't have fretted himself. She was with Deacon Wainwright's group, and he guessed rightly that she was the deacon's daughter, Molly. The deacon owned the gristmill and had, so folks said, more than a hundred pounds, sterling, hid away somewhere in an old kettle. But it didn't worry Nat any because he was rich. If Molly was the one, why she was the one, and she'd come to him when he asked her. He thought some of going over and talking about it with her now, but he remembered that the menfolk had to stay on their own side: and after Abbie came he wouldn't have gone over, even if it had been all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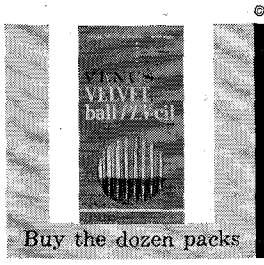

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right to do it, for he couldn't for the life of him decide which one he wanted most to talk to.

For the first hour he listened real careful to the parson and, here and there, he could make some sense of what he said, but along in the second hour, when he got going on the justification of sanctification, he couldn't make head nor tail of it, and after a while he didn't try, but started thinking about the chairs he planned to build, for he didn't hold with sitting on the floor at mealtime, like most of the settlers did.

He'd make the chairs of white maple. Only three of them at first. Two for the table, and another one—a big one with rockers—to set in front of the fireplace. He pictured it now. Snow blowing outside, and the white frost creeping in along the edges of the barred shutters, but the fire burning steady and strong against the backlog of rugged oak. He could hear the rockers whispering on the puncheon floor, and could look down and see, as plain as day, the black head—or the corn-silk one—where it cuddled against his chest. It pleasured him so that, without giving thought to where he was, he started to laugh, but he remembered in time to change it into a cough, so the beadle did no more than glare at him.

After that, he did some figuring on the two-barrel gun. If he could manage to lay hold of a handful of borax to use as a flux it would be easy to braze the tubes together in a charcoal fire, but he would have to make bellows and build a forge before he could swage out the locks and hammers. Thinking about it gave him another idea. The settlement needed a smithy. There were all manner of cranes and pothooks and plowshares needed, while a man who could fashion a flintlock, or repair one, would have more work than he could do, especially if he had a cabin to finish and tended to his churching the way he was supposed to do.

It was early afternoon before they were outside again, and as soon as he could, he went over to talk to Molly. He was a mite shy about it, for the deacon kept her herded close, and didn't look too happy, even if he had been churching for four hours. The deacon's eyes were too near together, and little and mean-looking, but he was civil enough and even interested when Nat told him who he was, and how, because there was no blacksmith in the settlement, he planned to set up a smithy.

The deacon said that a blacksmith would be a da—a good thing for the community, and the upshot of it was that Nat, before he knew how it happened, had been invited to break bread at the deacon's board, and found himself walking down the path beside Molly. It didn't require much talking for him to know that she was the black-haired girl he'd dreamed about. He didn't know about the loving part of it, but he soon found out that she was a master hand at doing things. She had worked two God Bless Our Home samplers before she was twelve years old, and it was no effort at all for her to knit a pair of socks between sunrise and sunset. She knew how to make butter and cheese, and how to roast a brace of ducks on a spit, and she could read from the Bible faster even than the parson.

Before they got to the settlement he had it on his tongue's end to ask her to set the wedding day, but he remembered in time that, before he did it, it would be only fair to talk with Abbie, too, and see how she stacked up beside Molly. So he just listened mostly, and after they sat down to dinner there was little he could do except listen, for the deacon started talking about the damnable heresies of the Quakers and Baptists, and shouted so loud that Nat couldn't even think.

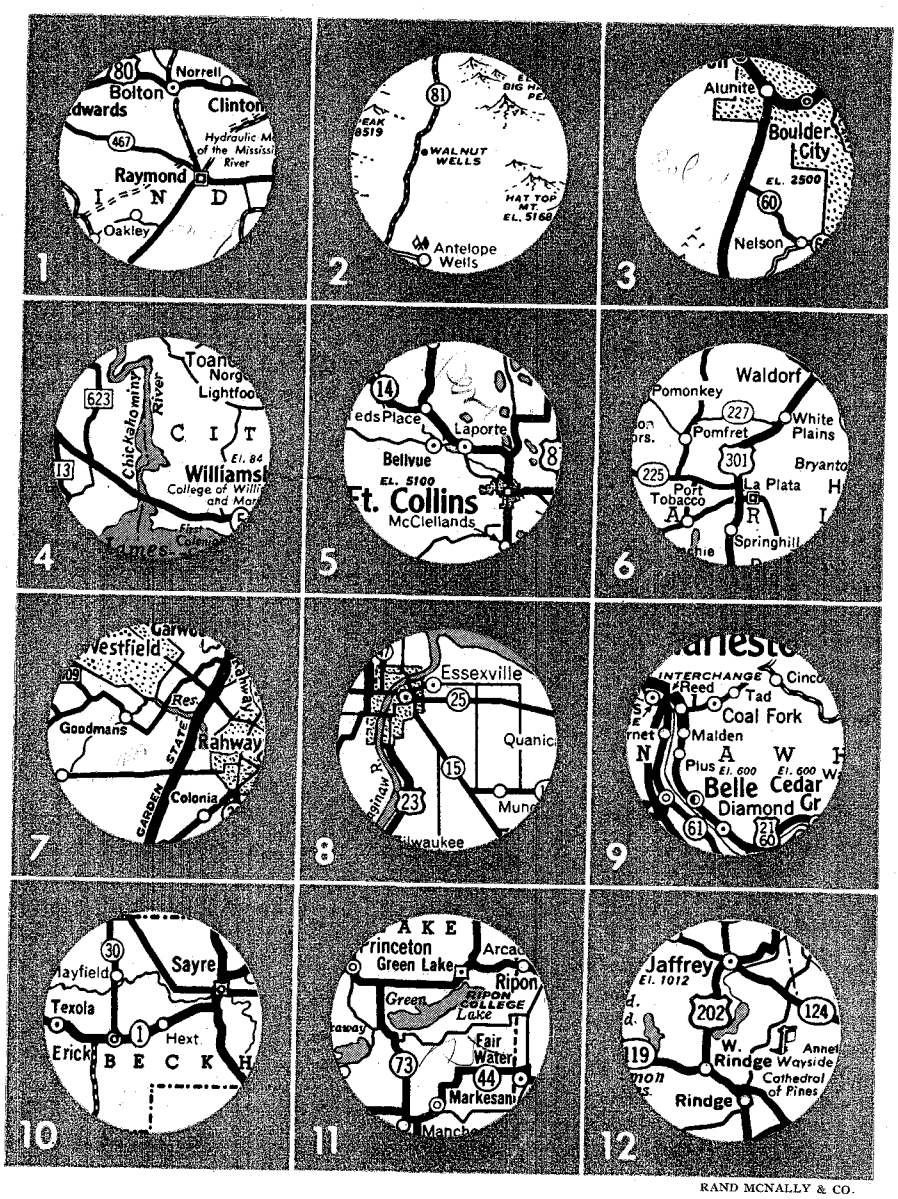
Then before the meal was over, when he planned to get Molly outside where they could talk some more, Toby Maxwell came calling. Toby was twenty, and already had a bit of whisker growing, and he tied his hair back in a queue. His pantaloons were brown broadcloth. He had silver buckles on his shoes, and took snuff from a pewter snuffbox. Thinking back, Nat couldn't remember ever meeting anybody who rubbed him against the grain the way Toby did. Putting on airs just because his father owned a little packet boat, and hauled corn and such-like up and down the coast for the soldiers at the garrisons. It didn't make him any happier when he saw that Toby had come to call on Molly; so, soon after the meal was over, he said his thanks, picked up his flintlock and left.

Captain Storer's house was inside the stockade, and nearly a mile out of the way, but Nat felt that it was only right that he should talk to Abbie while Molly was still fresh in his mind. That way, it would be easy to tell which one he favored. So he set off for the garrison, hurrying because the sun was setting, and arrived just as the soldiers were barring the gates for the night.

The captain, he could easily tell, had half a mind not to let him in when he said he'd come to see Abbie, and was quick to point out that she was still bound to them, and would be until fall came, and that there was no sense yet for her to be thinking about the sacred bonds of wedlock. But when Nat told him he didn't plan to marry anybody for quite a while yet, but was just looking around so he'd know which one to ask when the time came, the captain let him in, but grudging-like.

The captain's wife, judging from the rattling of the cornhusks in the other room, was already bedded down for the night, but Abbie was still working. The freshly sanded copper kettle glowed in the flickering firelight, and the wooden bowls were white with the scouring she was giving them. Her hair had come loose, and a wisp of it trailed down over her forehead, so fetching that it set his heart all a-flutter. She brushed it back with her bare forearm and told him to sit and she'd be done shortly, so he squatted on a stool and watched her, seeing her not there, but in the cabin at the branch, and if it hadn't been for the captain, poring over his soldier's book where he sat by the fire, he'd have thought they were surely up there now.

So far as he could tell, when at last he got to talking with her, there was no choice between them. Abbie, too, was a hand at making cheese. She gave him a



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East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 112*)

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slab of it, yellow in the middle and gray-green around the edges, and it was as good as any he ever tasted. She hadn't worked any samplers, never yet having the time, but she planned to try it before long. But she could knit and sew, knew all about carding and spinning, and could weave forty picks a minute on a loom.

They talked and talked, until the captain fell asleep over his book, but when the first watch came around Nat eased himself out and bunked down on the grass with the soldiers, more befuddled than ever. How he would know which one to ask when the time came, he had no idea. The only way was to keep on like he was doing now, and maybe after a while he could make up his mind.

So the next Sunday he walked Molly home again, and filled himself with broiled salmon and corn pone, but when he got back to Abbie's place he found Toby there, talking to her and making eyes at her over his snuffbox. Young Nat was so stirred up about it that he went straight up to the branch and, no matter if it was Sunday, felled the biggest pine he ever laid ax to, although he was careful to cut out the King's mark as soon as it hit the ground.

Little by little, when he could get away from the smithy, he worked on the cabin. He got the pine splits on the roof, laid the puncheon floor and hewed it smooth

Home is just what you make it, unless you hire an interior decorator. DAN BENNETT

with a boat adz. He built the clay chimney over the fireplace. He hewed out the ladder-back chairs and the rocker, but when he tried to weave the bottoms from the rushes he had gathered he found one thing he couldn't do. Try as he might, he just couldn't make the pattern come right, so he laid off until he could find someone who could teach him how to do it.

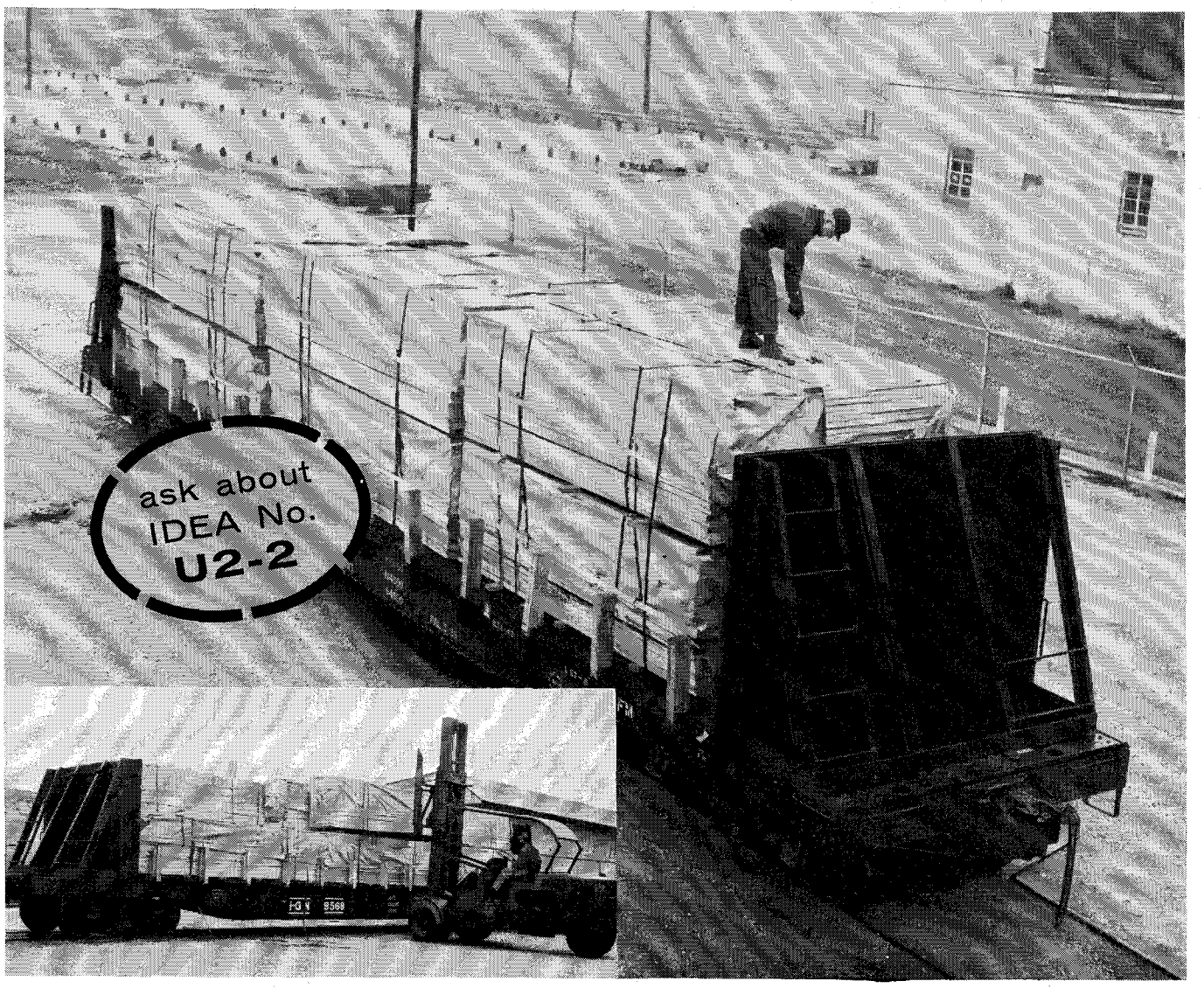
In between times, he finished the two-barrel gun. It was heavy, a trifle over fourteen pounds, but with his big arms and shoulders he could hold it out steady without help of a crotch stick. It shot sweet too. When he seated the ball with a fawnskin patch he could bark a squirrel at thirty paces.

Then one night when he got back to the branch, after smithing all day, he was knocked in a heap. The first thing he spied when he got the candle lit, was the big rocker: and there was the seat, woven in diamonds, with the points clear and sharp, and not a loose end anywhere. He just couldn't figure out who did it, and a week later he was surprised again. He hadn't been too careful when he built the chimney, and the clay had got tracked around considerable, but when he got there that night he found the puncheon floor had been washed and scrubbed until it was as smooth and white as a flounder's belly. To top it off, there was a God Bless Our Home sampler hanging on a wall, the letters standing out so plainly that he knew, if he'd had a bit of schooling, he could have read them as easy as anything. It surely had him guessing, for while he thought first of Molly when he spied the sampler, all he could picture was Abbie when he looked at the scrubbed floor. The more he thought about it, the more addled he got, until at last he didn't know but he was plain bewitched.

There was no knowing what he might have done, but before he got it straightened out in his mind a scout came up from Casco and said the stone piles in front of the Abenakis' sod houses were all knocked flat, which meant they were getting ready to take to the warpath again, and so for the next day or two everything was such a hustle and bustle that he couldn't even find time to dream when night came. Captain Storer was shouting that the corn would have to be gathered and brought into the stockade or the Indians would burn it; and that the cattle and hogs would have to be brought down to the marshes where they would be safe; and for Nat to get his forge going and run another batch of bullets; and for the women to bring in a lot of wood for cooking, in case they were besieged; and for some of them to cut more linen for bullet patches; and how the governor expected him to defend the garrison with only sixteen soldiers he'd be damned if he knew.

So for two days all was hurry and scurry, with all the folks staying near the garrison, ready to come in at the first alarm, and the soldiers keeping watch in the towers, but still there was no sign of an Indian, so at last Nat told the captain that if he'd give him a man to help handle her, he'd take the sloop and run down to the bar and spear a load of salmon. Food, the captain knew, was bound to be short in the event of a siege, so he said it was a good idea, and told Toby to go along.

Offhand, Nat couldn't think of a man he wouldn't rather have, for it was risky work handling the sloop in the tricky tides at the bar, but he knew it was right to obey orders in times like this, so he loaded himself down with the ten-foot sweeps, the spear and a flintlock, and



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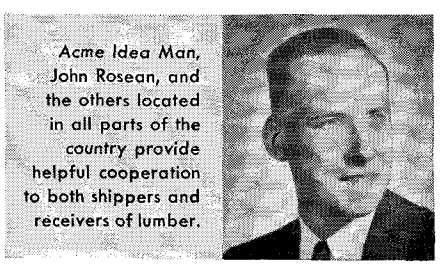

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with Toby picking his way along in the rear, boarded the sloop and worked her out into the channel.

Inside the bar the water was churning with salmon, and it was not long before Nat had speared half a boatload. He was just ready to hoist anchor and head back to the landing, when he heard the three shots—the signal that the enemy had been sighted.

Toby had been sitting in the bow, not doing a bit of work, but now he came up, wild-eyed at the sound of the shots, and began clawing at the anchor rope. For a minute Nat thought that he was anxious to get back to the garrison to help, but before the sail was half up Toby grabbed the tiller and started swinging her around toward the open sea where he would be safe. Nat couldn't remember ever having seen a real live coward before, and it sickened him for a minute, but when Toby fought to keep his hold on the tiller he eased his feelings some by hitting him so hard on the jaw that he nearly went overboard. Then he put about, before the wind, and set sail for the landing.

With the tide favoring, he made fast time, but they were no more than halfway back when he sighted the packet boat coming downriver, and she was loaded to the gunnels with people. As they came closer he could make out Toby's father at the tiller, and Mr. Patch, who was building the sawmill, and Deacon Wainwright and his wife, and a bunch of other women, and—yes, sir—Molly.

It didn't require mind reading, or even Toby's lunatic yelling for him to heave to so he could board the packet, for Nat to know that the whole lot of them were running away, to Kittery, probably, even before trouble started. He'd seen more cowards this day than he had supposed there were in the whole Gorges Grant. He could see how a man might have to run sometime to a place where he could get a foothold so he could fight some more, but he just couldn't picture himself giving up his land and home and friends without striking a single blow to save them. It made his stomach feel squeamish again, and he had half a mind not to stop, but to keep on and take Toby up to the garrison, even if he had to drag him. But second thought told him that it would be better to be rid of Toby and all his kind, so he brought the sloop into the wind, slid alongside the packet and held her there while Toby jumped in.

Everybody was yelling for him to climb aboard, too, because those that stayed were sure to be massacred, but Nat wasn't listening. Instead, he was looking at Molly. At her eyes. Big and brown, and wide with fright. At the slim, curved body of her, sitting as he'd pictured her sitting in the cabin at the branch, but when he shut his eyes the picture wouldn't come back. A settler's cabin was no place for a woman who would run screeching every time an Indian dug up his tommyhawk. Without a single backward glance he let the sloop fall off, put the tiller hard over and headed for the landing.

He could see it all clear now. First thing, he'd hunt up Abbie and see if she was scared too. If she was, he'd forget about marrying, let the cabin rot down, and the bluejoint run wild in the meadow. Better that than to raise a hayrickful of youngsters who would run from their own shadows, most likely.

He had no trouble getting to the garrison by way of the marshes, for the Indians were careful about showing themselves in the open. He had planned to search out Abbie the very first thing, but he couldn't help stopping a minute to watch the parson. If he had thought about him at all he would have pictured him down on his knees somewhere, praying for help. Instead, he had found a sand swab and was scouring out a flintlock as sleek and shiny as Nat could have done it himself. Somehow he liked the parson better than he did that day when he was clamped in the stocks, and he thought that, if trouble did come, he would be a good man to have around.

With five buildings inside the stockade, and nearly a hundred men, women and children milling around, it required a good half hour for him to learn that Abbie wasn't among them, and when he began asking questions he found that she hadn't been seen since morning. He couldn't remember ever having such a queer feeling in his chest as the one that hit him when he knew for sure that Abbie was outside.

The first thing he did was to go to Captain Storer and ask for a soldier or two to go with him while he hunted for her, but the captain wouldn't listen to it. It was a fool thing to try, he said, and almost certain death. The woods, no doubt, were full of the butchers, and a man wouldn't stand a chance of getting back alive. Besides, there weren't half enough soldiers to fight the garrison properly. Not a man could be spared.

Nat told him that that was probably true, so if he couldn't have a soldier to go with him, he'd go alone; but the captain said no to that too. Then Nat said it would take more than sixteen soldiers to stop him, and the captain said for him to just try it and see.

The men who gathered round to watch said that it was quite a ruckus while it lasted. The soldiers didn't care for it much, and so were no problem, but the captain was all whalebone and iron, and it took a bit of time for Nat to wear him down, but when at last it was over he picked up his flintlock, opened the gate and walked out, and not a man laid a hand on him to stop him.

Fool-like, he had left the two-barrel gun at the cabin, and since it was likely that he would get wedged into a corner before the day was over, he figured that he had better get the gun before he wandered around too much. Without any bragging talk, he was as good as any two men just as he stood, and with the double gun he'd be as good as four; and four good men could take care of any bunch of Indians he ever saw.

First, because some scout might be watching, he went down across the marshes to the landing, as though he were going to board the sloop, but as soon as he got down under the bank he inched along in its shelter, until he came to the place where the branch joined the river. The brook was shallow and sluggish and alder lined, so by wading up through the knee-deep water he could keep hidden, and make no more noise than a swimming otter.

He was halfway up the branch when he heard the shot, somewhere close ahead and, as nearly as he could judge, in the

---

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 110

1. Miss.	2. N.M.	3. Nev.
4. Va.	5. Colo.	6. Md.
7. N. J.	8. Mich.	9. W. Va.
10. Okla.	11. Wis.	12. N. H.

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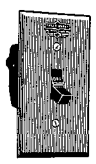

Open type 9101 with plate for flush mtg. in ordinary wall box.

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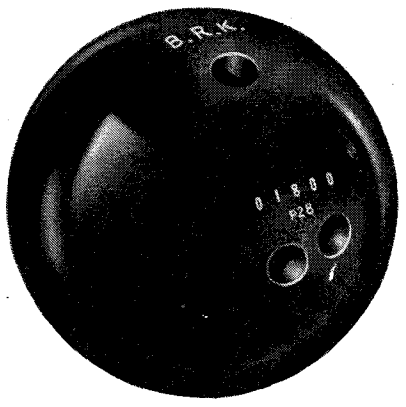

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direction of the cabin. He knew what had happened, as clearly as though he had seen it. Some skulking Abenaki had found the two-barrel gun and wanted to see how it worked. As he broke into a run Nat hoped that the fool Indian was looking into the barrels when it went off.

Then he smelled smoke—pinewood smoke—sucking down the branch just above the water. He knew what that meant too. It meant they were trying to burn the cabin. It would take a lot of trying before they burned the two-foot logs in the walls, but if they had sense enough to light the pine splits on the roof he would have a job on his hands that would last until snow flew.

Then he heard another shot, close ahead. He stopped, looked to the flintlock's priming, then went on again, slowly and carefully, scanning each tree that was big enough to shield a man, and at last he was able to see the cabin. A bit of smoke was drifting away from one wall, where lighted brush had been piled, but the roof was all right.

With that off his mind he began circling the cabin, minding where he put his feet, and moving as quietly as a lynx. Then he saw a part of what he was looking for: a hand-size patch of bare, sun-tanned buttock sticking out from behind one of the King's pines. He wasn't too sure about what the flintlock could do, but it was loaded with goose shot instead of ball, so he drew the sight down fine and touched the trigger.

Excepting a deer he had once paunched with a long shot, he never saw a creature jump so high or run so fast, but unless the Indian had dropped it behind the pine, he wasn't the one who had the two-barrel gun. So he scouted along carefully, and at last he came to a place where he could look down on the pile of brush he had lopped off the King's pine, and then he saw another Abenaki. If it was true, as Captain Storer said it was, that a dead Indian was a good one, then this was about the best one he ever looked at. He was lying on his back, his hand still clutching a heavy bow, but there was no sign of the double gun.

He looked at the cabin again, and then he saw the gun, or at least a few inches of the twin barrels sticking out through one of the loopholes he had left in the walls. They were pointing straight at him, and for a heartbeat or two he thought his time had come. Then he heard a sound that he remembered. A tinkling, flutelike, laughing sound, the relief and happiness in it somehow all blended into one.

Then the door opened, and Abbie was standing there, just like he'd dreamed she would be. It made him so purely happy that he forgot all about Indians, but just went up to the doorway and took her in his arms and kissed her. Looking over her corn-silk hair, he could see the ramrod, the powder horn, the bullets and the linen patches that she'd laid out on the table so she could reload without wasting a minute, and he knew then that she was the right sort for a settler's wife. She would fight for the things she loved, and he aimed that, sooner or later, there'd be some of them crawling around underfoot.

Inside, there was a bit of fire burning on the hearth and, after the door was shut and barred, it sent little yellow lights dancing along the table, the rush-bottomed ladder-backs, and flowed like melted gold across the puncheon floor. Even the God Bless Our Home sampler sparkled brighter on the wall, and now that he looked at them closely he knew what those little letters down at the bottom meant. If he ever needed to write *Abbie Collett*, and made marks like those, he wouldn't be far wrong.

Still holding her in the crook of his arm, he went to a loophole and looked out. Night was coming on, and no Abenaki would stir himself until daylight. And when shooting light came he'd better keep out of range of the two-barrel gun, unless he wanted his hide stuffed with goose shot.

He stood the guns in a corner, and hung the bullet pouch and the powder horn on the deer antlers above them. Then he drew the big rocker up before the fire. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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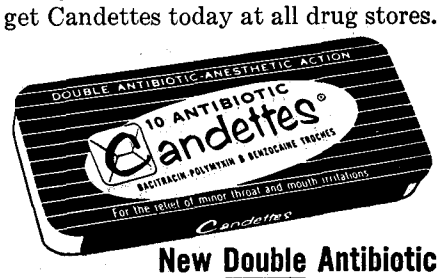

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Roughing it at Miami Beach

(Continued from Page 21)

swimming pool this season in a toweling robe edged with baby seal. But, as in wildlife, it is the males of the species who flaunt the brightest colors. They wear dinner jackets of tartan patterns, gold lamé, green velvet, peppermint-striped evening ties with matching cummerbunds, shoes of red shantung, faille and llama skin.

For guests seized by a whim to augment their finery at odd hours there is an arcade of shops that stay open past midnight, their prices equal to those on Fifth Avenue. "You'd be surprised," says the manager of one of the dress shops, "how many women feel like buying a four-hundred-and-fifty-dollar mink-trimmed sweater in the middle of the night." A salesman for Nat Koslow, Inc., jewelers—$115 gold charms to $100,000 diamond necklaces—explains, "It's like this: Mrs. Smith spots her friend, Mrs. Doakes, sporting a diamond bracelet that would choke a horse. She broods about it. 'Did you see what Daisy's husband bought her?' she asks Mr. Smith at dinner. Come midnight, she's still brooding about it. So she drags the old man in here. He's feeling pretty good after all that champagne. Chances are they'll leave with a bracelet twice as gorgeous as Daisy's."

As big spenders, many a Fontainebleau customer rivals Diamond Jim Brady. Charles Revson, boss of Revlon Products Corporation, which sponsors TV's $64,000 Question, once gave a buffet party that exhausted the hotel's entire supply of caviar. Frank Frankel, a Texas department-store magnate, maintains a presidential suite and de luxe cabana almost all year round, though he uses them only during a few winter weeks. The privilege stands him as much as $100,000 a year.

A Chicago industrialist, Titus Haffa, holds the tipping record. For a shave, a shoeshine, or a bucket of ice he has been known to tip $100.

The transportation clerk is so accustomed to largess that when a guest requested information about taxi planes to Palm Beach, he told him $30,000.

"What," exclaimed the guest, "to fly sixty miles!"

"Oh, sorry, sir," the clerk apologized. "I thought you wanted to buy the plane."

Resolute efforts have been made to generate a French atmosphere in keeping with the name. The lavatories are marked *dames* and *messieurs*, fleurs-de-lis embellish the bed pillows. The coffee shop is called Chez Bon Bon; the night club, where stars like Jimmy Durante, Jerry Lewis and Tony Martin entertain, La Ronde. (An exception is the second night club, specializing in Latin-American gaiety, "a dimly lit cave with a mystic tropical flavor"—the Boom Boom Room.) But the most authentic Gallic touch is imparted by the august septuagenarian who supervises the seven dining rooms, the *Maître de Bouche* (Master of the Mouth), to use the title the hotel coined for him. Lately of The Waldorf-Astoria, he rejoices in the name of René de la Jousselinière de Villermet de la Godsrary.

Wherever so much wealth is so conspicuously displayed, thieves and swindlers hover like fruit flies around an overripe banana. The Miami Beach Alhambras have always been infested with them, none more thickly than the Fontainebleau. Since it opened, they have relieved its mink-bearing, gem-encrusted clientele of some $250,000 in trinkets and cash. Not a penny's worth has been recovered.

"No hotel in America," declared the Beach's deputy police chief, Capt. Peter Stewart, reviewing the Fontainebleau's maiden season, "had as many losses." He put the total number at fifty and accused the management of trying to hush them up for fear of bad publicity.

Among the first guests to be plundered was Mrs. John Frumkes, wife of a New York clothing manufacturer. While she and her husband were engrossed in a canasta session by the pool, a person or persons unknown slipped into their $100-a-day suite and decamped with jewels valued at $70,000.

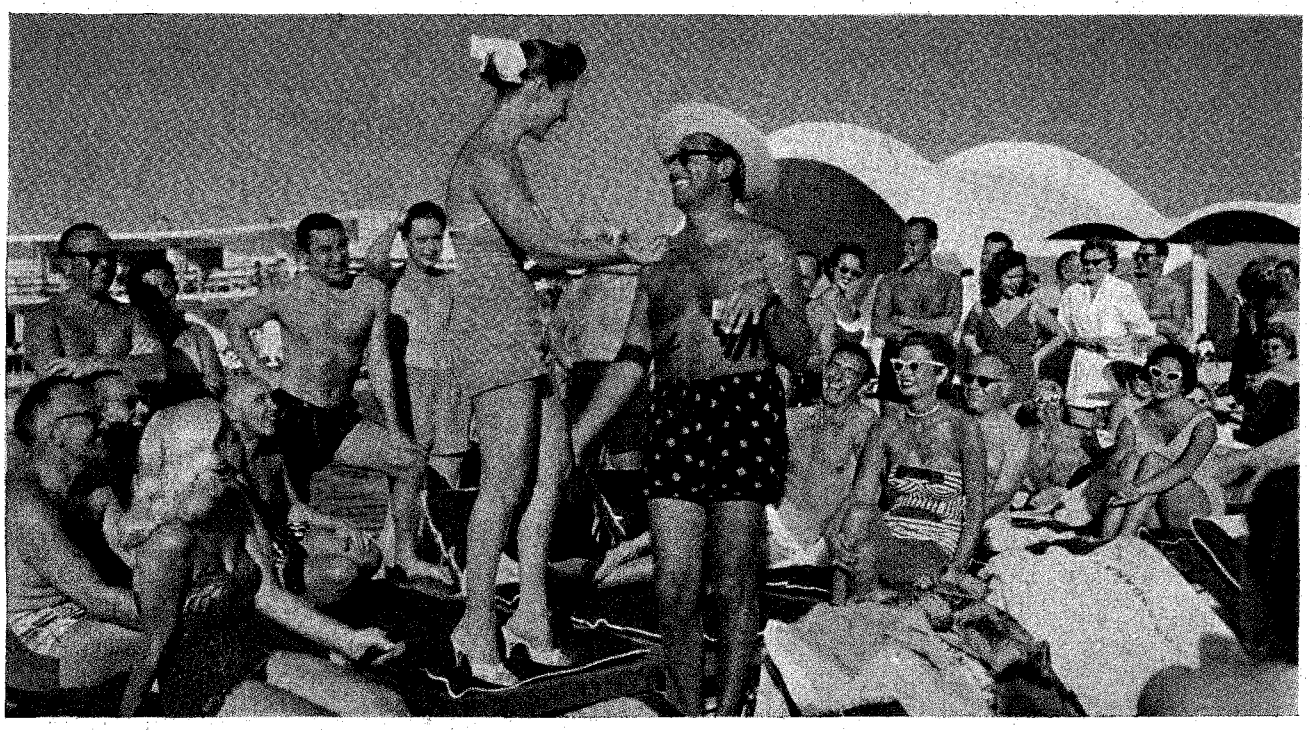
Five months later, one of the hotel's owners, Herbert Glassman, lost $8100 from a dresser drawer. He never saw the money again. The same week, jewels and money aggregating $12,000 vanished from three other rooms.

Breathing no word of this little crime wave to the Beach police, house detective Tom Kenney undertook to catch the culprits singlehanded. His investigation led him to suspect a newly employed bellhop, John Nofplot. The bellhop broke down and confessed that he had acted as fingerman for two cronies. Casing, in the course of his bellhopping, several suites occupied by big spenders, he had opened them to his accomplices with a passkey. He professed to be eager to make amends, and he promised, if Kenney would let him go, to restore the loot. The detective agreed. Nofplot has not been heard from since.

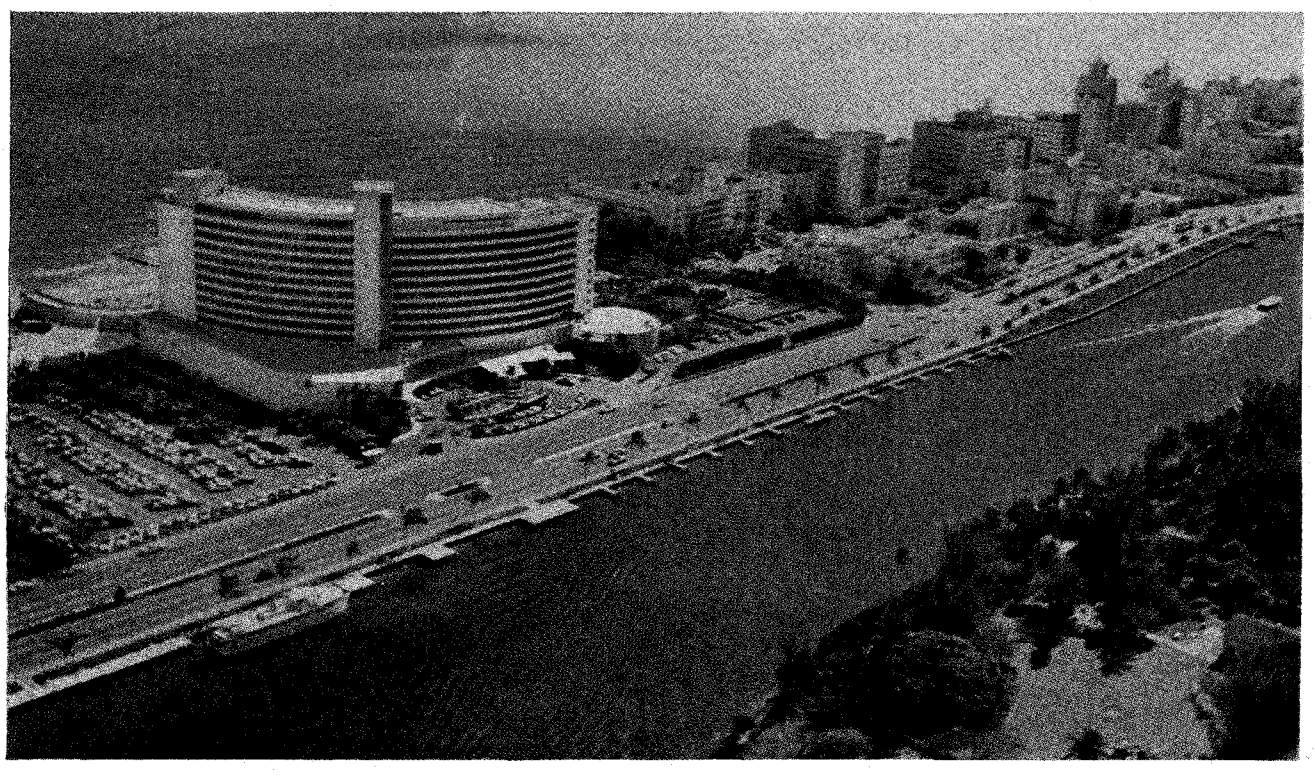
The hotel fired Kenney, replacing him with a veteran of the New York Police Department, ex-Lieutenant James Gillece, who promptly reports every theft. "If the ladies would stop parading their ice in front of strangers," he says, "and stash it away at night in a safe-deposit box—we got one for every room—they wouldn't be robbed." But in the sartorially competitive society that frequents the Fontainebleau this is like expecting birds of paradise not to spread their plumage. During her stay there last spring, a Mrs. Meyer Marcus would appear of an evening with diamonds blazing at her throat, ears, corsage, wrists and fingers. Worth a total of $36,900, all were stolen.

Under an improved system instituted by Gillece, however, such spectacular losses have declined. Ten to twenty plain-clothes men now patrol the corridors and public rooms around the clock. From a private rogues' gallery in Gillece's office, they familiarize themselves with the faces of known hotel prowlers. So far, they have recognized and hustled off the premises seven of them.

But burglary is only one of many perils from which Gillece strives to protect the unwary fun seeker. His rogues' gallery also includes numerous knockout-drop girls. These deadly creatures haunt the plushy hotels in quest of lonely males. When they can ingratiate themselves with one, they lure him to some dive at the other end of town, pop chloral hydrate into his drink, and, as he collapses, snatch his billfold. In recent months, Gillece and his cohorts have ejected four notorious (*Continued on Page 116*)



Poolside songfest: Ever-gregarious guests take part in impromptu entertainment that occasionally livens the languor of sun bathing and gin rummy.



Helicopter view of the Fontainebleau from mainland side shows yacht basin on Indian Creek which can accommodate as many as fifty of its guests' pleasure barges.

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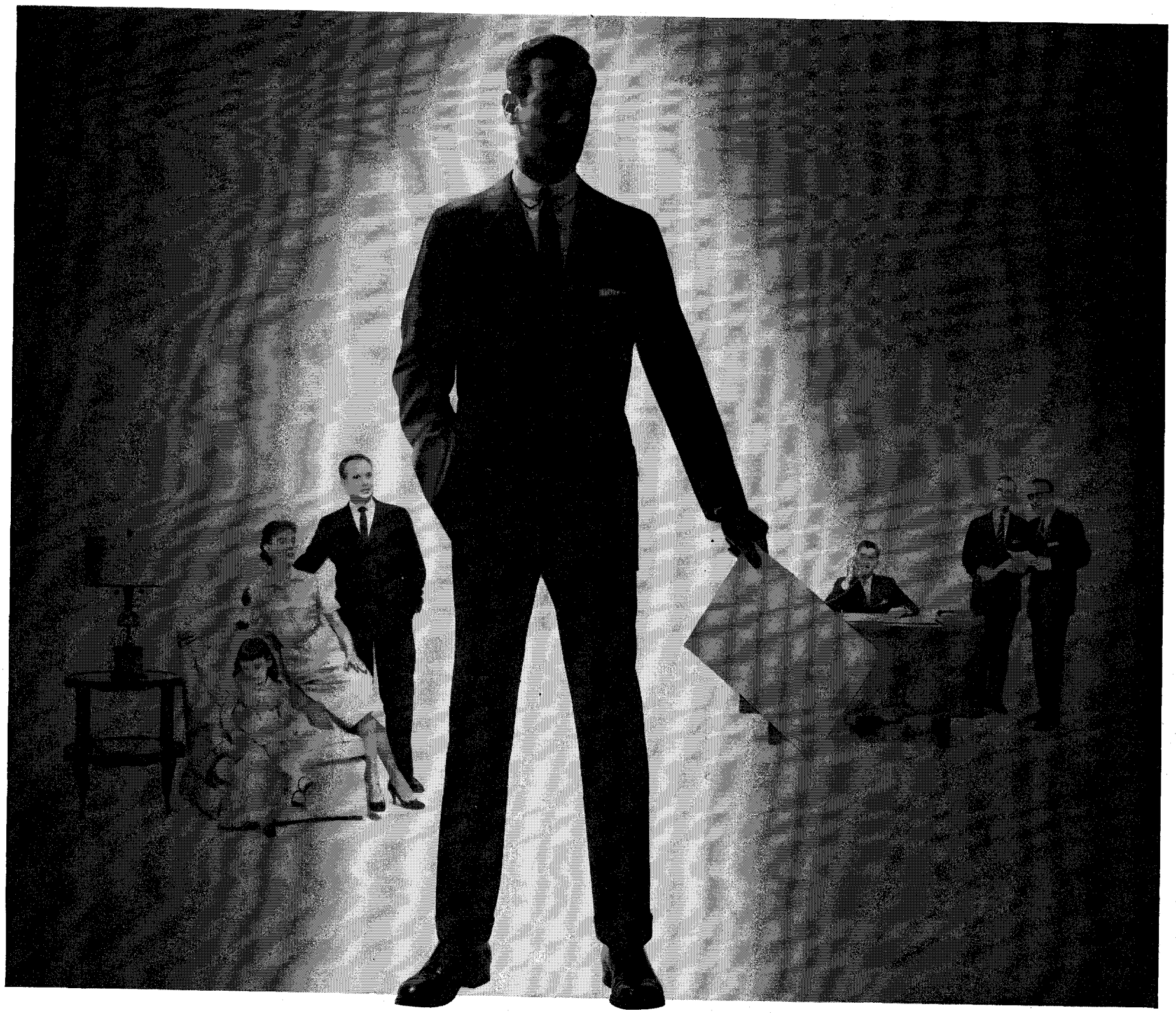

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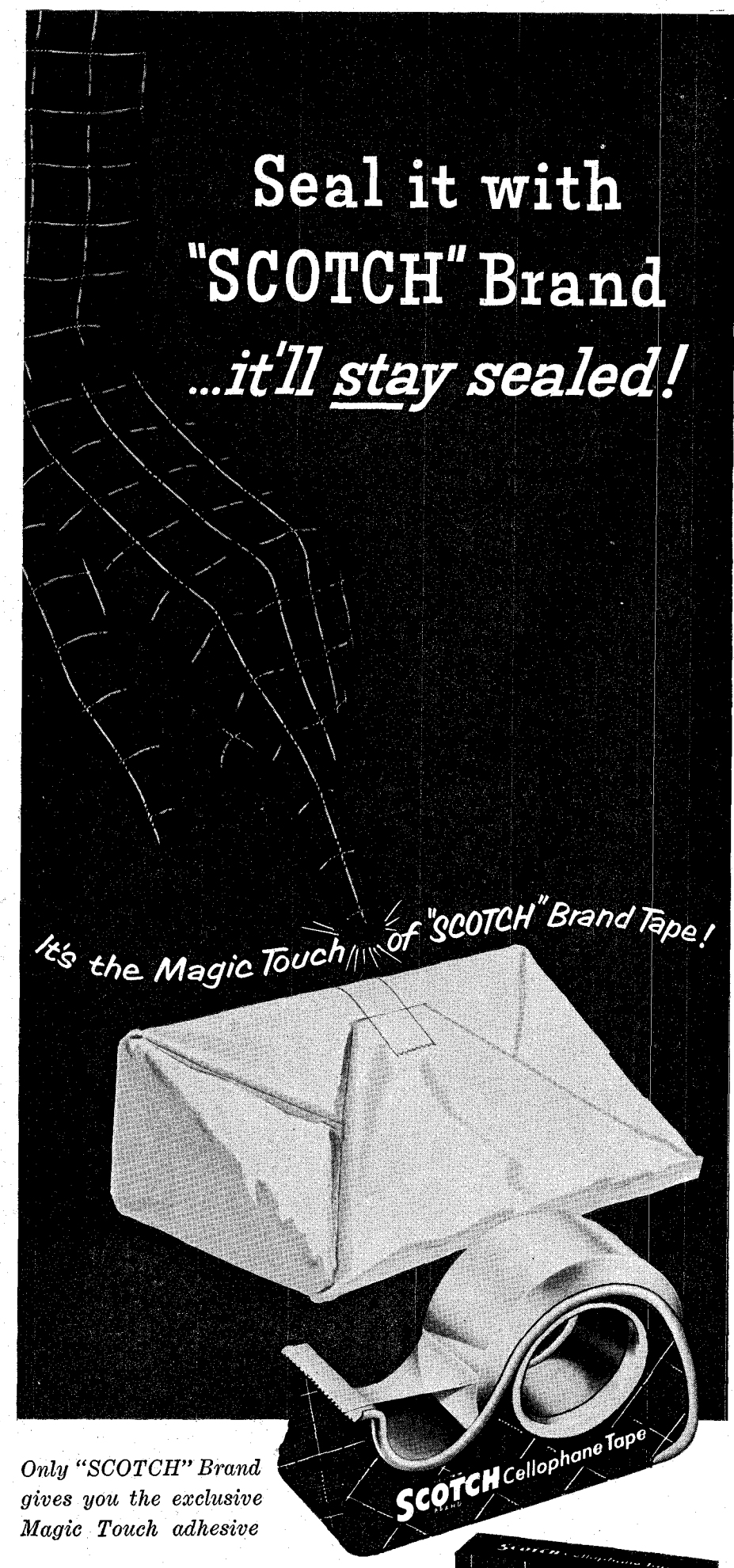

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(*Continued from Page 114*) members of the sorority before they could ply their wiles.

With another species of predatory female, in which the Beach abounds, greater tact is required. "Nowadays," says Gillece, "it ain't always easy to tell the pros from the amateurs, and natcherly we got no call to interfere between a gentleman and a lady." His intuition seldom fails him, however.

In addition to keeping up the moral tone of the place, Gillece is constantly on the *qui vive* for guests who sneak out without paying their bills.

Not long ago, a well-mannered Southerner, calling himself Clyde Lee Brown and giving an expensive Palm Beach address, dropped into the arcade jewelry shop with three rubies he wanted mounted as a stickpin. The salesman promised to have it ready in a week. Brown started for the door, then paused, remarking offhandedly that he had forgotten to purchase a gift for his sister's approaching birthday. Perhaps a diamond ring, the salesman suggested, and displayed a trayful. Brown fancied one priced at $1400.

"I haven't the cash with me," he said, "but if you'll put it aside, I'll pay for it when I come back for the stickpin."

The salesman suggested he take it on credit. Brown demurred, but finally pocketed it.

Where the trust-inspiring Southerner may be today neither the salesman nor Gillece has an inkling. The rubies he left behind proved to be the best that paste can make.

The brain that conceived the Fontainebleau belongs to a slight, shrill man of fifty named Ben Novack, whose wrists are symbolically banded by solid gold. A gold watch and gold mesh strap an inch wide glitter on his left wrist, on his right a gold slave chain. He wears custom-made, tasseled moccasins costing $85 a pair and $200 sport coats of dazzling design. "I happen to have a little taste for beauty," he says.

When, shortly before World War II, Novack moved to Miami Beach from New York, his assets totaled $1800—all that remained to him after the liquidation of a Broadway men's-clothing store. His only previous experience in the resort business had been as assistant to his father, who ran a summer hotel in the North.

In Miami Beach an agile operator needed no fortune to launch a hotel corporation. Then as today the feverishly booming, seven-mile strip teemed with investors seeking real-estate deals. Novack presently learned that the Monroe Towers, a modest 111-room hotel, could be leased for $20,000 a year. Living expenses had by now reduced his capital to fifty dollars, but in a prosperous textile manufacturer of his acquaintance, Jack Shapiro, he found a partner willing to put up three fourths of the money. Friends lent him the rest, and he began soliciting bookings for the 1941 season.

Disaster struck before the first guest registered. A hurricane battered the top stories, necessitating $6000 worth of repairs. Then came Pearl Harbor and cancellations. Novack was classified 4-F because of defective hearing. He has since undergone extensive aural surgery, and he wears a hearing aid. The construction of an Air Force training base in Miami saved him from utter ruin. The Army took over the Monroe Towers as an officers' billet, paying a dollar a day per officer. The rate sufficed to allow the partners a slender profit, and when the landlord offered to sell them a half interest in the hotel, they grabbed it.

From this wobbly take-off, Novack rapidly soared to his present eminence. Standing on the roof of the Fontainebleau, as he often does, gazing south along garish Collins Avenue, he can retrace every step upward. With new partners—his audacity scared some of the original ones away—he leased a series of hotels, each bigger than the one before. In 1946 he built his first hotel of the year, an L-shaped colossus which he named the Sans Souci, after Frederick the Great's palace at Potsdam.

Control of such Miami Beach splendors represents victories won in ferocious corporative scrimmages. While still on the drawing board, a hotel of the year becomes a medium of financial speculation as lively as uranium stock. The line-up of partners changes continually, as cold feet, personal hostilities or a prospect of immediate profit impels them to sell out. A master strategist at this kind of skirmishing, Novack left many a battlefield strewn with stricken adversaries. The mere mention of him still causes an early co-owner of the Sans Souci, Harry Mufson, to fume, and it was with sweet satisfaction that Mufson constructed next door to the Fontainebleau the almost equally flamboyant hotel of 1955, the Eden Roc. Novack's latest project is a 265-room annex to the Fontainebleau so situated as to cast the Eden Roc's swimming pool into shadow.

It is another peculiarity of Miami's neon Taj Mahals that they seldom continue under the same management longer than two or three years. In that period accrues the maximum revenue, when the newness still glistens like the dew on the rose, and before more money must be spent for renovation. They then go on the market, and no dearth exists of bidders who, though possibly ignorant of the hotel business, would like to try their luck at it. Novack disposed of his Sans Souci stock for $1,500,000.

He had meanwhile acquired for $2,300,000 the fourteen-acre estate of the late rubber tycoon, Harvey Firestone, the biggest ocean-front property still available in Miami Beach, and there he proposed to create what he calls "the world's most pretentious hotel." The name was suggested by his second wife, Bernice, a freckled, coppery-haired beauty, formerly a photographers' model. Driving through France in 1951, the Novacks whisked past the Palace of Fontainebleau, a favorite residence of French monarchs from Francis I to Napoleon, and one of the glories of Renaissance architecture. "We didn't stop to look at it," Novack recounts. "I don't go for those foreign châteaus. Not fantastic enough. But we liked the name, kind of catchy."

To materialize his dream child, Novack retained Miami's leading architect-decorator of hotels of the year, Morris Lapidus, a former designer of stage sets and shops, whose style, combining touches of both arts, runs to multicolored glass, mother-of-pearl pillars and papier-mâché manikins posed in niches. "The frosting sells the cake," he says. "Spongecake is spongecake, but the eye and taste appeal of delicious frosting is what makes one cake stand out from another." Other examples of Lapidus confectionery include the lime-and-sugar Sans Souci, and the Algiers, a quasi-Arabian potpourri, with its Scheherazade Restaurant, Oasis Bar and Kismet Lounge.

Who contributed what to the Fontainebleau's décor, which Novack describes as "Louis Fourteenth brought up a little modern," has been somewhat obscured by the dust kicked up in rows between client and architect. The two individualists scarcely speak to each other today. Most of the hotel Novack claims to have "themed" himself, Lapidus merely carrying out his specifications; and of some of

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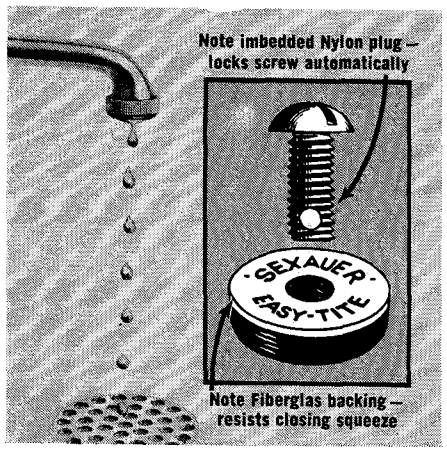
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the frosting, which he concedes to be pure Lapidus, like the stepped-back top story and slick lobby furniture, he succinctly observes, "It stinks." Lapidus insists that despite the limitations imposed upon him, the hotel is mainly his concept, though he adds, "Frankly, it's not the kind of place I'd care to stay in myself."

The Fontainebleau's distinctive crescent shape, which moved a puckish guest to cry, "Look, look, only three years old and already it's bent in the middle!" was undeniably Novack's idea. "I don't want any L, T, or U shapes," he told Lapidus, after tearing to shreds twenty-six sketches submitted by the architect. "I want a sweep that'll show every room at once." The solution came to him, in the bathtub. He had been soaking there one morning for hours when Mrs. Novack, alarmed at hearing no sound, pounded on the door. Out burst Novack, waterlogged but triumphant, shouting, "I got myself a brainstorm!" and proceeded to sketch a long, curved structure.

"It gives you the feeling of open arms," Mrs. Novack commented admiringly.

He tackled next the layout of the cabanas, without which no hotel of the year would be considered habitable. "My problem," he explained recently, "was how to build a cabana club for maybe two thousand people so it shouldn't look like Coney Island. Even if they're all Vanderbilts, it'd be apt to look like Coney Island," and he noted, with a scornful jerk of the thumb in the direction of the Eden Roc's pool, "Over there everybody can see everybody else." For the Fontainebleau's sun bathers he provided the possibility of keeping aloof from each other by deploying the cabanas in an S formation on multiple levels.

Of the $16,000,000 expenditure the venture called for, a bank advanced $5,000,000, the biggest construction loan in Southern real-estate annals. Eleven partners shared the balance. Only four of them have stayed the course. An army of workers, eventually numbering 1200, broke ground in January, 1954. Eleven months later the Fontainebleau was inaugurated amid such a fanfare of press-agentry as had not been heard thereabouts since Florenz Ziegfeld transported his Midnight Frolic to Florida. From the Fontainebleau's tiny, frenetic vice-president in charge of public relations, Leo Morrison, some hundred reporters, cameramen and VIP's received an invitation, accompanied by a basket of oranges, to a five-day junket. Following cocktails and brunch at New York's posh "21" club, those who accepted were flown to Miami in a chartered Eastern Airliner. En route a "21" maître d'hôtel dispensed exotic delicacies and vintage champagne, while Morrison bounded up and down the aisle, reeling off stupefying statistics about the hotel—49,000 square yards of carpeting, 75,000 square feet of window glass, 2000 mirrors, 22 carloads of furniture and antique French statuary, 100 miles of piping, 140 miles of wiring, 2000 telephones, 847 employees, or 1.4 per guest.

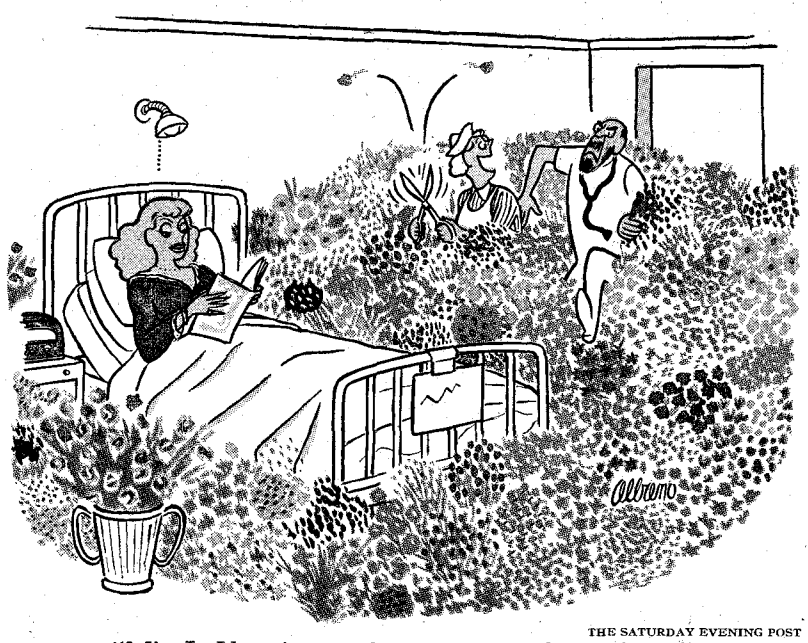
Awaiting the junketers at the Miami airport were drive-yourself cars, in which Morrison installed French horns. The next night, while the party tucked into a fifty-dollars-a-plate banquet and Patti Page sang the Fontainebleau Waltz, specially composed for the occasion, every Eastern Airliner taking off from Miami circled the hotel, dipping wings in salute.

As guest of honor, Morrison had invited the mayor of Fontainebleau, France, Sen. Hubert Pajot, who arrived bearing a fir tree uprooted from the forest of Fontainebleau. After inspecting, goggle-eyed, the pastiche of Novack renaissance and Lapidus contemporary, his honor remarked, "The outside she is very strong, but the inside—bouillabaisse."

So unconfined did joy reign during the prolonged shindy that a good deal of the carpeting had to be replaced. The corporation, however, of whose stock Novack and his family now hold 41 per cent, could readily afford the loss. It has so far netted, after taxes, close to $3,000,000.

But whether other hotels of the year will dim the Fontainebleau's luster, at what point it may change hands, are questions hotly debated on Collins Avenue. This season's challenger, solidly booked before it opened on December first, is the $17,000,000, 475-room Americana, the latest Lapidus-frosted cake, embodying *motifs* of the Americas from Brazil to Canada, with a giant, tropical-planted glass terrarium piercing the lobby ceiling, coral columns, artificial moonlight, and a lock-and-key system said to be thiefproof. For 1958 at least two lallapaloozas have been projected—a $20,000,000, 800-room hotel as yet unnamed, and the Dupont-Tarleton, in Miami proper, $11,000,000, 301 rooms with color TV in each and a driveway leading right up to the front desk.

The story goes that three Fontainebleau guests were comparing vacation plans for next season. The first had reserved a suite at the Americana, the second at the Dupont-Tarleton. "Me," announced the third, "I'm staying at the Under Construction." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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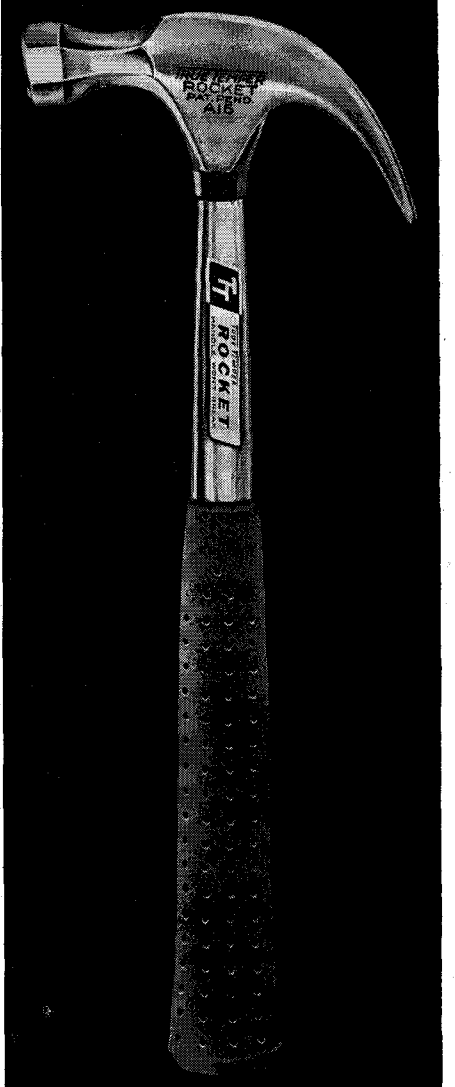

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We Started Our Own School

(Continued from Page 25)

was Edna Ballinger, veteran of a co-op in New Haven, Connecticut, and a past president of the Hoosier Courts academy. All had moved out of the courts and sadly missed the co-op. Sue Yamaguchi and Pat Friedman were other early recruits. Community-minded lawyer-fathers Fred Gregory and Harry Pratter got the venture incorporated as a nonprofit organization. One of the mothers, Joy Burke, had taught in elementary school in California for six years, had helped organize the Hoosier Courts unit and had served for a year as its president. Joy became the full-time teacher and only paid employee. Word of the new school spread rapidly along the town grapevine.

Our first news of it came when Pat Little, mother of two lively neighborhood tots, asked if we wanted to join up at ten dollars a month. We said yes almost too quickly, then added that we always stood ready to sacrifice for our children's education. Fine, Pat said, we could make our first sacrifice on Saturday afternoon, when fathers were expected to show up for yard work.

So all one long Saturday afternoon, when we might have been improving our minds with a good book or a televised sporting event, we fathers dug postholes, strung fencing, hung gates, assembled slides, built sandboxes and shelves at the Unitarian Fellowship House, the second floor of which had been rented for classrooms.

Two days later the mothers swooped down with brush and paint pot. The mothers of the school's twenty-odd students offered to serve as volunteer assistant teachers once every two weeks. Car pools were made up. A week after the first posthole was dug, school was open.

Once started, everything ran like clockwork, which is to say, with a daily alarm. First there was the ruckus about "shootin' arns." Self-respecting cowpokes under five have to pack at least one pistol, sometimes two. Twenty thus accoutered pose a problem in management. Cowhands frequently got clonked on the head with one another's artillery and burst into tears. Hence the new school's first rule—park shootin' arns at the door.

Next came the epidemic of not wanting to go to school. Harsh handling, we conscientious parents told ourselves, might spoil school for the youngster; indulgence might produce a clinger. What course wisdom? In our method, mom went along once or twice, even though it wasn't her turn. After that we changed the subject, proceeded with the normal routine and left our protesting tot with the teacher. Anybody, we reasoned, child or adult, good guy or bad guy, was better off for a couple of hours with Joy. Protests soon ended.

One day during the second month the cry went up that strikes terror to the heart of any schoolmaster—"child missing!" On mornings when the weather is fine, there is an interval of several minutes when not all the children are in sight. Joy is upstairs dressing kids for outdoors, and an assisting mother is stationed in the play yard. Youngsters at each end are in view, but those on the stairs are not. When finished with the dressing, Joy and the mother count noses.

On this morning a four-year-old named Tommy was missing. Joy, knowing that his mother worked, sprinted for his home and found him teetering on the opposite curb, trying to summon up nerve to cross in traffic. She returned him to school and sighed her relief. Another time Joy was about to phone the police when three-year-old prankster Allen was found hiding in a closet. Thereafter escapeways from the stair well were closed and a routine room search made. Since then, tot totals have always tallied.

A typical day begins with the arrival of the car pools at nine. Each child carries a paper shopping bag almost as big as himself. This contains his "sharing thing." There is a row of hooks with a name over each: Andy, Allen, Kent, Melanie, Ellen, George, Tony, Jamie, Patti, Kim, Teddy, Val, Susan, Becky, Billy, Eric, Kathy, Jayma, Julie, Arthur, Laird, Ruth, Julianne. The youngster hangs up his coat, picks up his bag and heads for "sharing time," when the contents of the bags are revealed.

The authors, Miriam and Jerome Ellison, and their daughter, Julie, a Children's Corner veteran, who last year proceeded to post-graduate study in a public-school kindergarten.

"Sharing is quite educational," Joy says. Overtalkative children, she explains, have to listen for a change. Shy kids find it easier to talk when it's about some specific thing. Things shared run to dolls, toy trucks, books, nursery records, stuffed animals, singing tops. Sometimes a youngster turns up with something that really is educational. One tot brought his father's checkbook. A junior miss once dumped on the floor what had been the contents of her mother's pocketbook. We had to put our foot down when Julie wanted to share my wallet and started lugging off our album of Sibelius—Symphony No. 2 in D Major, Opus 43.

After sharing, half the kids have stories, music and dancing, while the other half disport themselves in some other activity. One of these is finger painting, in which the children happily mush their fingers in wet paint, smear it on moist paper, and chat.

After about a half hour the dancers come in to finger-paint, and the finger painters go to the bathroom to wash the paint off their hands.

The dancing is something to see. Joy plays lilting tunes on the piano and makes suggestions: "Now let's be raindrops," or "Now let's be snowflakes." There's an Indian dance, with Indian whoops, a duck dance that ends with a "quack, quack, quack!" and a strutting military march for the boys, full of fire.

At juicetime each child receives a glass of fruit juice and two crackers. After juice a story is read from one of the books on the shelf. Now comes free play. When the weather is bad it's held indoors. Indoor play equipment includes a flannel board with Mother Goose characters, dolls and doll beds, a phonograph, a piano, a doctor kit with a microscope and what Julie calls a "steffascope," a cash register, a fleet of toy trucks, two easels and a tambourine. A separate room called "the hammering room" is equipped with benches, boards, saws, hammers and nails. This, Joy says, is "terribly good for helping them work off aggressions."

At ten-thirty on a rainy morning plenty of aggression is being worked off. Two kids are banging the piano, a third is working out a tambourine. Ten feet away a phonograph is booming out the story of the Little Red Hen. One youngster is setting up Goldilocks and the three bears on the flannel board. Trucks dart by underfoot, propelled by boys making engine sounds. Dolls are being examined with the microscope and "steffascope." The hammering room is pandemonium.

Fair-weather play is outdoors. One father, employed by a television manufacturer, discovered that shipping crates make great playground equipment. He contributed a few, and the children use them as jet planes, space ships, chuck wagons, the Empire State Building, mamma and papa's house, or just something to crawl into and out of. The crates are more popular than the standard slides, swings, sandbox, hobby horse, seesaw and climbing bars. Free play goes on until 11:15, when the car pools begin to arrive and school's out.

Why do parents send three- and four-year-olds out of the house for this sort of thing? More than half of our nursery-school mothers have younger children. The rest, as in our own case, have older children, who also rate attention. An overworked mother's patience seems to last longer when she can enjoy a break from tot-centered thinking for a couple of hours each morning.

An improved perspective brings all kinds of dividends. Does Johnny wet himself, suck his thumb, cling to his mother, bite his nails? Does Jane pick her nose, bite people, throw tantrums, sass, hoard stale buns, speak with hesitation, go in for odd getups? Some parents make these issues harder to deal with by fretting. Seeing that youngsters quite commonly encounter and surmount such problems gives parents a more helpful state of mind.

In our family we'd had a tendency to bear down a little heavily about stubbornness, dawdling, brief attention span, declining to blow the nose when clearly necessary. Working with children en masse helped Mom renew her grasp of the fact that these are matters of age, not cussedness.

Fathers, too, have learned a few things. Once you've dug a posthole, or taken a trick at the car pool, play-yard duty or hammering room, you're never quite the same—you're in the act. And there's a year-end picnic in June, when all the kids and their families go out to Cascades Park for a romp and *smörgåsbord*, with each mother contributing her special dish. The things some of these gals can cook leave lingering, dreamy memories.

The reasons for sending the children to nursery school can be much more lurid, it seems, than they are in our own quaint little fellowship. Some California parents were once asked to state their "real" reasons. Some were about like ours. Other reasons: "I need a place to leave her while I work." And, "All I wanted was to park him in a safe place. He was a nuisance around home." A father said, "I see red when that kid goes against me. I want to beat the stuffing out of him, and half the time I do. I wanted the school's help for both of us."

Another father expressed what is probably a thoughtful consensus, "In this day, no one who thinks at all wants to bring up spineless beings. The youth of tomorrow will have to be vigorous, self-reliant, independent. They'll have to feel able to cope with conditions as they meet them."

We want to make it clear that Children's Corner, Inc., was not set up for parents only. We think there's a lot to be said for our nursery school's philosophy that "each child is a unique individual trying to learn the process of co-operative living with other children his own age and with the adults around him."

In what follows, the program is set forth in excerpts from the prospectus, carefully annotated in the light of experience. The program covers:

"1. Experimenting with materials such as clay, paint, salt dough, wood, etc." (And, in the home, with such materials as furniture glue, cranberry jelly, interiors of hens' eggs.)

"2. Exploring the child's immediate world. Trips in the community." (Visits to the airport, the firehouse, a stock farm. Home experiments in shambles making, last-straw piling, and so on.)

"3. Singing. Old favorites as well as the children's impromptu compositions.

(Continued on Page 120)

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(*Continued from Page 118*) "4. Rhythms. Definite rhythms as well as self-expression." (Home investigations of percussion effects with fragile glassware, pottery.)

"5. Listening to stories and music.

"6. Conversation. Planning projects, sharing possessions." (Such as father's tool chest, mother's perfumes.)

"7. Physical play—outdoors and indoors. Jumping, running, climbing, swinging." (Also kicking, biting, scratching.)

"8. Dramatization. Acting out situations, dressing up, creating stories and songs. Opportunity to express feelings through dramatic play." (Or through loud argumentation.)

"9. Playing with toys. Blocks, puzzles, trucks, dolls, dishes, etc.

"10. Working with tools. Scissors, hammers, saws, pliers, etc." (Also faucets, siphons, flour sifters.)

Children's Corner Nursery, Inc., is owned and nominally governed by the mothers of children in attendance, though everybody agrees that Joy, who was not misnamed, pretty much holds things together with her vast understanding of children and parents. There are, nevertheless, decisions that have to be made corporately. Recurrent ones are the make-up and revision of car pools, the unending search for roomier quarters with parking space, designation of workdays, picnic days and trip days, purchase of new equipment, and how to make ends meet. These matters are taken up at bimonthly corporation meetings, which are held in members' homes and are well attended. In-between decisions are made by the executive committee of elected officers—president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer. There are five standing committees—supplies, participation, membership, publicity, equipment. There's now talk of forming an advisory board of past presidents, to preserve accumulated experience. Here's the corporation's balance sheet for a typical year:

EXPENSES	
Teacher's salary	$1080
Janitor service	170
Rent	360
Supplies	275
Insurance	81
Equipment	233
Telephone	67
Mailing	24
Maintenance	180
	$2470

INCOME	
Registration	$ 130
Tuition	2340
	$2470

As teachers, the mothers work hard on their day every two weeks. They work job-for-job with Joy, the student body being split into two groups. At the end of the morning they help the youngsters get their paintings ready to take home, find mittens and boots and "sharing things." The participating mothers clean up each day, changing the paper on the easels, putting the toys away, sweeping the floor and cleaning the bathroom. On Friday the mothers really work, as they have to prepare the rooms for Sunday school for the Unitarians. That means setting up chairs, putting away the towel racks and doing an extra-careful cleaning job. Every now and then a housecleaning task force of five or six is made up for a thorough job on the whole place, schoolrooms and yard.

Our Julie is now a very recent Children's Corner grad, happily launched in public-school kindergarten. But we still like to yarn about old times at alma mater. Like the dread winter of 1955–56, when the contagions raced through all ranks, and one mother hit the jack pot by having chicken pox and mumps herself.

We incline to think the neighborhood co-operative nursery school is a stupendous idea. But we wouldn't want to imply that our Julie is overeducated to the point where she no longer gets into situations. Our heroine, once caught running around her room with little or nothing on when she was supposed to be taking a nap, was asked, "What do you think you're doing?" Just when we thought we had asked the unanswerable question she airily replied, "Catching cold." In the words of our western colleague, she seems to be able to cope with conditions as she meets them. One thing is sure—since nursery school we, as parents, have been better able to cope too.

THE END

... ...

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By Thomas Usk

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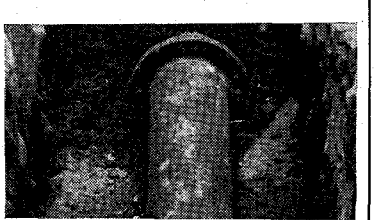

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Case of the Erudite Jockey

(Continued from Page 27)

his suspended sentence, "that riding is considerably more difficult in practice than in theory." Atkinson wheeled and continued on his way to the jockeys' dressing room without another word.

As he approaches his forty-first birthday, unmarked either by losing betters or by advancing years, Theodore F. Atkinson is a $100,000-a-year man who summers on a twenty-two-acre Long Island estate, where he operates a breeding farm, and spends winters in Miami. He may well be the most poised and articulate athlete in the country. Conceivably, he is also the most remarkable.

At an age when active baseball players appear ancient, and active prize fighters appear to be entering second childhood, Atkinson rides 1200 horse races a year, wins close to 20 per cent of them and brings to each a unique driving fury. "He's the only jockey in the world," a horseman once remarked, "who rides every race as if it were the Kentucky Derby."

The fans who lunge at him are few. Most of them enthusiastically concede that Atkinson is one jockey who never spares the horses. It is the betting public which has bestowed on him the brilliantly descriptive nickname of "The Slasher."

But in the trade, among the cynical little men who ride for a living, Atkinson is classified somewhat differently. To other jockeys, he is "The Professor." For one thing, they know he is not a natural rider such as Eddie Arcaro, who, experts maintain, was born with a stopwatch for a brain. Atkinson's success came gradually, and only because he applied himself to his trade with an impressive degree of scholarship. Then there is Atkinson's extensive vocabulary and his extemporaneous-speaking skill. Whenever he holds forth at length, he sounds almost like an egghead who wandered into the hard-boiled world of racing by mistake.

Ask most jockeys to describe fans such as the one who attempted to assault Atkinson, and the odds are 100 to 1 that not a word of the answer will be printable. Ask Atkinson, and the reply combines polysyllables, good sense and excellent grammar. "There are those," he says thoughtfully, "who question your honesty, question your breeding, question your ability, and question the state of your health. It's hardest when they question your breeding, but part of being a jockey is losing, and part of losing is taking abuse. If you ride a lot, you're going to ride a lot of losers and you're going to get a lot of abuse. But you're going to ride a lot of winners, too, so it's simply a question of keeping your sense of proportion."

Ask Atkinson about a topic as distant from the race track as high-school English, and you get a dissertation. "I especially enjoyed English," he says, "because in all my high-school classes, not once was there a novel assigned that I hadn't previously read. A Tale of Two Cities, Silas Marner—I enjoyed them all, but I think I liked Ivanhoe best. Sir Walter Scott was my favorite author."

These are not approximations of Atkinson's words, carefully tailored for public consumption. These are the words exactly as he spoke them into a tape recorder between races over a period of several afternoons.

Because his father was hard put to raise a family of eight children during the depression, Atkinson never had a chance to attend college. But he has given himself the equivalent of a college education many times over. As a twenty-dollars-a month exercise boy, he read classical novels constantly. Later he turned to history, and recently he has been hip deep in the prose of Sir Winston Churchill. "One of my all-time favorites," Atkinson says. "I notice that no matter how long one of Churchill's sentences may be, I never have to go back and read it over. It's always clear in a single reading. I think that indicates the smoothness of his style."

All this reading and riding have made Atkinson a fountainhead of race-track information, expressed so clearly that even someone who has never lost a bet can understand precisely what he is saying. Here are some samples, lifted verbatim from the tape:

On picking winners: "The ordinary better is inclined to overlook the condition of the horse. Most don't even bother to see what the horse looks like close-up. I remember a filly I was riding who must have been the homeliest creature I've ever been on—ewe-necked, dish-faced and cow-hocked. But her coat was a perfectly beautiful blue gray. The few times she started, she was bet on fairly heavily, I'm sure just because of her color. Anyway, she never even made it close."

On horses in general: "In action they are very much like human athletes, which is why you can't pick winners just from natural speed. Plenty of horses quit under tension. They run well enough out front, but let another horse get within a half length and they give up."

On jockeys in general: "Liking horses has nothing to do with being a good jockey. I feel sort of *simpatico* with animals, but a boy with no interest in horses can become a good jock. It happens. At least four top riders today have no liking for horses."

On Nashua: "Horses have personalities. Nashua wasn't the easiest horse in the world for a rider to get along with. I rode him a dozen times at morning workouts, then a couple of times in the afternoon, and I'll have to say he never failed me when it counted. But one morning I was supposed to go three quarters of a mile with him in a minute and twelve seconds, and he decided he didn't want to run. We were clocked in one minute fourteen seconds, and maybe that doesn't sound too bad, but in a race that would have been ten or twelve lengths back of where we wanted to be."

On Swaps: "I never rode him, but I'm certain he has a good deal more intelligence than Rex Ellsworth, his owner, gives him credit for. Mr. Ellsworth thinks all horses are dumb. Perhaps I'm inclined to be a bit sentimental, but I don't agree. True, I don't suppose Swaps can build a Univac, but then I don't imagine Mr. Ellsworth can, either."

On his own riding: "I don't ride for the benefit of the horse or the owner or the trainer. I ride for the man who keeps us all eating—the better. But I draw the line at riding wild. Once early in my career I caused a spill through careless riding. The other boy wasn't hurt badly, but it made me stop and think. When I saw him go down with all that horse on top of him, all I could think was, 'Good God!'"

The two major occupational factors in the life of a successful jockey are the presence of money and the presence of death, both primarily in the afternoon. If a rider is skillful and lucky, he will retire a rich man. If he is unfortunate or incompetent, he may not live to retire.

Atkinson has been involved in more than twenty race-track accidents, any one of which might possibly have been fatal. Fortunately, only one was even serious. That happened three years ago at Gulfstream Park near Miami, where a chestnut colt suffered a fatal heart attack during a race, and, in crumpling, threw Atkinson headfirst to the ground. Had the colt been galloping well, Atkinson might have been run over by half a dozen horses. Actually the chestnut was far back, so by the time Atkinson landed, the field was well past him. The damage was limited to a battered skullcap and a severe concussion.

For the risks they run, jockeys are paid considerably better than most people. The regular scale, based on where the horse finishes, starts at twenty dollars a ride and works up to fifty dollars. For

"I can't pronounce it, but translated it means, 'Some Other Time.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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important races, jockeys are offered 10 per cent of the purse as an extra spur.

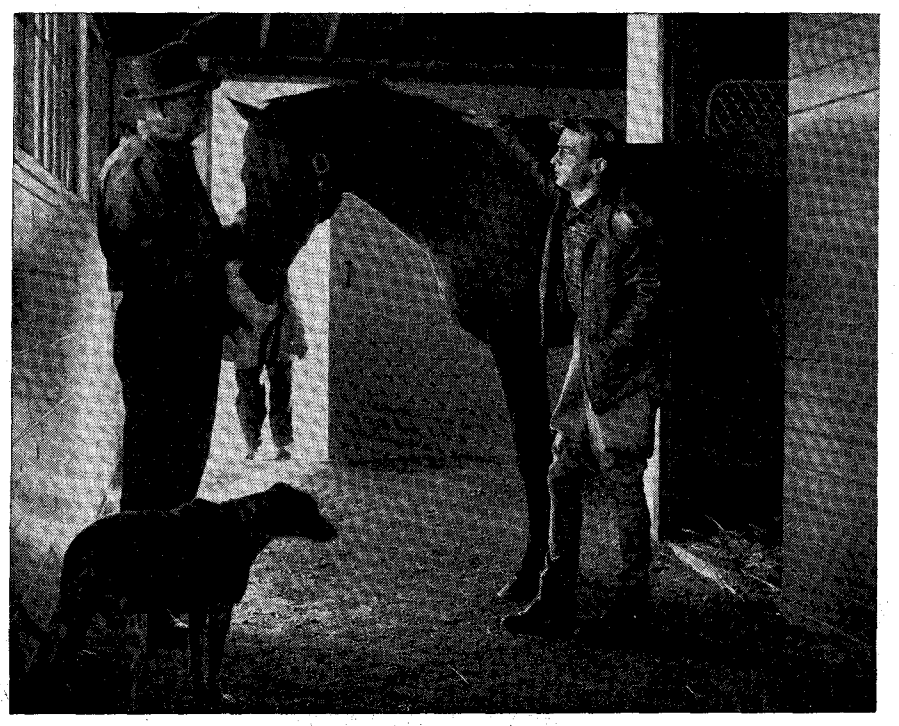
Understandably, there is a rule at race tracks which forbids jockeys to place bets directly. But it is impossible to prohibit trainers and owners from placing bets on behalf of a rider, and when a horseman adds a fifty-dollar-win ticket to the regular jockey fee, he is assuring himself of the ultimate in jockey effort. If the jockey loses, he is unhappy, but still gets his normal fee. If he wins, he gets the fee plus the proceeds of one fifty-dollar-win ticket, a sum often as hard for Internal Revenue agents to trace as the first dollar Serge Rubinstein ever earned.

Atkinson's attitude toward this hidden income is unprecedented in racing history. He will have none of it. He has made his point so strongly for so long that trainers have stopped bothering even to offer. Few jockeys talk much about such extra cash, and it is difficult to learn whether Atkinson's ethical approach has had widespread—or any—effect.

On the other hand, Atkinson clearly has done much to change the thinking of jockeys about another unwholesome trade practice. This is dirty riding, which can literally be a matter of life or death. It used to be customary for guilty jockeys to maintain their innocence no matter how strong the evidence to the contrary. Similarly, victims generally refused to bring up their grievances, on the theory that only a stool pigeon would complain about anything short of a drawn pistol in the home stretch.

Atkinson's levelheadedness has helped to swing things around. At New York's Jamaica race track one spring day in 1949, he had a horse called Royal Castle running first down the center of the back stretch. Suddenly Royal Castle began to drift in toward the railing. This meant that the animal was moving directly into the path of ten other onrushing creatures, a move similar to making a left turn from the extreme right on a six-lane highway. Royal Castle seemed full of strength, though, and Atkinson elected to gamble. He whipped the horse furiously, hoping he could get it far enough ahead of the field so that the cutting over—"lugging in" is the race-track term—would not affect anyone else. The first time Atkinson hit Royal Castle, nothing happened. He tried again, switching the whip from hand to hand. Still there was no surge of power. By now, Royal Castle had succeeded in moving to the rail, but had blocked off the whole field in the process. Unable to win, Royal Castle had nonetheless disrupted the entire race.

Bookish jockey at home: Ted Atkinson and family at his Long Island estate. Now nearly 41, he has "no plan or wish to retire."



Atkinson (right) with the manager of his breeding farm—a hedge against the day he is no longer able to ride.

Every major race track nowadays has a motion-picture patrol whose movie cameras grind out a detailed record of each race. In New York, riders are required to watch the films of the previous day's races each morning, and to listen to a sharp running commentary from Marshall Cassidy, a track steward who rode forty years ago and who knows all the tricks. When Cassidy showed the films of the Royal Castle episode, Atkinson jumped up in horror.

"That's awful!" he exclaimed. "I ought to be set down for that."

Cassidy moved easily into the opening. "Don't worry, Ted," he said. "You will be. One week. Let's be charitable and call it carelessness." Atkinson has not been suspended since.

"The greatest thing about Ted Atkinson came out that day," Cassidy maintains. "Sure, other riders may acknowledge their mistakes when you bring them up. But Atkinson initiates discussion of his, all by himself. That means he can speak freely about the other riders."

In Cassidy's courtroom, there are three classifications of crime. The first and worst is foul riding, which implies a deliberate attempt to crowd or bump another horse or to rough up another rider. The second is carelessness, and this covers a multitude of medium-grade sins. The third is incompetence. A rider can be suspended purely for lack of ability—his errors could cost a life.

Carelessness is the most common racing foul. It generally involves either lugging in or herding. The latter means guiding a horse in and out to maneuver other horses, the way cowboys once herded cattle. Early herding may be overlooked, but once the horses head into the final stretch, each jockey is supposed to pick a straight course to the wire and, come what may, hold to it.

During one of Cassidy's typical sessions, a film showed that Jockey X had cut across another rider's path a few strides from the finish. Cassidy quickly pointed out the infraction.

"I gave him room," Jockey X insisted. "All he needed."

"Anyone else have any thoughts on this?" Cassidy asked.

"It's an error to cross over in front of another horse unless you're a half length daylight clear," Atkinson volunteered expressionlessly. "Unless you're a length and a half ahead of him, that is. There wasn't enough daylight here, it seems to me."

"I tried to take him the other way," Jockey X said.

"His head was pointed dead ahead," Atkinson said. "When you're fighting a horse, his head points the way you're pulling him."

"That's a bad horse," Jockey X said. "He was fighting me."

"I rode that horse a couple times," pointed out a third jockey, apparently following Atkinson's lead. "He never fought me."

"What do you fellows think?" Cassidy asked.

There were thirty jockeys scattered through the projection room. None of them said anything.

"I think ten days," Cassidy said. "Effective immediately."

Six days a week, eleven months a year, Ted Atkinson reports to a race track with the coming of dawn and spends the bleak hours of early morning working with horses owned by Greentree Stable, a large organization which has contracted, and pays lavishly, for first call on his services. During the summer months, this means a thirty-minute drive from Huntington, Long Island, where his twenty-two-acre place is bordered on one side by a farm and on the three others by the half-acre plots of commuters. Currently it means a shorter drive to a Florida track from a comfortable rented house in Miami.

Whatever the season, Atkinson is done with the first part of his day's work by 10:30. Then he settles down in front of his locker in the jockeys' room to browse among the form charts or the prose of Churchill, depending on his mood.

The jockeys' room at any race track is a decidedly curious place. On the walls hang racing silks, almost too colorful to be real. Against this backdrop wander little men. Some are midgets, some are dwarfs, but most, like Atkinson, are as neatly proportioned as they are tiny. The prerace talk is harsh and raw, almost the way prebattle talk is in an infantry company. The general air is one of defiant nonchalance, particularly when strangers are about.

Amid this, Atkinson's air is all his own. "This form chart," he remarked to an interviewer as he sat on a three-legged stool in front of his locker before an opening race not long ago. "I couldn't work without it. I ride eight races a day. Sometimes nine. The first time I meet most of these horses, I'm riding them. The trainer tells me a little, but most of the information I get comes from the charts—the same charts the betters use."

"In a sense I suppose you actually handicap each race," the interviewer said.

"As a matter of fact, I don't," Atkinson said. He opened the newspaper wide and jerked his head toward the charts of the first race. "I look at those," he said, "not with a view to estimating my chances of winning or finishing in a specific place. I view them to find out the race I want my horse to run. Occasionally, I think I see something. Occasionally, I'm wrong."

"What about this race," the interviewer said, "the one you're going to ride now?"

"This is a cheap one," Atkinson said. "Cheap purse; cheap horses. Well, the one thing that makes cheap horses cheap is the fact that they seldom run two races exactly alike. But this one seems to be a horse that likes to come on strong. Starts slowly, though. I'll be far from the pole, so what I'm going to try to do is break the horse well, keep him in the first flight all the way and then try to make him close with a rush."

A white-haired track official had come up while Atkinson was talking. "Better get to the scales now, Ted," he said.

"Yes, sir," Atkinson said, jumping up and walking toward an anteroom. He was wearing a shirt of electric green speckled with white dots.

In the next room, several jockeys stood, in a ragged line leading up to a large scale. Before each rider stepped on the platform, another official handed him the saddle he was to use, so that what was being weighed was everything that the horse would carry.

"Westrope, 115," the weighing official was saying. . . . "O.K., Jackie. . . . Come on, Ed. . . . Arcaro, 119. . . . O.K., Atkinson, 116." Another man was marking down the weights and checking them against what the track handicapper had allotted.

"What I want to do," Atkinson said softly and suddenly as he stepped away from the scale, "is bring him into the stretch lying about third. That way he'll grab it." Then he was trotting off toward the stalls.

At the start, Atkinson broke his horse well, as he had planned. The green shirt bolted toward the rail with the first flight, and stayed close all down the backstretch and around the final turn into the homestretch. Then, when the plan called for a furious (*Continued on Page 124*)

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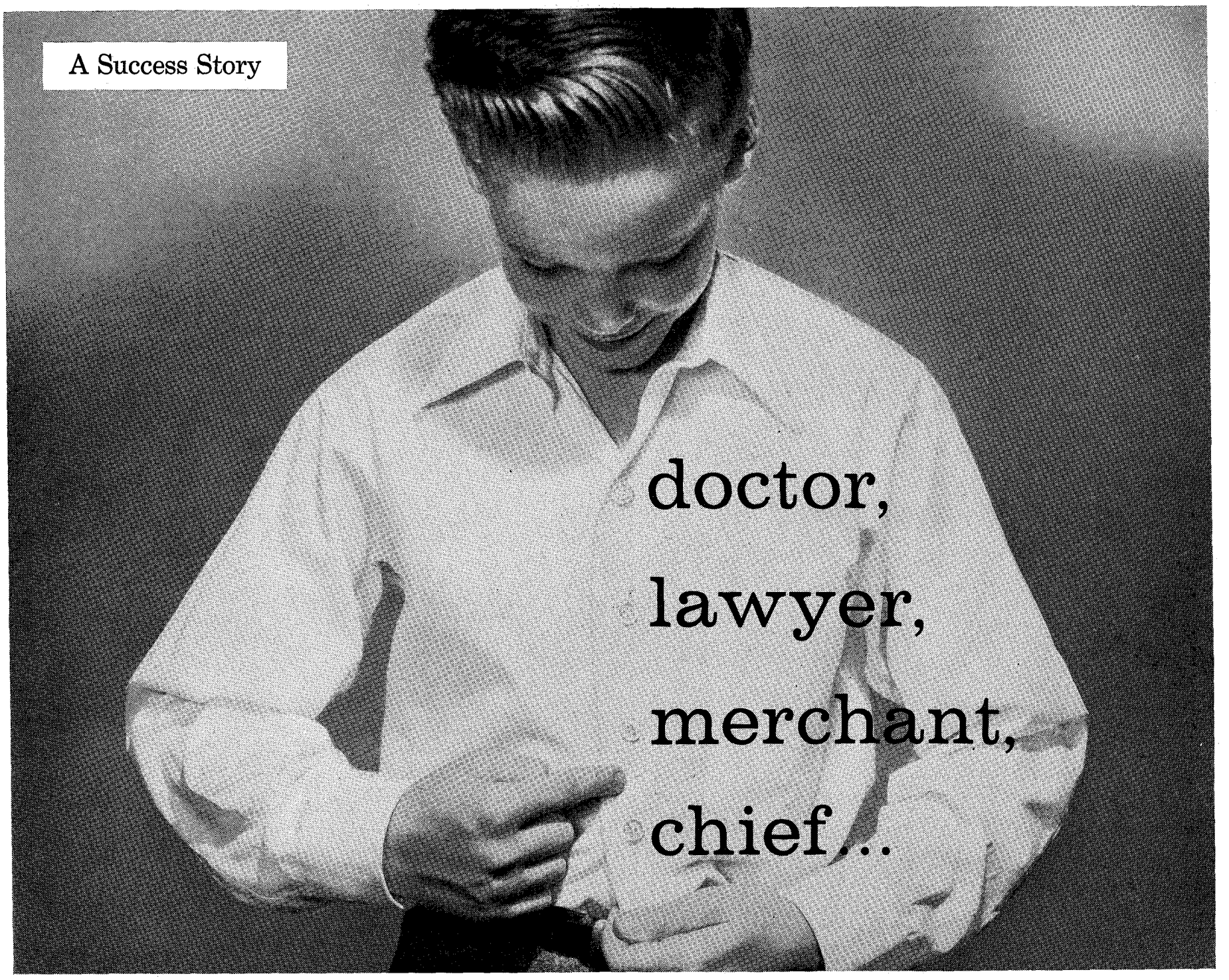

What will he be?

New York Life Insurance Company's public-service advertising helps parents plan their children's future.

"What will he be when he grows up?"—this question has probably been asked by parents since the world began.

Concerned with this problem, the New York Life Insurance Company decided to offer parents some helpful information. In May, 1953, they published a public-service advertisement written by Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, headlined "Should Your Child be a Doctor?" It was directed to women in Ladies' Home Journal. Immediately, this advertising drew enthusiastic applause from parents, organizations, and the medical profession.

Subsequent advertisements have discussed such careers as Banking, Teaching, Dentistry, Journalism—and each has offered the advice of a top person in that particular field.

Although this advertising does not make a direct attempt to sell Life Insurance, it has convinced parents that an insurance company need not be an actuarial machine...that it can be a helpful, *interested* human force.

"The Ladies' Home Journal is helping us help parents," according to an executive of the New York Life Insurance Company. "*We know how important the* woman *is in molding her child's future—and also in making or breaking the sale of life insurance. That's why New York Life advertises in Ladies' Home Journal—'the magazine women believe in.' Judging from the response we are getting from Journal readers, our choice was a wise one.*"

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A CURTIS PUBLICATION

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No. 1 in newsstand sales
No. 1 in advertising revenue

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(*Continued from Page 122*) finish, the green shirt began to drop back into the field. Through binoculars it was possible to see Atkinson lash the horse almost in time to its strides, but this was useless. The horse finished a hard-driving ninth.

When Atkinson came back into the jockeys' room, there were large clods of dirt on his green shirt and he was shaking his head. "Did you see him go flat?" he said, tense and angry. "Did you see him stop short? I thought I'd snap my arm off, hitting him. But he wouldn't move. Cheap horses."

He shook his head again. An attendant started to help Atkinson out of the shirt. "He's conservative," the attendant said. "You know, he's still got the first million he ever earned."

Atkinson grinned and relaxed. "Now this next time," he said, "it's a cheap race, too, but we've got a better chance if we run the same kind of plan we just tried." Atkinson slipped into a yellow shirt with blue dots for this one. He won by a half length, driving.

Ted Atkinson was born in Toronto. His father, Fred, who is now seventy-six, quit a job in an English coal mine early in this century, came to Canada, and found things little better there. Soon after Ted's birth, Fred Atkinson moved the family, which was growing much faster than his income, into New York State in search of better prospects. They lived first at Elmira, then at Corning, a quiet town largely supported by its glassworks. There Fred mastered the difficult craft of glass engraving, but at a time when engraved glass was going out of fashion.

Ted had to help out from his earliest high-school days. Sometimes in the summer he worked on farms in the fertile hills that roll gently up from the nearby Chemung River. Sometimes in the winter he worked as a book boy in the Corning Public Library. Each year at Christmas he found a job selling wreaths.

By the time Ted was a high-school junior, it was clear that he was not going to grow as much as the other boys in town. "I was small, but I was reading so much I wasn't bothered by my size," he says. "I mean I wasn't interested in being a social lion. Once in a while somebody would needle me and then I'd fight. I was stronger than they thought. I could fight pretty hard."

On the day that Ted came home to the crowded frame house near a black-top road in Corning after graduation from high school, Fred Atkinson was faced with an unpleasant task.

"I suppose you want to go to college," he said.

"Well, except for French, my marks have been pretty good," Ted said. "I've won honors in seven of the eight semesters."

"There just isn't any money for tuition," Fred Atkinson said heavily. "Maybe if you worked a little while ——"

Ted tried for a job in the research laboratory at the glassworks and landed one as a flunky in the casserole division. A few months later he was laid off. After that he worked with the CCC in the Mohawk Valley and in a candy kitchen in Albany, and took a correspondence course in dental mechanics. The depression was a hard time in which to grow up.

Less than two years after Ted finished high school, Fred Atkinson moved his family again—this time to Brooklyn, and there Ted settled down to a steady job. He worked in a chemical plant, where he bottled liquid soap and hauled it in cases to waiting trucks. Atkinson was paid per bottle shipped, and eight dollars a week was what the men around him averaged. Eventually, with his surprising strength and special gift for application, Atkinson found he could earn as much as forty dollars some weeks, if he drove himself hard enough.

One spring afternoon in 1936 Atkinson was driving himself to haul a pile of cases that was considerably higher than himself when he heard a truck driver shout, "Hey, kid!"

Atkinson continued hauling.

"You, I mean," the driver said. "Come over here."

The driver was gruff and Atkinson looked up.

"You crazy," the driver asked, "hauling stuff like that? A kid your size, wiry and strong—you could make dollars riding horses, instead of the doughnuts you're making here."

Atkinson looked up again. "Sure," he said. "You just walk up to a race track and get hired."

"I got a friend who knows someone who can help you," the driver said.

The friend's friend, a former exercise boy named Silvio Coucci, knew about a farm in New Jersey which wanted boys to help break in yearlings. He also knew about a riding academy in the Bronx. After an hour-and-a-half subway ride from Brooklyn, Atkinson arrived at the academy one Sunday, carefully mounted a gray horse and rode up and down a bridle path with Coucci, close behind, shouting, "That's it! You're catching on!"

After five more rides at $1.50, Atkinson signed on to work in the winter quarters of Greentree Stables, which were then located on a farm near Red Bank, New Jersey. Six other boys were hired with him. "The best," promised Leigh Cotton, Greentree's trainer, "will get a contract as a jock next spring."

All winter Atkinson worked to improve his riding, but he often put his feet too far behind him, or rode too straight in the saddle, or crouched too severely. When spring came, someone else got the contract. Atkinson remained an exercise boy. His salary was twenty dollars a month, plus room and board, and his workday ran close to fifteen hours, starting at five A.M.

"With that routine," he says, "there was not much chance for sparking, and with that salary there was not much chance to live it up. Reading was the cheapest entertainment I knew of. I read all the time, everything I could get my hands on. Once I came across a beat-up copy of Anthony Adverse, and that took care of my leisure time for a good while."

Atkinson remained with Greentree for more than a year, watching others get hired as jockeys while he remained an exercise boy. Atkinson was not a particularly good rider then, but he was a confident one. He left Greentree and caught a bus for Columbus, Ohio, where he had heard young jockeys had a better chance of breaking in.

When he discusses his own start at small-town tracks, Atkinson's poise gives way to bursts of anger. "I got a contract with an old horseman who owned one horse," he says. "I forget what it called for. Makes no difference. He never paid me. He was supposed to feed me, too, and half the time he didn't even bother to do that. I had to go out and hustle, gallop somebody else's horses on the sly. I got fifty cents a ride for doing it. For almost a year I lived like that. Then I got the man to trade my contract to another horseman. It was the same kind of deal. When a third fellow took me on, he gave me only one mount in six months, but at least he paid what the contract said."

Early in 1939, H. C. Rumage, a Texan who owned a small string of horses, saw something impressive in Atkinson. Perhaps it was the desperate look that sometimes flashed in the boy's eyes; perhaps it was that intense, almost electric, manner of speech. As soon as Rumage settled on a fee, he arranged to lease Atkinson's contract and started Ted riding at once.

Within a week the young jockey had his first winner. "No jockey alive ever forgets that first one," Atkinson says. "Mine was named Musical Jack. May 18, 1939. Beulah Park, Columbus, Ohio."

Other winning races followed during the next two years. The biggest one was a $50,000 race at Suffolk Downs in 1941. Atkinson rode a horse named War Relic to victory over the famous Whirlaway. Overnight he became a star race rider. In 1944, Atkinson rode more winners than any other jockey; in 1946, he won $1,036,825 in purses. Only once since then has he slipped below the million mark for a year.

"The difference between the green rider and the experienced one," Atkinson says, "sometimes doesn't matter at all, but when it does —— In 1955 I was riding Nashua in the Wood Memorial, holding him close to Summer Tan, the horse that was Nashua's big threat. I had a nice hold on Nashua, but I was afraid Summer Tan was under an even tighter hold, just sort of cruising. I wanted Summer Tan to work, so I loosened my hold a little bit. Nothing happened. Do you know what that means? Here I've got this powerful wrap on Nashua and I ease it off, and he just keeps plopping along. Well, if I hit him hard, I can ruin it right there, by making him start to drive too soon. If I leave him alone, Summer Tan will end up out of sight. The answer here is hit him just enough, sort of strike an in-between. With about fifty thousand dollars riding on the in-between you strike, it's a time when experience is more important than anything else." Nashua won.

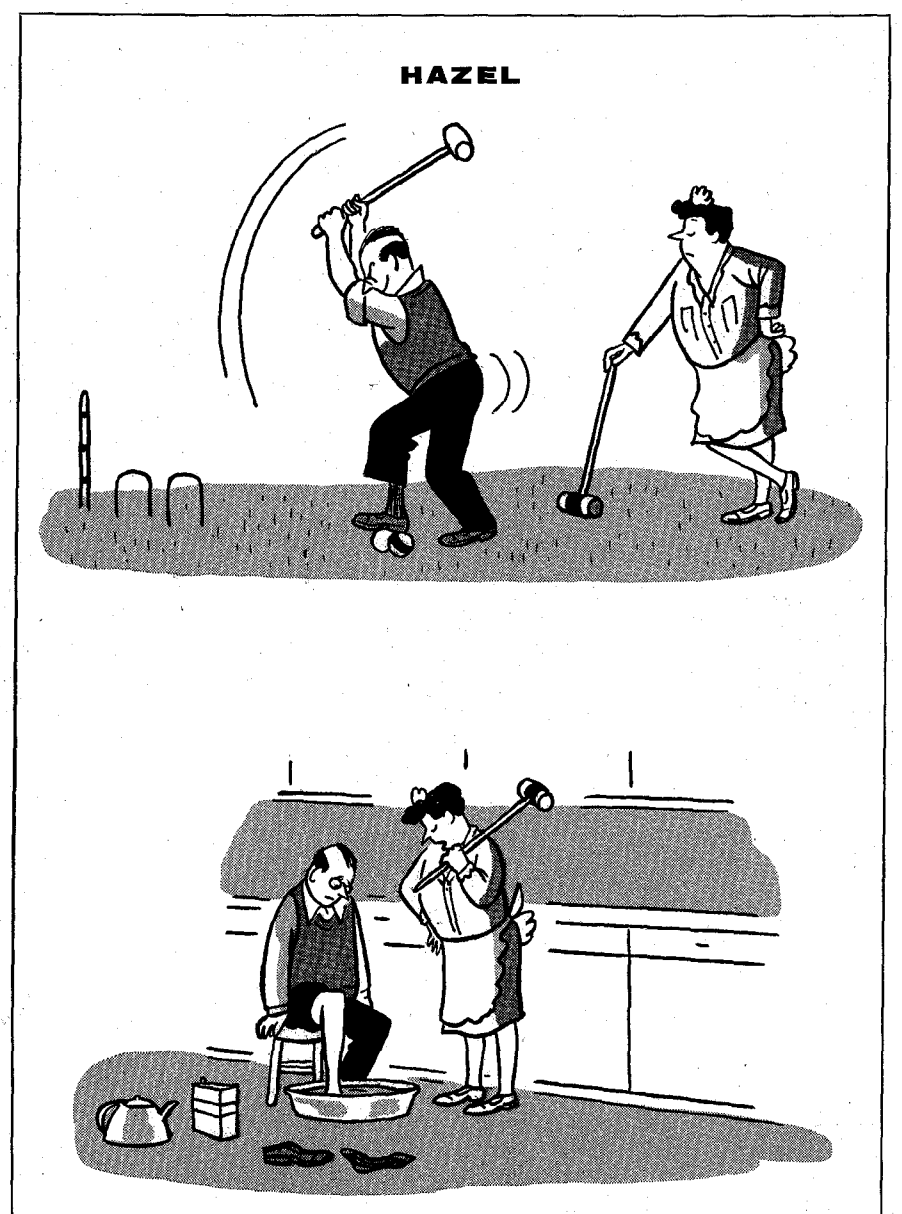
Atkinson is a married man with three children. He met his wife when he was riding the Ohio circuit. When first married, they led an itinerant sort of life, following horses from second-rate track to second-rate track. But they have long since moved into the big-money class. Three years ago Atkinson set up the breeding farm at his Long Island place as a hedge against that day when he is no longer able to ride.

Already the breeding operation is showing a profit. For as long as he can, though, Atkinson hopes to keep riding his main source of income. "I've got no plan or wish to retire," he says. "I'm in shape. I like my work."

Greentree Stables, which turned him down in 1938, hired Atkinson as its top rider ten years later. No end looms for this profitable arrangement as long as Atkinson keeps winning.

"When I go out to ride," Ted Atkinson says, glancing up from his form charts or his Churchill, "I never look and see what the odds on my horse are. If they're a hundred to one it might discourage me, and I can't ever get discouraged." His tone takes on a biting edge when he sums up, "I've seen some rough days in my time. I've got to ride every race to win."

THE END



"Feel any better?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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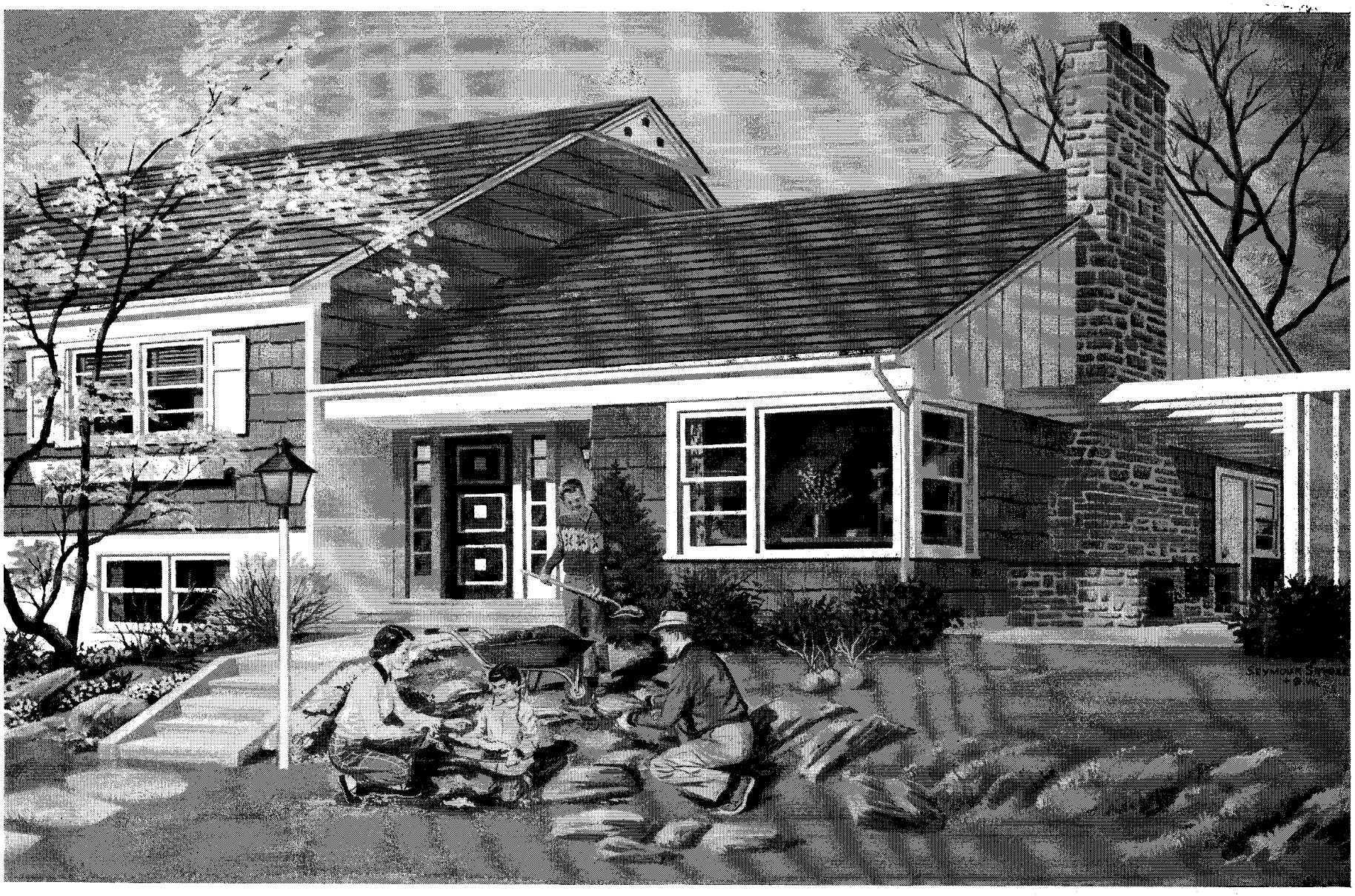

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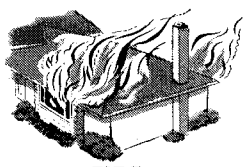
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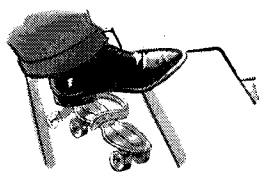
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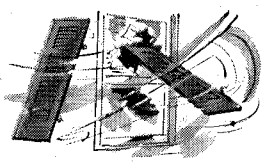
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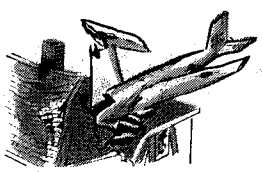
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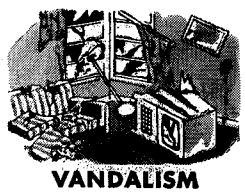
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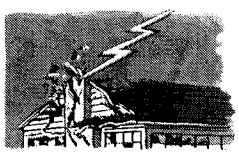
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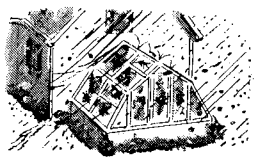
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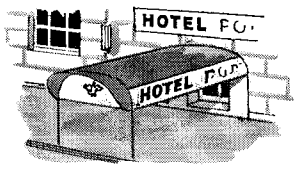
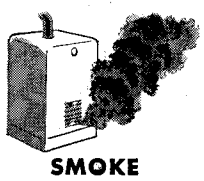
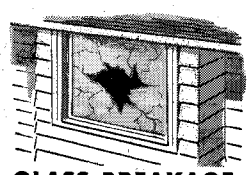


ADDITIONAL LIVING EXPENSE


SMOKE

VEHICLE DAMAGE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Keeping Posted

Oh, to be a Photographer!

Ivan Dmitri, unlike certain Post authors, is not terrified when flying in one of those transparent helicopters. After thus photographing Miami Beach's Hotel Fontainebleau he greatly enjoyed loafing along just above the water and waving at the pretty girls. Evidently the pretty girls waved back.

How the Mail Rolls In!

It seems that the J. R. Watkins Company of Winona, Minnesota, which deals in a variety of chemical products—including Pine Oil Disinfectant—ran a full-page color ad in the Post featuring a Minnesota pine-forest scene painted by the wildlife artist, Les Kouba. The ad offered color reprints of the painting for twenty-five cents, and 5000 were prepared, which was considered ample to cover the demand. So ——

The last word from Winona is that 24,674 orders have shown up so far, from all over the world. Not only that, but new orders keep arriving every day although the ad ran last April 7, *nearly a year ago.* Naturally the Watkins Company is going to try this over again, with an ad now scheduled for next April 6 featuring a painting of the source of the Mississippi River, and the company asks, "How many reprints do you think we should plan for this time?" How can anybody answer that while the first ad is still alive and kicking?

Taxation Without Representation

Sidney Shalett's theme on page 43 deals with political corruption, but he himself never has to resist vote thievery, for he has no vote. He lives in the District of Columbia. "I can't even cast a ballot in a boss-controlled ward, and it makes me mad." Especially at taxpaying time.

Mrs. Anita Shalett is angrier than Sidney. When they were married in Tennessee, she was too young to vote; then they moved to New York, where Shalett joined The New York Times, and Anita came of age just in time to register for the Roosevelt-Willkie tangle in 1940. Came election day, and also came the Shaletts' first-born son, Mike; wherefore Mrs. S. proceeded to the hospital instead of the polls. Just before next election day the Shaletts moved to Washington—and the lady hasn't cast a vote yet. Her husband exhorts, "Taxation without representation! Let's stage a District of Columbia Tea Party, men!"

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Let's Stop Wasting Our Greatest Resource"

Rear Admiral H. G. Rickover, atomic energy authority, proposes drastic *changes in our schools to* provide the brain power we need to survive.

Presenting the MacLeishes.

Life Among the Authors

Roderick MacLeish says he lives in Weston, near Boston, "in The House the Post Built on Sam Goldwyn Acres." By which he refers to a down payment made on said house after his Post novelette, Night of Disaster (April 14, '*56*), and to further economic progress after M-G-M bought the story for a cinema. The MacLeishes have a son, Eric, and a daughter, Cynthia; also a dog called Basil and outside their rural home a polecat named Ed. Papa MacLeish, a nephew of poet Archibald MacLeish, is news chief of radio stations WBZ, Boston, and WBZA, Springfield, and a political expert. He thinks it politic to say that his page *26* story portrays neither Republicans nor Democrats, but sort of both.

Pat Frank, page 31, remarks that from his dock on Lake Beauclaire, Mt. Dora, Florida, he could, via sundry waterways, cruise to Chicago—"but considering the oranges, hibiscus and black bass, why would I want to go to Chicago?" Frank is the author of that fabulously successful book of a few years ago, Mr. Adam.

Bill Blatty, of the U. S. Foreign Service and page 28, is of Arabic heritage and appearance; so a few

years ago when he was introduced to a girl named Peggy, the introducer, just for the heck of it, whispered to Peggy that Bill was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. Anyway, they got married, and now they and their youngsters are loving life in Beirut, Lebanon. Postscript: the Cherokee was born on Manhattan Island.

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